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George
William Abbot

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF THE

REV. WILLIAM ARNOT,

MINISTER OF FREE ST. PETER'S CHURCH, GLASGOW,
AND AFTERWARDS OF THE FREE HIGH CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

AND

M E M O I R

BY HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. A. FLEMING.

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P R E F A C E .

IN submitting this volume to the public, a word of apology seems necessary for such a task having been attempted by inexperienced hands. I can only say that I undertook it at the request of my family, and with the feeling that, to counterbalance in some measure the lack of ability, there were open to me materials from which to select, as well as sources of information and assistance, which could not so easily, nor to the same extent, have been placed at the disposal of a comparative stranger.

The book will be found to be, not so much a biography of my father, as a series of extracts from his journals and letters, chosen and arranged so as to give, in his own words, as complete a picture as possible of his life and work from year to year;

and I venture to hope, that it may be recognised by those who knew and loved him, as a faithful portrait, and an acceptable memorial.

I have here also to acknowledge the kindness of those friends to whom I am indebted for assistance and advice.

Beyond the members of my own family, thanks are specially due to the Rev. Dr. W. C. SMITH and Professor BLAIKIE, both of whom kindly perused the manuscript, and to my father's early friend and fellow-student, the Rev. JOHN MACKAIL, who supplied valuable letters and information.

M. F.

EDINBURGH, *May* 1877.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
AUTOBIOGRAPHY,	1

CHAPTER I.

Early Days—Leaves Home—College Life—Friendships—Sabbath School Work—Money Matters—Public Meeting—Leaving College—Licensed—Larbert,	83
--	----

CHAPTER II.

Call to Glasgow—Ordination—Serious Illness—Recovery—Work —Encouragement—Strathbogie—Call to Ratho—Convocation,	121
---	-----

CHAPTER III.

Memoir of Halley—Mission to Orkney and Shetland—Marriage— Appointment to Montreal—Crossing the Atlantic—Pastoral Letters—Return Home—"Montreal Witness,"	159
--	-----

CHAPTER IV.

Call to Lerwick—First Visit to London—Call to Toronto—Congrega- tional Work--Birth of a Daughter—Call to London—First Tract—Ireland during the Famine—Mission Work at Home— Various Calls—Death of a Sister—Alarm of Cholera—Sab- bath Schools,	195
---	-----

CHAPTER V.

	PAGE
Ejected from Parish Church—Toast Drinking at Ordination Dinners —Free Church Total Abstinence Society—New Church Opened—Young Men's Society—"The Race for Riches"— "The Foe and the Fight."—Children—Death of Dr. Gordon —Death of a Sister—"The Voyage of Life"—Work at Lanark,	247

CHAPTER VI.

Literature—Letters—Temperance Work—Holiday Employments —"Illustrations of the Proverbs"—First Journey on the Con- tinent—Alliance Meetings at Berlin,	293
---	-----

CHAPTER VII.

Second Volume of the Proverbs—New House—Reading—Hos- pitality—Twenty Years' Ministry Completed—Encouragement —Children's Churches—Lecture in Exeter Hall—Alliance Meetings in Belfast—"Roots and Fruits,"	333
--	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

Tour in Switzerland—Degree of D.D.—Revival—Sowing by the Wayside—Call to Kelvinside—Acceptance of Call to Edin- burgh,	365
--	-----

CHAPTER IX.

Work in Edinburgh—German Studies—Translations—Paraphrases —Union—Deaths—Paris Exhibition—Preaching at Baden— New House—Call to Regent Square—Memoir of Hamilton,	394
--	-----

CHAPTER X.

America—Voyage—New York—Washington and Richmond— Gettysburg—American Assembly—Pittsburgh and Chicago— Canadian Assembly—Montreal—Return—"Family Treasury,"	429
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

	PAGE
Third Visit to America—Pacific Railway—Alliance Meetings in New York—Death of Dr. Candlish—Moody and Sankey— Changed Method of Preaching—Short-Sightedness—Last Letters,	455

CHAPTER XII.

Request for a Colleague—Last Communion—Aberdeen Conference —Address at Noon Prayer Meeting—Closing Hours—Death —Funeral,	482
--	-----

APPENDIX.

Extracts from Sermons preached in the Free High Church, Edinburgh, on occasion of the Death of the Rev. William Arnot, Minister of the Congregation—

1. By Rev. Principal Rainy, D.D.,	499
2. By Rev. Professor Blaikie, D.D.,	507

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I INTEND to write a Memoir of my own life, and I have a few things to say by way of preface.

I am not deterred from carrying my design into effect by the fear of being or seeming egotistical. By writing an account of my own life, I do not pronounce upon its comparative importance. I believe there is a spice of egotism in my disposition, as in that of most men; but that question is not now before me. It is irrelevant here. With a view to my immediate object, the only questions that require to be settled are: Have I lived? and can I write a truthful account of my experience? My life may be unimportant, comparatively or absolutely; but a faithful record of facts is never unimportant. It would be presumption and not modesty in me if I should say, My life is of no consequence to others; I shall hide its history in my grave. This would be the judgment of ignorance and incapacity. It is like the act of an ignorant quarrier, who throws away a fossil because it has been found in the stones among which his daily labour lies. Nay, friend; it may be of great or of small value, but you are not

the judge of its worth. Hand it over to the geologist. The examination of it will be useful to him, whether he ultimately lay it up in his cabinet or cast it away. It is the faithful record of a fact, and that is more precious to a philosopher than gold or gems. From the fact of writing this history, therefore, I am to be held as having formed a high opinion, not of myself, but of the value of truthful and lifelike records of the outgoings and incomings of a living man, whether he in his lifetime were great or small. The question, then, of undertaking or not undertaking this history, depends not on the style of creature to be delineated, but on the style of the delineation. The question is not how great a man I have to write about, but how great are my facilities for giving a correct representation of the man I have. I decide that question in favour of the undertaking. I think many circumstances conspire to put me in a favourable position for describing the creature's haunts and habits. The only one of these circumstances which I am inclined to mention here is, that, looking to second causes, and speaking after the manner of men, I have all along been left in a great measure to feel my own weight and work my own way.

I may, perhaps, not always speak of God's hand in this history, even when narrating an event in which His hand is manifestly displayed. Some parts of the record may be like the book of Esther—a detail of His wondrous work, without the mention of

His holy name; but I desire, from first to last, to trace every gift up to His free mercy, and to turn every event to His praise.

I am not able to trace the genealogy of our family far into the past. My parents and ancestors, as far back as they are known to me, had all a *good* name, but none of them had a *great* name. On the paternal side, my father was the oldest son of George Arnot and Mary Stewart. George Arnot, of whose parentage I know nothing, was a farmer at Ardargie, in the parish of Forgandenny, on the northern slope of the Ochil hills. That which is now one large farm, cultivated in the modern style, was occupied by several tenants, who all, with their cottars, resided at the *toun* of Ardargie, giving the farm-steading some right to its ambitious appellation. The land was not divided among the cultivators in defined portions, one on the east and another on the west, but in single ridges, each having a portion of every field. This method of division effectually checked any disposition that might have existed to introduce an improved cultivation. My grandfather was an honoured Christian patriarch; but it is probable that his skill in farming was not great, even although there had been an opportunity of exerting it. At all events, he did not make money, and in process of time he was obliged to retire from the farm, and spend the evening of his days in a cottage in the village of Forgandenny. He was an elder in the parish church. I remember

only one anecdote of those told of him by my father, which is characteristic so far as it goes. Early on a Sabbath morning, he was standing inside the dyke of his kail-yard, when a woman from a neighbouring clachan passed by, with her shoes in her hand and her petticoats tucked up, intent upon a lengthened journey. She accosted him as she passed, asking, in a tone of surprise, if he was not going to the *Sawcrament* at such a place, naming a distant parish. "I'm ga'en to our ain kirk," he replied; quietly adding, "My religion does not lie in my heels." The remark seems severe, as it is well known that the best of Scottish Christians in those days travelled often and far, in order to be present at the dispensation of the Lord's Supper in different places; but it is probable that old George knew the person he had to deal with, and that he was not far mistaken as to the *habitat* of the honest woman's religion. My oldest sister informs me that she has a distinct recollection of having seen him once. It seems he had paid a visit to my father when he resided near Scone. My sister was a little girl, perhaps five or six years of age. She was playing near the house when she saw him coming. She did not wait his approach, but ran in considerable alarm to tell her mother that a man was coming different from any man she had ever seen before. She describes him as a very tall old man, wearing a broad blue bonnet, and very long white hair hanging from beneath it over his shoulders. He carried a staff

almost as long as himself, which he grasped in the middle, at a height that suited him, and leant upon it as he walked. The impression of his appearance remains in clearest outline upon her memory to this day. From scattered notices by other relatives, and certain old inhabitants of the village who knew him, I gather that my grandfather was a man of most upright character, of few words, of simple unassuming manners, and real but modest retiring piety. On the day of his removal from Ardargie, when his family were preparing in sadness to depart from their home, some neighbour made a sympathising remark to him on the changes that occur in life. He replied, "I am obliged to leave this place, but I have an inheritance that cannot be taken away." It is with gladness and gratitude that I record this speech of my venerated ancestor. I think I exult in it more than if I had been called to record that he wallowed in wealth and was the companion of nobles. It is better to be the "seed of the righteous" than the seed of the rich.

Mary Stewart, his wife, was the oldest daughter of Walter Stewart, farmer at Gownie, in the Ochils, and at Summerfield, near Dunbarney. Her only brother became minister of the parish of Greenlaw.¹

¹ I mentioned a few years ago to Principal Fairbairn, Free Church College, Glasgow, that my granduncle Stewart was minister of Greenlaw, his native parish. When I next met him, he congratulated me on having come of a good kind, intimating that since I told him the fact he had seen his mother, and learned from her that Mr. Stewart's ministry, though short, was fruitful, and left a savour of Christ behind.

My father was Robert, the oldest child of the said George Arnot and Mary Stewart. He was born about the year 1763, at Ardargie, and was educated at a side school, in a hamlet called the Path of Condie. His education was carried no further than the simplest elements of reading and writing. In the declining state of his father's affairs, he was obliged to leave home at an early age. After several years of agricultural occupation in Strathearn, he was employed by his uncle, Mr. Cook, of Scone, to manage a farm for him in the neighbourhood, called New Mains. He married some time before entering on this charge, probably in the year 1794. My father lived at that place for a period of about twelve years. There all his seven children were born, and there my mother died. His children were Janet, John, George, Mary, Margaret, Robert, and William. Of these only Janet, Mary, and myself survive. John and George died in childhood; Margaret and Robert survived to maturity.

My mother was Margaret Fisher, daughter of John Fisher, farmer, Lochend, parish of Forgandenny. His family were all decidedly Christian, except the oldest son, James. My mother's only sister, Elizabeth, I remember well. She lived much in my father's house during my childhood. She was a tall, bent, and exceedingly thin old woman. She suffered much from an asthmatic cough. We counted her over-strict and peevish. But I remember still a smile of inexpressible sweetness that was

wont to play upon that wan countenance when she succeeded in overcoming our boisterous neglect, and obtained from the boys a patient hearing for some of her counsels. She was a guileless Christian. It was good for me that in impatient childhood the *saint* was set before me in the person of such a single-eyed specimen, however troublesome to my vain heart the rebuke administered by her holy life might be. It was true, and I felt its truth.

From all that I can learn of my mother, who died when I was born, I gather that she lived by faith, loved the Bible, walked with God. The parish minister of Scone was a thorough moderate. My father and mother were both regular worshippers in the Secession Church, under the care of Mr. Jamieson, who still lives.¹ My mother was a communicant also, but my father still retained his place in the communion of the Establishment. The most characteristic note that has reached me of her habits is this: when employed in spinning she was wont to have her Testament lying open upon the body or framework of the wheel, within sight, and would catch a verse from time to time without interrupting her toil. "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." How I delight to record this feature of my mother's character. Verily I am well-born, as things go here on earth, if my life were worthy of my parentage. I believe I have gotten

¹1850.

blessings unnumbered all my life in answer to my mother's prayers. I never saw my mother, but I know that such a mother would, when her flesh and heart were failing, cast her helpless infant on an almighty arm. I know that she would, with a faith almost amounting to actual enjoyment, as she was hastening away, make me over, soul and body, to the orphan's help. Often do I seem almost to hold converse with my mother. It has been very good for me that I have grown up with the conception of my mother being a glorified saint. Her *company* has often awed me out of evil, and encouraged me to good. Even yet the thought of my mother's eyes fainting in death, taking a last look of me, her helpless infant, melts me as nothing else is able to do. I was left without a mother when I was about two weeks old. My oldest sister was thirteen years of age. My father found a nurse for me, a certain Bell Pitkeathly, married to James Smith, whose first child had died soon after its birth. Smith was a labourer. They were poor, but honest respectable people. I was taken to their home. At first it was at Orchard Neuk, on the side of the Tay, afterwards at Aberdalgie, and latterly at Pitheaveless, in the immediate neighbourhood of Perth. I remained with my nurse till I was two years of age. She contracted and cherished for me all a mother's affection. My memory retains very distinctly many events of that early period. For example, I remember two maiden ladies named Mellis, sisters of the

farmer at Aberdalgie, whom I frequently visited. On one occasion, I marched into their house without taking the precaution of being in full dress. The sisters were together. One of them, seized with a fit of affection, went towards a cupboard for the purpose of bringing sweets to me. The other objected, and held her hand, having perhaps some other use in prospect for the confections. A sort of good-humoured scuffle took place between the two sisters. Meantime I stood silent on the floor, inwardly wishing that the heroine who had espoused my cause might prove victor in the strife. Victory, however, must have leant the other way, for I have a distinct remembrance of having got no sweets. My father, on hearing me afterwards tell the story, took particular notice of it, as an instance of memory reaching far back into infancy. He knew, from the date of the nurse's removal from that place, that I could not have been so much as a year and a half old when it occurred. Mrs. Smith continued to show a motherly affection for me till her death, a few years ago.

While I was under charge of my nurse, my father had removed with his family to the Boat of Forgan, on the river Earn, in the parish of Forgandenny, about four miles from Perth. This I always look upon as my native place, as I never could take any interest in the spot where I was born, but which I never knew as a home. I must distinctly describe the locality. My father lived in it thirty-two years.

He did not remove from it "till he was carried from it," according to the hope which he often expressed. It was the home of my youth. No other spot of earth can be half so dear to me. The love of it is fresh in my bosom yet, when many other emotions are fading.

I must describe the spot by a feature which did not exist in those days when I learned to love it—the Scottish Central Railway. When the traveller going northward has passed the last station on the line, about four miles from Perth, let him observe the moment when the train is crossing the Earn. From the bridge let him look at right-angles to the railway (southward—to right hand with face toward Perth) and down the stream. At the distance of a gunshot he will observe a white slated cottage on a somewhat elevated bank of the river, with another house of equal size standing near—consisting of barn and byre—covered with red tiles. There are three trees at the west end of the house, and two—a venerable plane, and wide-spreading ash—at the edge of the garden, right behind the barn. Oh! the hum of bees in the top of that plane-tree on a summer afternoon, when its blossoms hung from every twig! I think I hear it now, and it makes me weep to think that I shall never hear it as I was wont to hear it, with the fresh, buoyant, hopeful bosom of boyhood. I should like to sit beneath it again on a warm summer evening, and hear that hum. I do not know whether it would gladden my heart again, or

break it, but I would like to try. Close behind the house the wooded avenues of Freeland ran down to the water's edge. My father rented a small farm from Lord Ruthven, and undertook the charge of a ferry-boat, to accommodate a portion of the country folk who found thereby a nearer road to Perth. His rent was £20 a-year. He never had a lease, and his rent was never changed during the long period of thirty-two years: it was always paid at the time, and no question was asked. Indeed, my father had sense enough to know that he had a good landlord, and Lord Ruthven had sense enough to know that he had a good tenant: they understood each other. An instance of their mutual confidence deserves to be recorded, creditable alike to landlord and tenant. My father had obtained authority verbally from his lordship to execute some building, and repay himself by retaining his rents. Soon after this Lord Ruthven left home, and resided with his family on the Continent about seven years. The building was erected, and the cost was £49, 10s. My father retained this sum, but as he had no document, the factor could not give him a discharge. On his lordship's return, the factor wrote to my father, stating that this sum stood on his book as arrear of rent, and advising him to get the necessary voucher. My father carried the factor's letter to Lord Ruthven, and received one in reply. On presenting his lordship's letter to the man of law, my father observed him smiling as he read, and asked the cause of his

merriment. Whereupon he read aloud the contents of the letter, which were as follows:—"I believe whatever this man says."

From the time that I was four years of age, my memory retains a connected and continuous record. That was like the era which divides the fabulous from the authentic history of a nation. The earlier period consists of vivid but unconnected pictures, partaking very much of the character of the myth.

It is not necessary to chronicle events that are merely infantile, although well authenticated. The first important fact which I remember in my own history is my entering the school. The village where the church and school are situated lies about a mile from my father's house. I went in company with my sister Margaret and my brother. I must have been about five years of age. On the way, they asked me whether I would like to sit beside my brother or my sister. I declared without hesitation for my sister's company, whereupon they began with one accord to persuade me that I would be better among the boys. They had promised me more than they could perform, and endeavoured to extort from me a declaration of preference for the place which they knew I would be obliged to occupy. I submitted, but I was not convinced.

When we reached the door of the school, there were two stone steps outside leading to the floor, a little elevated above the level of the road. Standing on the street, when the door was opened, my

eye caught a view of the space between the benches and the ground, along the whole extent of the schoolroom. The feature of the novel landscape that arrested me was the rows of dangling feet and legs, whose owners were seated at the tables above, and not so directly in my view. So many legs, and such regular rows I had never seen, and never expected to see. I was soon introduced to the master and the alphabet. I had the credit of being a good scholar from the very commencement.

Mr. Low was the teacher's name. He was an elderly man, lame in body, and of a most inoffensive and gentle disposition. His character penetrated right through the childlike, and stuck fast in the childish. He was, however, a conscientious, good, Christian man, of a most unblemished reputation. He had a wife, a son, and three daughters. Although his method of teaching was by no means skilful, yet the children all acquired the necessary elements of education. Scarcely any were removed until they could read and write. A considerable number learned the fundamental rules of arithmetic. There was the strictest attention to morality, and religion had such a place given to it as to leave a most salutary impression.

I remember many incidents connected with the building of a new dwelling-house about that time for the family. We had been told that workmen were coming to build a new house for us. After several days of expectation, the workmen at last

came in formidable array, with picks, spades, and wheelbarrows. I ran to meet them—followed them to the place, and intently watched their proceedings. They began, and lo! instead of building a house, they set themselves vigorously to dig a hole in the ground. I was amazed, and went to my father, demanding an explanation of such preposterous conduct. He told me that they were digging a foundation for the wall. I listened, but I did not understand the explanation, and continued still to wonder in silence why they did not at once begin to lay the stones in their place. I remember old George Bruce, who was the wright, suspecting me of making free with some of his nails. For this he threatened to give me sweeties; but from the ominous way in which his proposal was introduced, I learned that sweeties in George's nomenclature meant ignominious stripes. I had a great dread of the old man. Somewhere about this time, my brothers and sisters and companions began to persuade me that I had been enlisted, and that as soon as I should grow up they would take me away to be a soldier. The foundation of this dangerous joke was this: Some soldier, or perhaps a yeoman, going to Perth for drill, took me up in his arms and gave me a shilling, when I was yet an infant. It was afterwards represented, as I thought seriously, that I was enlisted, and must be a soldier. I never spoke of it. I was too much afraid ever to mention it; but it often embittered my joys throughout the period of childhood. It

was a grievous wrong that was done to me. Why will not all mankind speak truth, and only truth, to children?

I was the youngest child. My position became peculiar. I was equal to my brother and sisters in some things, and inferior in others. In mere learning and information I was soon alongside; but I retained all the childishness of my years and more. I must have been very apt to make whining complaints when my troubles were not great. Perhaps this habit was aggravated by the treatment I received first from my brother and sisters, and then from other schoolfellows. They made quite a business of vexing me; and when challenged for it, deliberately told that they vexed me in order to hear me complaining. When my father returned after a day's absence, there was generally a regular court held, and the causes pleaded in due order. I always appeared as a principal. Very frequently the deliverance was, "I see Will never meddles with any of you until you meddle with him." I suppose I often got the victory with the tongue, but when it came to blows I was the weakest. I remember one famous trial, which my father often told as a story good for the entertainment of his visitors. One after another all told their grievances, and every one bore hard upon me. I was silent while the accusations were going on. When they were all finished, and the case for the prosecution was closed, my father turned to me: "Well, Will, what have you to say to all this?"

I replied by repeating with martyr-like simplicity the text, "Blessed are ye when all men shall revile you and persecute you." Whether my case was good I cannot now remember, but this piece of wit, though it involved an improper use of Scripture, turned the tide in my favour, and brought me off with flying colours. Mr. James Morrison, minister at Port-Glasgow,¹ informs me that he has heard my father say sarcastically, "Haud yersel richt, Willie." This must have been after I had attained the ripe age of twenty-four. It indicates my father's opinion that I had a strong tendency to defend by argument whatever I had done. I suppose this disposition in its germ was innate, but probably it was exercised into much greater strength by my position as the youngest child of the family—with an early development of mind, capable of placing me on equality with those above me in matters of understanding, yet destitute both of the manliness and the physical strength necessary to vindicate the position to which I aspired.

I do not distinctly remember the history of religious impressions in my own mind. I am sure of this, that the influence of prayer and the Bible at school was good. I never experienced dislike of the Bible because it was a lesson book. The whole tendency of its use on my mind was in favour of a right religious impression. I could not settle the date of it, but I remember well the *fact* of

¹ 1850.

the first prayer that I ventured to offer, employing my own words and thoughts. I had previously used the Lord's Prayer and hymns. I do not remember that I was taught how to do. It was in my bed in the morning that it came into my mind suddenly, and I felt it a great emancipation to be free from the trammels of a prayer learned by rote. I must have been very young.

A curious phenomenon I very distinctly remember, that occurred about the time that I had mastered the art of reading. The first time that I was conscious of being led to read a book by a delight in the matter that it contained, there was a very strange commotion in my inner man. Hitherto I had read, and even understood what I read, only because I was told to read certain lessons. But on a certain day an old collection fell into my hands, and of my own accord—no one bidding me, no one even looking at me—I sat down and read about a Highland soldier who was taken prisoner by a tribe of savages. This story became to me the entrance into a new world. It was sudden. I was much excited. There seemed no limit to the enlargement that now opened before me. I remembered the case of Samuel, just such a boy as myself, who met, as I supposed, with such a discovery, and at first did not know the nature of it: once and again he went to Eli. But when he was instructed how to act, and when the voice returned, he said, "Speak, Lord; for thy servant

heareth." I began to think that I had been visited in some such way as Samuel had been. I thought since his case was known to me, I ought not to be ignorant of the proper way to act on the occasion. Accordingly, with all due solemnity, I said, "Speak Lord; for thy servant heareth." No particular answer was given, but I retained for long the impression that at that time suddenly God had opened up a new field, and given me an entrance on it—a great enlargement. It did not assume distinctively a religious shape; it was rather intellectual. I never whispered it to a living creature—no, not till I was forty years of age.

At seven years of age I was sent to school at Aberdalgie—the nearest parish on the other side the river. The master at that time, Mr. Peddie, enjoyed a very high reputation. His parish was small. There was not a population to supply large classes in a public school, but the numbers were swelled by no less than thirty boys who boarded with the master. Mr. Peddie was a teacher in advance of his age. He was a fine specimen of an old gentleman. He had an enlarged and cultivated mind. His son was a major in the army, and about the time that I entered his school, was lost in an attempt to explore the sources of the Niger. His two daughters were dignified, polished, Christian ladies. I obtained some advantage in Mr. Peddie's school. I was initiated into geography, which opened up another new world to my mind.

In arithmetic, however, I did not succeed so well. The boys with whom I was associated were further advanced than myself, and I was discouraged by finding them doing what I could not comprehend. Besides, by this time Mr. Peddie was very old, and the management of the school was becoming gradually more feeble. I well remember some remnants of the worthy old man's habits on Saturday. That day was made very attractive to us by Bible stories, which he told and enacted in presence of the whole school. Long before Mr. D. Stow of Glasgow and his training system had come into being, Mr. Peddie was picturing scripture lessons with a genius and a vigour that few normal students yet can equal. I remember well the hearty laugh of the scholars when the worthy old gentleman, who was somewhat corpulent, and very tall, enacted David throwing the stone at the Philistine. How he did swing his one arm round his white head, while the loose sleeve, where the other arm should have been, danced in the wind; and what a race forward he took to give additional impetus to the stone when at last it was let off; and how earnestly he looked forward to see whether his missile had taken effect on the forehead of his adversary! The whole essence of the training system was there.

One exploit connected with this school I record, as it suggests a somewhat interesting question in casuistry. A burn crossed the road, or perhaps, I should

rather say, the road crossed a burn, about half-way between our house and the school. There was a good bridge, but we seldom deigned to make use of it. We liked better to cross below, by leaping from boulder to boulder in the bed of the stream. In performing that operation one morning, I lost my balance and fell at all my length in water of depth sufficient to wet about one-half of my body. As I stood dripping on the shore, a council was held, and it was decided unanimously that it was not safe for me to go to school—that I must go directly home and get dry clothes. Accordingly all the rest went on, and I turned back alone. The day was fine. The sun shone briskly. I sauntered slowly, and before I reached home my clothes were almost entirely dry. I began to fear that my tale would not be credited. I would not be able to show a good cause for not going on to school. By this time I had reached the river, along whose bank my road now lay. I began to think that a dip would conduce to my safety and yet lead to no breach of truth. Down I went, and dipped myself as deeply as seemed necessary to afford a justification of my return. Accordingly, when I reached home, I obtained lots of sympathy and dry clothes. I have often since reflected on the morality of this transaction. I certainly had a sense of truth, and thought I was acting in accordance with it. I would not have wet myself in the water, and falsely represented that I had fallen into the burn. As the case was, I was content to stand by the original and

truthful cause of my return; but an accident had obliterated the evidence of the fact, and I was afraid I would not be trusted. The trick was resorted to, not to deceive, but to avoid the suspicion of having deceived. However, it would have been better to have trusted to truth, and not to have attempted to strengthen it by an ingenuity of a very doubtful legality.

While at Aberdalgie School, I fought two or three pitched, premeditated, single combats. Sometimes I was successful, and sometimes not. We fought to the effusion of blood always, but never were permanently injured. I do not remember any very active anger. It was rather a cool trial of strength. It was somewhat after the fashion of more civilised warfare. The combatants were not personally enraged against each other, but were persuaded to fight for the glory of the thing. I remember that there was no pleasure in it; all parties were very miserable. Even then God's government made wickedness troublesome—threw a barrier in to restrain the outbreaks of wickedness.

We sometimes played truant under the leadership of Geordie Bell, a boy several years older than my brother, and of a very roving disposition. We went to Perth on some of these occasions, and at other times wandered in the woods. I never had much pleasure in the stolen waters, and the fear of discovery embittered any little enjoyment that was agoing. Neither my brother nor myself would have

played truant of our own motion. Our disposition did not lie in that direction. The company of Bell was very injurious to us. His bold adventurous spirit acquired an influence over us. He was indulged by his father, and always had money in his pocket. Soon after he attained to manhood, he disappeared, and nobody ever knew what became of him.

After having attended the school at Aberdalgie for several years, we were removed to one at Kintillo, in the parish of Dunbarney, at a distance of about three miles from home. Mr. Peddie's infirmities had by this time increased so much, that the school was often left in the hands of his daughters. The master of the school at Kintillo, whose name was Tainsh, was a man of considerable capacity. We made good progress in arithmetic under him, but almost every other branch was neglected. At this school we sometimes played truant. Three of us—Davy Miller of Farmhall, my brother, and myself—often spent a pleasant Saturday in the Gallowmuir plantation. Our chief amusement was the construction and use of bows and arrows. Though it was clearly an error, yet there was in this case a considerable palliation. The journey was long. We had found out that the attendance at school on the Saturday was little more than a matter of form, and yet we were obliged to go. Even in a day of drifting rain I have spent a forenoon in that wood, under shelter of an extempore tabernacle thatched with broom.

At Kintillo there was a desk of big boys who were employed at arithmetic alone. In that desk I was the youngest for a long time. There was much idleness. Sometimes, however, the master succeeded in inspiring us with some measure of enthusiasm. One spring especially, I remember he engaged us in land-measuring, with great success. We measured our field most joyously, and at the same time most diligently, in the forenoon on the neighbouring farms; and in the afternoon made the calculations, and inserted the whole with a diagram in our account books. On one occasion the master discovered, by some accident a lamentable defect of orthography in the big boys' desk, and in a fit of reform ordered us all up to a class among girls of our own age and younger boys, to spell columns from the dictionary. There was great excitement in the whole school. The circumstance that I remember best was the tremulous commotion about my heart on finding myself among the older girls at the top of the class. When I stood for some days second, with Eliza Hill on one side and Ann Murray on the other, with all the boys in the school looking on, I was considerably agitated by sundry conflicting emotions, among which bashfulness might be distinctly recognised looming the largest.

One day during our interval of play, a man with a monkey and an organ passed through the village. We followed him in one vast troop. As we were marching past the school, the hour of entering had

arrived, and the master called out, warning us that it would be at our peril if we stayed out another minute. On hearing this mandate, I ran to the end of the school, where was a well at which the scholars always drank before resuming their afternoon's work; there I quenched my thirst with all possible speed, and hastened to the school. I found the door shut, and the master behind it, frowning like *Ætna*. He told me to take my place on the floor. There I stood alone and in silence for a considerable time, the younger children and the girls being by this time in their places and at their work. After a considerable interval the boys who had followed the monkey began to appear one by one. They were arranged under me as they successively entered, until we formed a class reaching from end to end of the school. When all were arranged, the master began with me, giving me I forget how many "palmies," the same number to the next, and so on. His breath, however, soon became short, and the blows fell lighter on the outstretched palms. Observing this, and determined that the culprits should not profit by his infirmity, the dominie called a halt at the middle of the row, and deliberately sat down to rest. When he felt sufficiently refreshed, he resumed, and in due time completed his task. An hour after, when the worthy man was in better humour, he had occasion to visit our bench. I took the opportunity of introducing the subject, and informing him that I did not deserve the punishment; that I had not

followed the monkey one step after his inhibition; that I had only drunk at the well—the universal privilege—and instantly entered. He confessed that my case was good, and that I ought to have been exempted. This was a great consolation to me; it was the only time that I had been punished at that school, and it was manifestly owing to the worthy man's passion having for the moment unfitted him for distinguishing between right and wrong.

During some period of my attendance at Kintillo, I had possession of the metrical history of Sir William Wallace. I read it, lying at length on the grass, during the intervals, with a circle of boys stretched out around me.

Before leaving this school, my brother and I had made some proficiency in arithmetic, but every other thing was in a great measure neglected.

I do not remember the dates of events, but I record some of them at random. My father married again when I was about eight or nine years of age. His wife was Ann Gilmour, a middle-aged, respectable woman, of a very respectable family in Auchtermuchty, a large village in Fifeshire.

After I had reached an age that fitted me for usefulness in matters agricultural, I was kept at home during the summer, and sent to school in winter. My chief employment for a number of years was herding the cows on a stripe of pasture along the bank of the river. Many tender associations in my mind are connected with that humble employment.

Several dogs in succession were my companions. One in particular, a large, elegant, light brown animal named Rodney, deserved and enjoyed a special measure of my affection. One of Rodney's tricks often attracted the attention of strangers, and deserves a place in this record as an interesting fact in natural history. At a shallow part of the river near our house, swarms of minnows were wont to bask in the sun, with not more than three or four inches of water covering them. Whenever Rodney could command a leisure hour, he marched down to the bank and waded into the water to the place where the minnows congregated. As a matter of course they all fled at his approach. This, however, was no more than he expected. He took up his position, raised one of his fore feet above the water, and stood still as a statue on the other three. In a short time the minnows regained courage, and seeing nothing moving, began to play round Rodney's legs. Rodney turned the side of his head to the water, selected his victim, took his aim, and *pat* down with his uplifted paw splash upon the water. After the commotion was over, carefully and gently did he raise up the one side of his foot, and anxiously did he squint with one eye beneath it, to see whether he had entrapped a minnow, but alas! the minnow was always too quick for Rodney; he was never once known to make a successful hit, and yet many a patient hour he fished on that bank, with none to encourage him and nothing to reward his toil. In

process of time Rodney was seized with a disease which my father thought mortal, and therefore threw him into the river with a stone tied round his neck. I looked on from a distance, and saw the struggles of the noble brute beneath the water. Often afterwards I gazed in silent sadness on the stream at the spot where Rodney died.

The few books which fell into my hands in those days I read with great avidity. One of the earliest was the "Pilgrim's Progress." I liked it intensely for its story; but I was aware of its allegorical nature, and understood at least the main outline of its moral. A farmer—our nearest neighbour—very pompous and very empty, came past one fine summer day when I was stretched on the grass with the "Pilgrim." He took the book, looked at the title, and as soon as he recognised it, exclaimed with a very knowing air, "I have read that book, but I think there is a great deal of it not true." I explained to him that it is an allegory; that as a history none of it is true; but as a moral all of it is true. He grinned sceptically as he returned the book. His head was not formed with an orifice for the admission of such an idea, yet there were several good points in his character.

I obtained and read at that time Brydone's tour through Sicily and Malta. I was interested chiefly in his facts and descriptions. I do not remember that his philosophical speculations made much impression on my mind. I read also a book of religious

meditations, whose author's name I forget. I was taken by its familiarity and homely character. It was a printed book, and yet it dealt with matters lying within my own daily observation. I remember one of its reflections still—whether the best in the book I cannot tell, but it is the only one that is still in its entirety imprinted on my mind: “Certain pigs were seen greedily gathering acorns from the ground, and never looking up to the majestic oak from which they had fallen.” Forthwith the worthy meditator observes, that in this manner men devour God's bounties, and do not look up to recognise the hand from which they come.

The historical parts of the Bible were an inexhaustible theme. Although familiar with every verse, I continued to derive pleasure from reading them again. Watts' hymns for children I had so transferred to my memory, that they seemed a component part of itself. These twenty-eight divine songs, how suitable for young children! How precious the deposit of sacred truth that they leave on infant minds!

Somehow at a very early stage of my intellectual development, the “Arabian Nights' Entertainments” and “Don Quixote” fell into my hands. They were greedily devoured. They contributed in some measure to whet the appetite for mental food. I am not aware of any mischief that resulted from their perusal. One cause of safety was the very narrow limits of my resources. Even though these books

had kindled a passion for romances, I had no other romances to read.

The first glimpses I obtained of the political world were connected with the trial of Queen Caroline. Robert Liddel, the owner and master of a sloop trading for Perth, and married to Mary Laing, my cousin, was a frequent visitor at my father's. He sometimes brought a newspaper. From these I first found out the existence and nature of Government. I remember the first political personages revealed to my youthful vision were Henry Brougham, the Queen's eloquent advocate, and Bartholomew Bergami, the Queen's alleged paramour. My conceptions of public men and things were very dim, but around that accidental nucleus my information gradually agglomerated, and grew both in transparency and bulk.

Through the conversations of the said Captain Liddel I experienced a *furor*, which I suppose very many boys pass through,—a determination to go to sea. Although active for several years, it afterwards gradually subsided in the absence of the exciting cause.

The first time I saw death was in the case of Mrs. Liddel's infant, who died while she was residing with us for the benefit of her own health.

There was another instance of death, the gravest of all the incidents connected with my summer's employment at the river-side. On a Sabbath morning while I was with my charge, alone at the further

extremity of the pasture I saw people at the other extremity, near the house, running from various directions to the river. I ran to the spot. From those who were there before me I learned that the boy who herded on the other side, servant of Mr. Pringle, Mains of Aberdalgie, had been bathing, and had been carried by the stream into the deep. They pointed to the spot, and I could see a faint reflection of something white in the middle of the river, and gliding down with the stream on the bottom. This was before I had learned to swim. No one present could swim. The only means of raising the body consisted in bringing the ferry boat to the spot. By this time my father and another person had got into the boat, but it was heavy and not supplied with oars. Their progress was necessarily slow, but the distance was not great. They soon brought it over the body. My father, by means of a plank, raised the body to the surface; the other man caught it by the hair, and in a few moments it was raised into the boat. I saw it all from the bank. This was the boy with whom I conversed across the river almost every day. The sensation produced in the circle of our companionship was deep and not ephemeral.

Soon afterwards I learned to swim, and gradually attained to very considerable proficiency in the art. I practised it much throughout my youth. I found it very pleasant, and I think it was healthful. I have found the possession of this accomplishment very valuable, once in directly saving me from drowning,

and often in imparting a sensation of safety, when otherwise I would have been in a state of alarm.

I remember about this time being sent alone one day into a wooded park, called the Beltin, to gather some hay that was sufficiently dry for being coiled. The day was very hot. After working a while, I lay down among the hay under a tree to rest. There I fell asleep. After sleeping a considerable time, I was awakened by some noise close by me. I opened my eyes, and saw my father standing over me. My first emotion was fear. I thought he would be very angry because I was not diligently working. I betrayed symptoms of sudden terror. But I soon saw my father smile benignantly at my fear. On the instant the fear departed. I regained confidence. My father spoke kindly, and encouraged me to proceed. He helped me with my task. He had more tenderness and love for me than I gave him credit for. I have often thought since that my first emotions of terror are a faithful image of the distrust and dread wherewith sinful creatures regard our Father in heaven. We do Him injustice. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

When I was almost fourteen years of age, my father thought me too big for tending his little herd by the river-side ; and therefore he engaged a boy for that service, and determined to send me to school in summer as well as in winter. It was arranged that I should go to Perth, as I was considered able to

accomplish the journey to and from the city every day. No profession had yet been fixed upon, and there was no definite plan of study. I was sent to a private mercantile academy, kept by a Mr. Scott, in Barossa Street. He was an excellent writing master, and during the short time I was under his care, my handwriting underwent a most beneficial revolution. Indeed, in the country schools that art was almost wholly neglected after the rudiments were obtained. No effort was made either by masters or pupils to improve in the formation of the letters after the pupil had reached the high and honourable occupation of "counting." No other acquisition was to be obtained in Mr. Scott's school, and unfortunately, with all our ideas formed on the model of a parish school in the country, it did not occur to us that in town the day might be divided among several schools. However, the accomplishment was worth the labour. After an attendance of six or seven weeks, I was disabled by illness, and before I had recovered, the vacation had arrived.

My first illness was measles; after that an acute inflammation somewhere in the left side of the chest, which greatly reduced my strength. During the first two or three days, the family were apprehensive for my life. I remember, in an interval of consciousness, when they thought me insensible, my father said to some one in my hearing, that Will had always been attentive to his Bible and his duties. This he observed by way of comfort to himself if I should be

taken away. That remark was good for me in two ways. It showed me that my disease was very serious; and it brought before my own mind very vividly how unfit I was for departing. If I had heard some one charging me with my sins at that moment, it would not have brought such conviction to my conscience as the laudatory remark of my kind father. Very distinctly did I perceive that his good opinion depended on his not knowing my heart. I *knew* that in God's judgment the sentence would be different. Some years afterward a sense of sinfulness was much quickened in a similar way, by overhearing two persons speak favourably of my religious character. Somehow this throws one very directly on God, the heart-searcher. When one speaks evil of me, my heart defends; when one flatters me to my face, I drink in part of the flattery, and the other part I attribute to the good nature of my friend; but when one speaks well of me, not knowing that I hear it, this sends me to God, and I feel as if I were a hypocrite to have such a character with those who see outside, while it is so different within.

Although I refrain from entering into particulars here, I note briefly and generally that the remainder of the summer, while I was in a feeble but convalescent state, was a most important era in my spiritual history. I do not think I obtained any views, properly speaking, new, either of the Gospel or of myself; but the views I had previously entertained were vivified in a hitherto unwonted degree. I was

made to feel the reality of my sin and danger, and ardently to desire the safety of my soul. Old Leezie Chalmers gave me at that time "Baxter's Saints' Rest," which I read with great profit. It had a very great effect in giving reality and power and personal interest to all that I had previously known of divine things. At that time I sought very earnestly to find the way of salvation. I knew the truth of the Gospel—the free grace through Christ; but when long afterwards I looked back upon the period, I clearly saw that there was a strong admixture of the legal spirit. I was woefully wanting in the matter of liberty. The prevalent topics were my own sin and danger, the necessity of conversion, and the holiness of God. Not enough of the love of Jesus was thrown in among my meditations. The impressions of that period did not continue at the same degree of vividness; but they never were worn off. They maintained their place throughout my youth, ever ready, when called up by some word or providence, to stand before my face, and hold me to my early covenant.

In the autumn, while I was still feeble, I was invited to reside for a time with Mr. William Thomson, at Leadketty, in the parish of Dunning. Mr. Thomson was my father's cousin. He was a respectable farmer. I lived with him the greater part of a year. The memory of that year is chequered, but the dark shades greatly preponderate.

At first I was feeble, and was not asked to do any

heavy work; but I soon gained strength, and began to take my share of labour with every one on the farm. The work was chiefly of a kind that interested me. The horses, whether in cart or plough, always offer attractions to youth. I soon learned to be at home in their management; the open air employment and the constant exercise were favourable to the development of my frame. I became very robust; but certainly the inward man did not profit so much as the outward. I tremble yet at the thought of the risks I then ran. Evil influences were manifold; and except in conscience there were hardly any restraints. Mr. Thomson and his mother and sister were kind to me. They endeavoured to make me feel as one of the family; but they were elderly, and the servants, both male and female, were more with me and more congenial. I was almost wholly in the society of ploughmen and other young persons employed on the farm. However, my relationship to the master, and the notice taken of me by the family, really did act in some measure as a preservative. I was always taken into the parlour to drink tea with the family on Sabbath evening. This marked me off from the servants, and I now think must have had considerable influence in keeping me from being entirely vulgarized by a thorough amalgamation with the rudest class of the peasantry. I speak not of mere rusticity. To this hour I do not think that an evil. But the moral tone was low. The conduct, in many instances, was most vicious. At the age of fifteen, far from my

father's house, I was brought into close contact with many vices. I mark the hand of God's providence in preserving me, when I was making no exertion to take care of myself. One notable instance of this I must here record. There was an annual fair in the neighbouring village of Dunning. In the evening I went to see it, in the company of Mr. Thomson's foreman and other men. They led me into several public-houses, where they gave me whisky toddy. We were not very long in the village. There was not very much drinking; none of the men were intoxicated. I retained no recollection of the quantity I drank. I did not suspect danger. I had no intention and no fear of making myself tipsy; indeed, that did not occur to me. On the way home I felt the effects of the toddy in the form of great exhilaration of spirits. The men were greatly amused by my unwonted loquacity. After I came home I became sick and giddy. I hastened to bed. I passed a most wretched night. At the earliest dawn, about three in the morning, I left my bed, and issued forth to the cool air. I was in a deplorable condition; something that seemed to be thirst was gnawing within me. I went to a well at the bottom of the garden, and drank of its clear, cold stream; but it tasted like Epsom salts in my mouth, and after I had drunk it I was as thirsty as before. I wandered about till the ordinary time of rising, and then resumed my employment. I was not well for several days after, but gradually re-

covered strength and appetite. This happened when I was at the age of sixteen, or rather under it. For many years after that I could not endure the taste of whisky in any shape, and could not even remain in a house where toddy was emitting its fumes. Whether the sense of sin and the fear of offending God would have kept me clear of drunkenness I cannot tell; but I know that the matter was not left to these motives alone. The illness that night, and the loathing of spirits which it produced became a shield of defence to me. I sometimes think if people suffered as much agony as I did from their first act of inebriety, they would never rush into a second.

During that period I remember some faint buddings of the reflective powers. One hot summer day I was alone in a field driving three horses in the harrows. The "yoking" is a period of five hours on a stretch. The ground was soft and dry. The harrows raised the hot dust round my head, and my feet at every step sank heavily into the dry ground. It was a weary day; it was fatiguing work. I had no human being to speak to. I betook myself to rhyme. I composed a poem on a snowdrop. It occupied my thoughts pleasantly, and diverted me from the oppressive exercise of my lungs and limbs. When twelve o'clock came, I unyoked my horses, leaped joyfully on the bare back of one, and, leading the other two, soon had the poor brutes in the stable. Off I started then to my sleeping apartment, bottling

all my laboured lines in my memory, and committed them to paper. The lines were sad doggerel. They have long been lost. Not one could I now recall. But though the lines are lost, and would be of no value even if found, the memory of the making of these lines, with the attendant circumstances, is still fresh and sweet. It is one of a number of little mental efforts which served to keep me from being entirely absorbed in the mass of coarse vulgarity. Little snatches of culture are of great value when brought into contact with the mind of the peasantry. Although there was a proportion of vice among the agricultural population, it was comparatively limited. Mere rudeness of manner and silly vain conversation were the prevailing evils.

I believe I learned some useful things in the farm. The rude contact with men and familiarity with horses rubbed off a good deal of my constitutional "bairnliness," and imparted a dash of manliness to my character, which I think is by no means to be despised. Too much dealing with horses, either at the plough or at the race-course, when there are not other and counterbalancing influences at work, certainly tends to bring down the human spirit near the level of its company. But in measure and in mixture with more elevating exercises, it seems to me that familiarity with horses improves the character of man. I certainly do not regret that I held the plough at sixteen years of age, or that I could throw myself on the bare back of a horse while he was in motion,

or that I learned horsemanship at the expense of many a fall. It has helped, I think, to wring the womanhood out of a nature somewhat soft in its original contexture. It enables me to feel easy in many positions, which are sufficient to annoy those who have been more tenderly cradled in their youth. I delight to notice every one, even the least of the multifarious influences which, during youth, go to mould the character of the man.

There was entire rest on the Sabbath. The day was observed with a considerable degree of religious reverence in all matters external. I do not remember anything at all of the ministry of the parish church which we attended. I only know that the minister was intensely "moderate." The whole affair was a hard, dry negation. It had nothing to impress; nothing that could interest the mind; nothing that could adhere to the memory. During the period of my residence at Leadketty, the religious principles and impressions which I had formerly attained were not obliterated. I do not remember the particulars, but I know that the fear of God and the love of Jesus were at that time potential motives within me. He who had kept me from the womb did not then wholly let me go.

I returned home (it must have been) about the year 1824 or 1825. My first call was to occupy for a time the place of my brother, who had become an apprentice to the business of a gardener at Kilgraston, in the parish of Dunbarney, and was laid

aside by illness. I think I continued there about three months, when my brother was able to resume his employment. I did not succeed well in that place. I had several disadvantages to contend with. My brother was greatly beloved by all, and I was not able to stand the comparison to which I was exposed. Besides, he had a finer practical and mechanical genius than I. He was also more persevering. He both *could* and *would* better than I. In proportion to the height of his standing was the difficulty under which I laboured of keeping any standing at all. I think now, however, that I did not get fair play. I was too unsuspecting for the characters with whom I was brought into contact. I do think they took advantage of me, and contrived to make me uncomfortable. There must have been faults on both sides; but I distinctly remember that my occupation there was unpleasant. The principal gardener was a silent, austere man, and the foreman was a drunken, licentious scoundrel. He had been bred a gardener in Scotland in his youth. Then he spent a number of years as a slave-driver in the West Indies. He must have contracted habits of intoxication which unfitted him for his employment. He returned to Scotland and resumed his old trade. His conversation was most pestilential. He boasted of debauch. It was a providential good to me that this man did not like me.

When I left Kilgraston, I think I went back to Mr. Thomson to assist during the harvest, but soon after

I returned to reside in my father's house, and with his consent engaged myself as an apprentice to the gardener of Lord Ruthven at Freeland. This was an important step. My father was not favourable to it at first. The wages of a journeyman gardener were not higher than those of a labourer, and the prospect of advancement did not appear great. My education was sufficient for the occupation of a clerk, or assistant to a shopkeeper. My father wished me apprenticed to a trade that offered better prospects of remuneration. He proposed to make me a lawyer. I did not very nicely balance the various proposals that were discussed in the family as to my destination. I set my heart on being a gardener for three reasons, as I now distinctly remember—(1) A spice of the romantic in my nature seemed much more likely to obtain its gratification in a garden than at a desk in the county town. (2) A strong desire to continue some time longer under my father's roof. An apprenticeship in Perth involved a lodging all the week in the house of a stranger, whereas the garden where I proposed to learn the craft was less than a mile distant from my father's door. (3) A decided contempt for money-making—a judgment which at that age I had deliberately formed, and which was a potential principle of action. Food and clothing, open air and freedom to breathe it, absence from evil company, and opportunity to read a book and enjoy a solitary walk,—these things I counted sufficient, and silently set aside all the prudential considerations of

my friends. My father's consent was obtained. The engagement was made, and I entered most joyfully on the duties of my office, I think at Martinmas (November 11th) 1824, when I was precisely sixteen years of age.

The gardener, my master, was a man of slim, feeble body ; very bashful and awkward in manners, yet abundantly cheerful when he felt at home. His mind was one of limited range ; but he was competent, if not very skilful, in his business, and very careful of details. He was a native of Aberdeenshire, and retained the peculiar dialect of that county. His wife had long been a notable of the village. After many years of courtship, and when she began to despair of a better match, she at last accepted the hand of Peter Morrison the gardener, and became the lady of a sprightly two-storied house, situated in the square of Forgandenny, and appropriated as the residence of the gardener, for the time being, of the lord of the manor. Mrs. Morrison was of a more masculine disposition than her husband. She retained considerable beauty of countenance, and elegance of form. A great deal of the sarcastic mingled with other qualities of her mind. She delighted to contend in sallies of wit with the clever men of the neighbourhood. When I remember the firm brow, the rolling eye, the sarcastic smile, the deep-toned, tuneful voice of that woman, I think with education and opportunity she might have shone on a loftier stage and in a wider sphere.

They had several children. The senior apprentice in office before me was James Paton, son of a labourer in the village, whom I remember as a schoolfellow, a little older than myself, when I was not seven years of age. Paton inherited from his father a mind of considerably more than average power. He had obtained the ordinary education of boys in his station of life at the parish school. He could read and write, and had made some progress in arithmetic. His moral character was excellent. He was entirely sober. Indeed, his life and language were most blameless. This was a great means of safety to me. His temper was a little inclined to the pettish; but that inconvenience was a mere drop in the bucket, when compared with the solid excellences of his character, and the blamelessness of his life. It gave me great pleasure, long afterwards, in 1836, to obtain a comfortable situation for him as gardener to Mr. Brown, of Kilmardinny, in whose family I was tutor. He remained in it, I think, about seven years. Again, recently, about two or three years ago, I applied on his behalf to James Ewing of Levenside, and succeeded in obtaining for him the situation of gardener, which he still retains. The master and two apprentices did all the work of the garden, assisted by labourers in the rougher departments and busier seasons. The labour was often heavy; but I was in good health, and lived in great happiness.

The walk to my work in the morning, and home

again at night, was peculiarly pleasant. Throughout its whole extent it lay through secluded avenues. It gratified and fostered a love of retirement and meditation. My love of nature, which was considerable, obtained its fullest gratification. During that formative period of my life, between sixteen and twenty, the natural bent of my mind was not thwarted but cherished. The occupation of my youth, I have no doubt, contributed, if not to form, at least to fix and strengthen the habit which has adhered to me through life, of making direct observation for myself of things as they lie in nature, and applying them immediately to the subject in hand. If I had in youth been thrown more into contact with men and human art, probably the native tendency of my mind would have been checked, and my intellectual characteristics considerably modified. It is all well; and I delight to recognise a gracious providence directing and overruling my somewhat childish aversion to be absent at night from my father's house.

Soon after entering on my new engagement, I waited upon Mr. Willison, the minister, with the view of being admitted to the communion of the church. Mr. Willison's method of treating young people was very faithful, and yet very kind. It was commonly said that he was harsh. I am satisfied that this opinion was the result of mere ignorance, or ungodliness, or both together. He treated me as one should do who believed for himself the truth

as it is in Jesus, and tried to keep me from self-deception in the gravest of all concerns. He took pains with me. Without absolutely prohibiting me from access at that time to the Lord's table, he advised me to delay. I accepted his advice. The proposal for delay included an invitation to visit him once a fortnight through the summer. This I agreed to, and to a considerable extent carried out. I cannot now record the particulars of his instructions, but I know that I felt the benefit of them at the time, and long after. My mind did not resent his strictness. I had the clearest testimony of my own judgment that he was right. The ministry of that good man has certainly been producing fruit since his departure.

He was not permitted to see a revival on an extensive scale; but not a few who received their earliest impressions under his ministry are now walking in the light.

My mind made some progress in spiritual understanding, but there was a great conflict between the claims of Christ and the claims of pleasure. One thing I ought to record with unmeasured thankfulness, that the enemy in that conflict never got the advantage over me which results from actual indulgence in vice. I am well aware that there may be, to a great extent, the abstinence from vice, where Christ is not permitted to dwell in the heart by faith; but I am most firmly convinced that every defilement of the conscience by actual guilt strengthens the adver-

sary's hold, and diminishes the power of resistance. The conflict in my experience was hard enough; and I thank God now that elements were not permitted to enter which would have made it tenfold harder—that such giant lusts as drunkenness and licentiousness were kept at bay without the camp, and never obtained the advantage of actual possession. One touch of defilement on the conscience corrodes the very sinews of the combatant's strength. The vain thoughts—the pleasures of sense—the dislike of seriousness—these and a multitude of other sins maintained within me the conflict against the truth. But at this hour I rejoice with trembling that their power was not then reinforced by those lusts, which, besides presenting enticements to the spirit, lay hold of the body, and drag down the man by all the force of natural laws.

My way of living was very simple, yet very sufficient. I carried with me in the morning a small tin flagon full of milk. We began work at six o'clock. At nine we went to breakfast. In the cottage of old George Bruce, in the village, I kept a stock of oatmeal, replenished from month to month. At nine o'clock every morning, his daughter Nelly or Betty, as the case might be, had water boiling on a comfortable fire. Sitting on an arm-chair at one side, while old George occupied another opposite me, I made and swallowed my brose in so short a space, that George, who liked a social meal, complained, "Laddie, I never saw the like o' you; ye mak' your meat, and

eat it, the time I am setting my plate richt on my knee." Experience made the hand very sure in determining the proper quantity of meal, and salt, and hot water; and three hours' toil without having tasted food, made the appetite wondrously sharp. Then as to dinner, there was no variation; a bit of bread brought with me in the morning, or bought in the village, and the remainder of the flagon of milk. The shelter of a tree, or, in colder weather, "the shed" in the midst of the garden, served for dining-room.

George Bruce was a curiosity in his way. At that time he was about eighty years of age. He had been a carpenter in his day, but in his old age he was enabled to live in comfort without toil. A son in the United States supplied his necessities. He had a comfortable cottage, which his two daughters kept always in a state of extra cleanliness. George liked a dram, and might have indulged too freely, had it not been for the influence of his daughters, who affectionately and carefully watched him and kept him out of harm's way. He had a strong will, and a considerable amount of intellectual acuteness; but his information was very limited. He had a curious system of cosmogony, which he maintained with great energy against all opposers. He conceded the sphericity of the earth, and explained that it is like an apple swimming in water—one-half above the surface, the other half below. The sun is in a certain part of the sky. In summer the terrestrial!

apple, on the upper sides of which we adhere, inclines gradually towards the sun, as a boat does when the weight is brought to one side. When it has reached its maximum of inclination in one direction, the immersed side begins to rise and the opposite side to dip. When I suggested, as a conclusive objection to his theory, that navigators have actually sailed round the globe, he was ready with a triumphant answer—"They have sailed round this way" (making a circle horizontally with his hand); "but if they had attempted to sail that way" (now waving his hand in a circle vertically), "they would have gone beneath the water and been drowned." I endeavoured to convey to him the idea of the globe revolving round the sun in space; but as soon as he caught a glimmer of what I would be at, he interrupted me with a vehement interrogation—"Will ye contradict the Scriptures o' truth, laddie? will ye contradict the Scriptures o' truth? Dinna ye read 'Thou hast laid the foundations thereof in the waters'?" There was no arguing against this, so I gave up the contest. The old man cherished sound principles, and had many good points of character; but he was very dogmatical. He lived a number of years after that time.

William Paton, the father of my fellow apprentice, was another notable character in the village. He had very considerable power of reflection; his mind was of a speculative cast; his information, though limited by his position and occupation, was greatly

beyond that of his fellow-labourers. There was a dash of childishness, however, which prevented him from reaping the benefit of his talents; he did not succeed so well in the world as his neighbours who were much his inferiors in understanding. In his old age he fell into a kind of fatuous state, and lay in bed for many years, at first without adequate physical cause, but latterly he was as unable as unwilling to set his feet beneath him. I have seen many instances in various ranks of life, of high degrees of intellectual capacity proving entirely inadequate to elevate their possessor, when there was not a controlling positive religious faith. William Paton was correct in his moral conduct, as well as endowed with great natural capacity. He cherished, moreover, sound religious principles. He seemed to lack only one thing: if there had been the love of Christ constraining him, the defect would have been remedied; he would have had an aim in life sufficient to call his faculties into exercise; he would have been useful to himself and to others. Perhaps, as is often the case, there was a radical intellectual defect co-existing with superior development of some faculties.

Leezie Chalmers occupies a large place in my memory as a personage in the village. She was a tall, reverend, dignified old woman. She had a habitual gravity in her countenance, but withal great gentleness and good humour. In earlier life she had been under confinement on account of

aberration of mind. From the time I knew her, however, she was fully wiser than any of her neighbours. She was an ardent disciple of Jesus. What a refinement had the Gospel impressed upon that poor old solitary woman! Leezie and I never failed to have a conversation when we met. Much more than most women in small villages, she carefully bridled her tongue. One evening I was expatiating to Leezie on the beauty and peacefulness of the village and the happiness of its inhabitants. Thinking I had drawn a picture rather too bright of the peace and contentment which reigned among the families, and yet careful not to utter a harsh word against any one, she said,—“’Deed, William, there’s honest folk an’ ither folk an’ a’ in Forgan, as weel as ither gates.” Leezie, with all her gentleness, had in her own mind tacitly divided the people into two classes—the one class she called “honest folk,” the other class—with an arch mixture of faithfulness and tenderness—she denominated “ither folk.”

I have many things on my memory appertaining to the period of my employment as a gardener at Freeland, although I cannot now arrange them in order of their dates. I shall record some of them as they occur.

I must take some note of the steps by which I was enabled to break off from all participation in the convivial habits of the country. In rural districts these were not much better than in large cities. A cun-

ningly devised net is spread round the rustic youth, calculated, as far as possible, to make drunkards of them all. I have already noted the event which became the turning-point of entire personal sobriety. After that time, to the best of my remembrance, I never made any approach to excess; but a desperate struggle yet lay before me before I could emancipate myself from the bondage of recognised drinking usages. In this struggle I was mainly indebted to the wise counsel and kind treatment of my father. He took every suitable opportunity of pointing out to me that wise men would not think less of me although I should entirely renounce social meetings where strong drink was introduced. If there was a singing class in the village, it must be concluded in the public-house; if there was an apprentice engaged to any handicraft, the fact must be accomplished amid midnight potations. I had no relish for the practice; I had an absolute dislike of the beverage in use; but it was considered mean and unmanly not to join the company. This was like an arrow in my flesh. I had no pleasure in the prospect of any of those interesting events that varied the monotony of village society. Either I must go with my companions to a finale at the alehouse, suffering, meanwhile, from an inward self-condemnation, and hearing next day the grave advice or sarcastic playfulness of my father, when, conscious that he was right, I could not answer a word; or I absented myself from the revel, and endured the agony of being

counted a low-spirited fellow by the young men, and young women too, of the neighbourhood. While I write, it is easy for me to make light of that opinion; but then, situated as I was, it was *public opinion* to me, and a very great effort was required to resist it. With my information and experience now, even apart from religious principle, it were easy to laugh to scorn the taunts of all the spruce young men in a rural parish; but to one of themselves, who stands out as a target, the array of these young men is terrible, and their onset is generally overpowering. In the present day, any youth who dares to resist has a most effective support at hand, in the members and the publications of abstinence societies, but these auxiliaries were not in the field when I was called to fight the battle. However, I gratefully record that as a support at home my father was a host in himself. It was not merely the excess that he blamed; he opposed the drinking customs root and branch.

On the occasion of my own formal dedication to the craft, which took place perhaps a year after I had actually commenced it practically, I obtained a telling lesson. The foolish ceremonies attendant upon initiation were conducted at a garden some miles distant, and the adjournment took place to the public-house of the contiguous village. There were not many present—about seven or eight in all. A sort of dance with intervals for drinking, was kept up till a far advanced hour in the morning. I was

very miserable all the time, but being the subject operated upon on the occasion, it would have been an unpardonable breach of decorum to have retired. I don't think any one enjoyed it. None of the young persons present were in any degree dissipated; they acted in a blind compliance with custom. Their own inclination had nothing to do with it. When at last we separated, all were perfectly sober. There had been indeed no approach to excess of any kind. I wandered home in daylight next morning. I remained to breakfast with the family. Having got no sleep, as the morning advanced I became drowsy. At an interval of eating I fell asleep on my chair at the breakfast table. When I awoke, I looked exceedingly awkward. The other members of the family were disposed to laugh. My father regarded me with one of his looks in which stern rebuke and sarcastic railery were strangely mingled. He seized his opportunity and dealt his blow. "Oh, man, Willie, Mistress Lennox (the wife of the innkeeper) will be eatin' a fine fat breakfast this morning aff your siller." My judgment was all on his side. I saw and felt deeply the absolute idiocy of my conduct. This was a turning-point. My step-mother soothed me, and administered as much comfort as a plentiful warm breakfast contained, while my father, knowing where he had a hold of me, plied my judgment, and fast deepened into a fixed principle the determination to act no more the part of a fool. This was the turning-point as to the internal judgment and resolve. I remember

equally well the event which constituted the practical pivot on which I turned round, and turned my back for ever on convivial drinking parties. It was the initiation of a junior apprentice who had succeeded James Paton in our garden. The ceremony was conducted within our own walls by some young men from a neighbouring parish. I made all the arrangements for them, and kept watch to prevent the approach of intruders; but I had begun then to have serious scruples regarding the lawfulness, in a religious sense, of the whole proceeding. I now condemn absolutely the whole affair, as an unnecessary and therefore profane use of sacred things. It was understood that the party were to adjourn immediately to the public house. There was no express agreement, because no one thought it necessary. It was assumed. I nursed my purpose in secret, but I did not venture to make it known. I took care not to promise that I would go, and also not to intimate my intention of being absent. There was a near road from the garden to the tavern by leaping a wall. The whole party leaped the wall, and made direct for the rendezvous. It was necessary that I should go round the garden and lock the doors for the night. Certain doors I locked inside. When I came to the last, I hurriedly opened it, turned the key from the outside, and ran off along the avenue towards my father's as if a gang of robbers had been chasing me. I never halted till I reached home. The deed was done. I experienced no difficulty in avoiding the tavern after that day. I

had broken the rules of their chivalry. I was no longer bothered with their sollicitations. Before that period I had ceased to care for the tipplers, but then an additional advantage was achieved—the tipplers ceased to care for me. Ever since I have lived in perfect freedom. The drinking usages have had no power over me. I was enabled then to burst their bonds, but it cost me a violent effort; and, alas! many who possessed not my advantages have been held fast. I have a great quarrel with the drinking customs. I utterly loathe them. I do what I can to destroy them root and branch.

During the period of my apprenticeship, while individual transgressions in thought, word, and deed were a legion not to be numbered, there were three heads or classes which, if not more guilty in God's sight than others, are more bulky in my own memory now. (1) A very great part of my time, while engaged at work with others, was spent in useless, vain conversation. Much of our work was of such a kind that, while it was going on, we could talk together almost as well as if we had not been employed at all. There was much opportunity of doing good to each other. I remember some instances of useful themes, but the great bulk of the conversation was frivolous in the extreme. (2) During the fruit season we took advantage of our master's absence, and helped ourselves largely to the fruit, not only to eat on the spot, but also to carry home. We excused ourselves after a fashion, by observing that no person was injured by

what we did. The fruit was falling to the ground and wasting. We thought the master gardener ought to have expressly given us liberty to appropriate it; but he did not. I suppose he knew what we did, and winked at it. But the habit was most injurious to us. If we did no injury to Lord Ruthven, the proprietor of the fruit, we did injury to our own consciences by taking what was not our own. It would have been wisdom in the person intrusted with the charge had he expressly given us leave to help ourselves, as far as the interests of his superior would admit; but, seeing that he did not do this, we should never have appropriated any by stealth. (3) I often turned aside on my way home to visit certain families of our neighbours, where there were young people whose society was pleasant to me, and when questioned at home as to the reason of my being later than usual, gave equivocal answers in order to conceal the truth. In these cases, it was not any consciousness of having been in improper company, or in improper employment, for I was not : it was uniformly a bashfulness, which made me stand greatly in dread of rallying by the other members of the family, if they should discover in what direction the attractions lay. The truth is, throughout my youth I was very susceptible. I formed many an attachment to girls of my own age and standing. I liked to chat with them on a summer evening, and I was terribly afraid lest this *penchant* should be suspected at home. I allowed this to drive me into answers which con-

cealed the truth, when the truth might have been told without dishonour.

Sometime during the winter 1825-1826, James Paton and I began the study of the Latin tongue. It was entirely new to me. He had dipped a little into the rudiments when a boy at school. The parish schoolmaster, Mr. Low, very willingly and kindly agreed to give us a lesson on certain evenings of the week. We learned the rudiments, and were reading a little,—I think of Eutropius, when we flagged and gave over. My motive in the first instance, so far as I remember, was partly to facilitate the study of botany, and so obtain advancement in my profession, and partly a general appetite for additional knowledge, in conjunction with a rising consciousness of capacity to attain it. My progress was interrupted by the defection of Paton, who, though quite capable of learning, had no motive in action sufficient to impel him forward. The class could not be kept up for me alone. Soon after, the study was resumed under the impulse of a new motive, which enabled me to dispense with the aid of a master.

The great ruling event of my youth—the event which by sovereign wisdom was made the pivot on which my life and character turned, was the long illness and death of my only brother.

I think it must have been sometime in 1825 that he was obliged finally to leave his employment, and came home an invalid. He had grown up to manhood, with many qualities fitted to gain the esteem of

his fellows. His personal appearance was handsome. His manners were refined and gentle. He possessed a considerable measure of mechanical genius. At a time when the possibility of using inflammable gas was known only to the scientific few, he successfully erected an apparatus out of very rude materials, and many made a pilgrimage to see the magic jet which he kept burning on his table. His education at school was the best that the country afforded, and he afterwards greatly enlarged the sphere of his information. He was frolicsome and social, yet in all respects retained purity of conduct. He was a favourite in every circle. He had gained the entire confidence of his employer, and the respect of all his compeers. He was very greatly beloved.

From his childhood he had been delicate. He had more frequent ailments than any other one of the family ; but these, as far as I am able now to judge, were merely so many fruits of dyspepsia. His health seemed to improve as he approached manhood. About this time a new ailment very gradually began to show itself, in the form of a paralysis of the limbs. He could not tell the day on which it began, so imperceptible were its approaches. His general health continued good ; his appearance was in no way altered ; but that benumbed and powerless state of the extremities steadily advanced, till it was found necessary that he should come home.

When he returned, after an interval, to be an inmate of the paternal dwelling, he was a most cheerful,

entertaining, attractive companion; and yet a mysterious disease was creeping over him, calculated to solemnize both himself and the rest of the family. The effect on me of these combined causes was to keep me at my spare hours constantly at home; and to make the home influence serious and useful as well as pleasant.

The disease seemed to be seated in the spine, and for a long time nothing was affected except the limbs. His mind was very active; and whatever required the exertion of the hands and arms he could do as well as formerly. His lameness even was at first partial; he could walk with a trailing sort of motion, liable at times to a fall, on account of sudden starts in the limbs, which he could not control. Pains were taken to get the best medical advice. Many applications were tried, but no remedy ever seemed so much as to check the disease. At one time during the course of it, my father, by the urgent advice of the minister, sent him to the Infirmary in Edinburgh, that the benefit of the greatest experience might be obtained. It was all of no avail; slowly but steadily the ailment proceeded, more and more completely paralysing the limbs, and latterly telling with effect on his general health.

Thus, in Providence, a companion was provided for me. We laid all our plans together. If wicker-baskets were to be made, I procured and brought home the material, and his greater skill and leisure were available for the work. One precious lesson

I got from him on this very matter, which I have never forgotten, and have often used. At his request I engaged to bring home for him in the evening certain rods of young ash for making the bows of a basket. I returned at the usual hour, and on being asked for the promised rods, replied with a sorrow, certainly not feigned, that I had forgot them. "Don't call it forget," said my brother gently, but seriously; "if you had been caring about the matter, you would have remembered it." If he were engaged in transferring impressions of rose leaves to paper by means of lamp smoke and oil,—his imitation of lithography,—his efforts during the day were arranged and submitted to me for criticism in the evening. In like manner, if his mood were to write verses, which he sometimes did with considerable success, my judgment was the highest available tribunal to which they could be subjected. Such an office had an elevating effect upon me; I felt that I was of some importance. The mind was exercised on higher matters than my daily labour, and was improved by the exercise. The topics that occurred in our reading were discussed, and we acquired the habit of forming our own opinion on every subject that came before us. In the summer, if he wished to be taken to the river, or to the woods, I took him in my arms as a nurse takes a child, while he held by my neck, and away we went together, to sail about in a fishing boat, or lie on a grassy bank, basking in the softened

rays of an evening sun. Of all the miscellaneous books that fell in his way, Cowper's Poems was his favourite. At one period he tried to learn Latin under my instructions, but he soon became convinced that he had not so great faculty as I had in that exercise, and abandoned it. His mind was well stored with general information, and he had a good faculty for observing profitably events and objects. Though eminently gentle in his manner he easily glided into the place of authority in any little circle. I think, had he survived, he would have attained eminence in some walk of life. He was not born to be in a subordinate position. His mind was certainly fitted to take its own course and lead others.

His religious progress was, in a great measure, a secret in his own heart; but we could all easily see, by its fruits, that the new life was there, and steadily growing. Very much insight is obtained into the character of the struggle that took place from one feature of his experience, which he narrated to me a short time before his death. "I thought," said he, "that God would not receive me in my illness, because I had not yielded myself to him when I was well. I felt inclined, when I was smitten by an incurable disease, to take God in Christ for my portion; but I was kept back by the suspicion that I would be rejected with upbraiding, because I was conscious that as long as life went well, I kept away from God, and only now proposed to be His

when I had nothing else to cling to. I was taught, however, at last, that though it is true that I did not come to Him until my idols were all destroyed, and I had nothing else to cling to, although consequently *I deserved to be rejected with upbraiding*, yet God is not like man, and does not deal with us according to our deserts. I learned further that it is of sovereign free grace alone that any sinner is drawn and accepted whether he be gently led to Jesus in youth, when all is going well, or only driven to the Saviour by the closing of every other door. In both alike it is the drawing of the Lord. In the one case, the gently drawn one has nothing to boast of; in the other case, the one who does not come till he is driven may come confidently, for 'He upbraideth not.'"

When the neighbours came to visit him, he would not bear trifling or useless conversation. If they, in spite of his hints, persisted in some envious or silly talk, he distinctly told them to go home. The rest of the family were sometimes affronted by his plainness, yet they could never disapprove of what he did. He did what we all felt was right, but he only had sufficient courage to go through with it.

Mr. Willison often visited my brother, but I was seldom present, as his calls were generally made at the time when I was not at home. By this time Mr. Willison was feeble, and needed the aid of an assistant continually. His assistant, John Johnston

by name, was a man of vigorous mind and high character. Mr. Johnston very frequently visited our family. He was faithful and affectionate. Old Mr. Forsyth, also, the Secession minister at Craighend, father of the present U.P. minister there,¹ sometimes conversed and prayed with my brother as he passed. Among those who visited him with a view either to spiritual instruction or mutual edification, I must not omit the name of Francis Grant² of Kilgraston. He was a younger son of a large landed proprietor in the parish of Dunbarney. About this time decided religious impressions began to take possession of him and his elder brother, the heir of the estate. The immediate occasion was the illness, conversion, and death of one brother of the family, a midshipman in the navy, at the island of St. Helena. A memoir of the youth, Robert Grant, is included in the collection called the Church in the Army and Navy. It was an instance of what I think is a very general law, that when one member of a family is converted, the influence spreads to others. Francis Grant was, during the period of my brother's illness, living at Kilgraston. To amuse himself, he came often to the Earn, in the neighbourhood of our house, to fish. He became much interested in my brother. He sometimes neglected the sport entirely, and spent his time sitting at the bedside. He conversed freely on matters of spiritual experience. My

¹ 1853.² Now Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A.

brother often spoke of his case as an instance of what divine grace could do in arresting and changing the course of a wayward youth.

As the period of his departure drew near, my affection grew into greater strength. I began to take less and less interest in other company and other things. I hastened home, and, as soon as I had satisfied my hunger, went and threw myself on the bed crossways at his feet. Then we talked till the time for retiring to rest. This was the training which the Father in heaven saw meet to put me through. In those evenings a silent process was going on in my heart, which, in a measure, broke the world's power over me. It was while lying across the foot of my brother's bed that I gradually drunk in the lesson, "This is not your rest." The effects of that lesson never departed. The lesson was imprinted deep, and that, too, in a heart tender yet in youth, and peculiarly softened by love and sorrow. It was calculated for a lifetime, and applied accordingly.

Towards the close, his mind was considerably shaken by the progress of the disease. I remember how very poignant was my grief when first I heard him talking incoherently. This was a feature in the case which I had not counted on. I was taken by surprise when I found that, even while life remained, his mind was veiled off from intelligent converse with us. But, although this incoherence came at times during the last three weeks, it was

not continuous. We obtained some glimpses of communion with his spirit when the hour of departure was drawing near. His end was peaceful; but I took no notes at the time, and do not remember particulars now. One thing as to my own experience I remember well. When at last the spirit departed, all the family and the friends who watched with us burst into tears, the females crying audibly. I sat next the bed, with my arm round his head. When the heavy painful breathing suddenly ceased, and all was still, I felt a sensible relief from the strain of sympathy with his suffering. I was actually glad. I did not weep; I could not weep. Not a tear moistened my eye on that night when my dearest earthly treasure was torn away. The truth is, I was more with him than any other—more like him, too, in age and tastes. I had fully realised beforehand that he was to be taken from me. My grief was not concentrated on a point; my grief was past. Besides, I realised vividly at the time that it was well with the departed, as one of the ransomed of the Lord. I cannot describe, though I vividly remember, the blank and stale appearance that all things put on, when, after the funeral, I returned to my employment, and met with my neighbours again. The world, as a whole, had now turned to me its dark side; it seemed a wilderness. Accordingly, from that time I in a great measure withdrew from company; I occupied myself in reflection or with books; my walks were solitary; I had no difficulty now in keep-

ing quite out of the way of other young people ; indeed, they no longer expected me to join them.

A new purpose was forming in my heart, and all things began to take their places and crystallise in orderly forms around it. It was not a mere negative departure from trifling company and useless employment ; it was a positive aim, forming and strengthening, requiring all my time and energies, so drawing them effectually away from other things. During my brother's lifetime, I had frequently spoken with him about devoting myself to the ministry. He had encouraged it uniformly. In the latter period of his life he seriously advised it. Nothing was determined, however, until the purpose ripened in the sad solitude immediately after his departure. The purpose, at least the final and effective resolution, may be said to be a fruit that sprang from his grave. Before his death I had recommenced the study of Latin, and now I plied my task in right earnest, making considerable progress, and delighting greatly in the consciousness of being usefully and successfully employed. From the end of May to the 11th of November 1828, I prosecuted the study at the intervals of my daily labour. Instead of leaving home about fifteen minutes before six in the morning as formerly, affording time to reach the place at the appointed time by a smart walk, I left at half-past five, and sauntered slowly along the avenue, conning my lesson all the time. I found the morning half-hour very prolific. At the meal hours and in the

evening I did a little; but sometimes the fatigue of the labour rendered the progress slow. Even during the hours of labour I contrived to learn something. Digging, which was one of our most laborious occupations, became, nevertheless, by a little management, a favourable occasion for learning a "conjugation," or a rule of syntax. The management was after this manner: When three or four persons were together digging a large plot of ground, we followed each other closely, each carrying a furrow across. When the first man reached the edge with his furrow, he stood aside and waited till the others completed theirs, and turned with each a new one in the opposite direction. Then he who had arrived first at this side, struck in last when the motion began towards the other side. Thus, at each round, we obtained, in turn, two or three minutes to stand and change the position for the relief of the muscles. I latterly fell upon the plan of having my elementary books of Latin or Greek in my pocket. During the moments of rest, I snatched the book, ran over a tense or a portion of whatever might be in hand, and put the book in my pocket again when it was time to move on again with a new furrow. While toiling across a field, I kept conning and trying the portion I had read. At the next halting I corrected the errors, and took up a new portion. This was done without any prejudice to the work. I found in it a double benefit. The memory, in these circumstances, acted very freely, the lesson was easily learned, and

the employment of the mind on that subject acted as a diversion, greatly lessening the weariness of the toil.

During the whole course of my private study I derived valuable assistance from Mr. John Morton, farmer at Gallowmoor, and his brother Andrew. The education of that family was superior to anything hitherto known in the neighbourhood. Their father, Mr. Andrew Morton, was a man of superior intelligence, and of most benevolent disposition. His boys were all educated at the Grammar School and Academy of Perth. John, who succeeded to the farm on the death of his father, was a sound and advanced student, both in mathematics and in the classics. Andrew, the younger, was a student of medicine. It was my practice to repair to the Gallowmoor in the evening, twice or thrice every week, to submit my difficulties to Mr. Morton. He seldom failed to solve them. It afforded him pleasure to revive his half-forgotten lore. I experienced great benefit from his modest suggestions, and great kindness from the whole family. In consequence of their education, there was much more refinement in that family than in any other to which I had familiar access at that time, and the difficulties were welcome to me which required and excused another visit.

My term of service expired at the 11th November 1828. Before this time I had conclusively determined to abandon my profession, and commence at least a course of study with a view to the ministry,

if it should be found possible to attain it. There were indeed many foreign mixtures in my motives; but in the main, according to my best judgment now, my aim was a true one. I did desire to serve God in the Gospel of His Son. As I grew up to manhood, I became distinctly conscious of a measure of mental capacity which had no scope for exercise in the society with which I mingled and the labour in which I was engaged. My mind panted for expansion. It seemed to feel a firm footing, and longed to bound forth of the limits that had hitherto confined it. Doubtless, there was pride tinging the whole process; but, on looking back to the time and circumstances, I recognise the providence of God stirring within me that consciousness of capacity, which became in part the instrument of sending forth another labourer into His vineyard. I own that I was ashamed sometimes of the humble position in which I was placed. On one occasion, for example, a young man of the name of Oliphant, son of my father's cousin, who had obtained in Perth a good education, and showed a genteel bearing, came into the garden to see me as he was passing. I happened to be wheeling stable dung on a barrow, to be used in a hot-bed. I set down the barrow and talked to my relative. A curious pang of shame shot through me, as I eyed my humble employment and my rustic attire, in the presence of a young man from the city, with some measure of polish both upon mind and body.

A secret wish sprang up, which ripened into a resolution, to obtain emancipation from manual labour, and reach a position which might permit and demand the exercise of higher faculties. The incident here recorded is the one which stands in clearest outline on my memory; but it was not alone. It is like one sharp peak projecting from a continuous mountain range. The bent of my mind in those years was habitually in that direction. By my coevals in the village I was counted proud, until they fairly perceived the nature and tendency of my ambition. Then I believe I got more respect than I deserved. The devotion to my books, instead of frolic at the hour of leisure, obtained its full measure of homage from the hearts and tongues of the common people. My experience would lead me to say that the common people of the country will fairly appreciate any one who, by natural talents and energy, rises above them. I experienced no envy—no effort to depreciate. As soon as it became palpable in my conduct what I would be at, and whereby I sought to elevate myself, I received the respectful commendation of the whole neighbourhood. The country people, by an instinctive common sense, can well take the measure of a man who pretends to get above them. Although he excel them in learning, if he be a fool, they will laugh him down. But if he have sense and sincerity, they will delight to honour him.

Coincident with this intellectual juvenescence,

which made me feel my present position too narrow, other influences were at work opening up for me a wider sphere. The principal cause operating from without was, as I have said, the bereavement which I experienced when I was nineteen years of age. This event darkened much the hue of the world's surface to me, and thereby greatly contributed to lift up my soul, and compel it to expatiate for work and reward in a higher region. I cherish the belief that the outward cause was the instrument which the Spirit employed to shut me out from other walks, and shut me in to the work of the ministry. In forming my resolution at the first, I think my eye was more single than it has been at any time since. I had begun to save every penny from my wages that could be spared from necessities. I earned only nine shillings a week during the two latter years of my labour. My father charged me two and sixpence a week for my board. This is an instance of the wisdom which my father exhibited in his treatment of a youth. At first when I began to earn wages, he refused to permit me to stay in the house without paying a board. He knew well that the discipline was good for me. He knew that to keep me short of money was the safest course for me. But when he saw me saving my money for a good purpose, his object being gained, my education in that matter having been completed, he remitted the board altogether during the last year. The consequence was that I had accumulated twenty pounds in November 1828.

About that time my father made a last effort to persuade me to remain at home with him. The farm of Boat Mill, about a quarter of a mile from our own house, was then vacant. He took me one day round to the end of the house, pointed to the farm, and said, "I'll take that farm and stock it for you if you'll stay; and it is not every young man that has so good an offer." I was much moved by this proof of my father's confidence and kindness. I explained to him that my heart would not lie to farming; that however good the prospect was, it would not satisfy me; that I had no value at all for gain, that my heart was set upon one thing—the work of the ministry. After that day he never sought to dissuade me from my purpose, and it was not with a grudge that he yielded. He fell in with my views when he saw that my mind was made up, and encouraged me in every way he could devise.

After my brother's death, Mr. Francis Grant manifested some interest in my proceedings. I remember well how he warned me that it was expensive to live in Edinburgh, and asked me how I expected to defray the expense of my education for a period of years. I told him that I did not know, that I had something to begin with, and with it I intended to begin, and when it should run out, I would then consider what course I should adopt. The truth is, I had, through the Lord's dealings with me, reached at that time some considerable measure of elevation from worldly views, and it was proportionately easy

to trust in Providence for the unseen future. I could not see before me, and yet I was not in the least troubled about the path. I certainly was blind, but the Lord led me in a way that I knew not.

My plan was to devote the time from November 1828 to October 1829 entirely to study, preparatory to entering college. I went to Perth, and placed myself under a Mr. Thomas Scott, a probationer lately licensed, who had begun to keep a school. During the winter I prosecuted the study of Greek and Latin under Mr. Scott's instructions, living with my sister Mary, who was settled in Perth in a business of her own, and going home every Saturday to spend the Sabbath. Early in spring, my teacher was appointed parochial schoolmaster of the neighbouring parish of Dunbarney. It was within a convenient distance of my father's house, and so I was enabled, during the remainder of the year, to do my duty as to the prosecution of my work, and yet indulge my early passion for living at home and in retirement. Mr. Scott was quite capable of superintending my studies; but as there was no other scholar at the same stage of advancement, I could not obtain much of his attention in a promiscuous school. Indeed, I early adopted the method of reading by myself, marking difficulties as I went along, and submitting them to the teacher for solution after the school was dismissed. For progress I was left to depend wholly on my own zeal and perseverance; and well I might, for I was of mature age, and I had a great object

before me to lead me on. Mr. Scott showed me great kindness, and was interested in my success. Although in the earlier stages I felt the drudgery of the rules of syntax and prosody, which I was persuaded to learn by heart in rude Latin hexameters, I latterly enjoyed the study. During the summer I read the whole of the *Æneid* of Virgil. After toiling, by aid of the dictionary, through two or three books, I began to read it continuously as I would English poetry, carried forward by delight in the story and the numbers. It was a great point gained when I found myself impelled to lie down beneath the shade of a tree on the way home from school, and read with relish a book of Virgil before I rose, without the drudgery of construing the clauses and consulting the dictionary. I acquired also some knowledge of the Greek grammar, and read portions of the New Testament and other selections from Sandford's "Extracts."

The year was barren of incidents—at least, my memory is barren of matters referring to that year. My uncle, Robert Fisher, who resided in Glasgow, had learned that I was preparing to go to college, and wrote to my father advising that I should go to Glasgow, offering at the same time to give me lodging in his house, free of expense, during the first session. This was the circumstance in Providence that determined my sphere of action for life; for, as both Edinburgh and St. Andrews were nearer than Glasgow, if other things had been equal, I would

certainly have preferred one or the other of these. As it was, the subject never required a second thought. It was at once determined that my uncle's offer should be accepted, and that I should enter the classes at the University of Glasgow at the commencement of the session in October.

Accordingly, on or about the 8th of October 1829, I set out for Glasgow. The carts of our neighbour, John Miller, of Farmhall, were to be despatched to Blaringone, in the neighbourhood of Dollar, for coals. They left home about ten in the evening. With them I went for the advantage of a drive for the first fifteen miles of my pilgrimage. Leaving the carts a little to the west of Yetts of Muckart at a very early hour in the morning, I trudged on by Dollar and Alloa to the canal at Lock 16, in the neighbourhood of Falkirk. The rain was very great. The roads were choked with droves of cattle convening to Falkirk Tryst, and at some places the highway was converted into a flowing river of mud. I arrived by a bye-path on the canal bank just as the boat was passing. She was brought to the bank, and I stepped on board. In those days comfort was more thought of than speed, and the boat, which was of considerable breadth, had an upper deck, and a cabin below with a comfortable fire. How glad was I when I found myself at last sheltered from the pelting rain, and permitted to dry my soaking clothes before the stove in the track boat cabin! I was unencumbered. My trunk with all my goods had been sent on by the

carrier from Dunning, and I had nothing to care for on the journey. I wore a good blue cloth long coat with bright brass buttons, and a cloth cap of large dimensions, constructed by the needle and scissors of my sister Margaret out of the remanent material of the present coat's immediate predecessor. We arrived at Port Dundas about seven o'clock on a dark, close, misty night. As I descended the steep streets, and plunged for the first time into Glasgow, I saw nothing, but felt it a dreary place. This dear Glasgow that has so long been my home, my first interview with it was not fitted to inflame my love!

I made my way across the whole breadth of the city, and after crossing at the Broomielaw Bridge, found my uncle's house in Norfolk Street, Gorbals. I was warmly welcomed and ensconced in a comfortable bedroom, with leisure and retirement during the day, and their eldest son, Robert, for a bed-fellow at night.

On the 10th of October I purchased a red gown, paid my matriculation fee at the library, and my tickets for the Greek and Latin classes, and was ready to commence operations on the following day. My ideas of a college and its exercises had been, during the past year, somewhat shorn of their romantic proportions; but even yet there was an admixture of the mysterious hanging over the unknown in my mind. A few days reduced everything to its own sober dimensions. After having seen and conversed with old Josiah Walker, the professor of

Latin, and Daniel Sandford, the professor of Greek, and attended two or three days in the classes, I knew pretty well what a college is, and what it is not.

Mr. Walker was a gentle old man, competent but not brilliant; and soon after the commencement of the session, his infirmities increased so much, that he found it necessary to employ an assistant for half of his work. The assistant was Mr. Robert Paisley, then a student of divinity, and now minister of the parish of St. Ninians.

We attended the Latin class an hour in the morning, beginning at half-past seven, and an hour in the forenoon, at eleven. The assistant taught in the morning, and the professor in the forenoon. Mr. Paisley had not the presence and authority necessary to his position. He was by nature no Boanerges, and when the noise grew fast and furious throughout the huge class-room he was wont to shut both his eyes, and so make his remarks in the dark. His gentle pleadings, however, were not the sort of thing to quell a set of brainless fellows, who went there not to learn, but to laugh. Of course, I took no part in the rows. I wanted to learn, and was grieved at the loss of time and the loss of money. The whole scene was new to me. The boldness of boys who had been brought up in a large city, stood out in very strong relief against my bashfulness, and, indeed, against all my previous conceptions of what young men were or should be.

There was no unbecoming behaviour in the presence of Mr. Walker himself. Although old and infirm, he had an erect, manly bearing; and there was firmness about his lip and brow, obviously a tenant of long standing there, which made bullies instinctively keep themselves quiet. I experienced some marks of confidence and kindness from the worthy old man. From a pretty large number of grown-up young men whom he found in the junior class, he selected William Fulton and myself for certain honours, and certain allied labours among our brethren. Many of them had not been under a competent master, and among other deficiencies were woefully wanting in the knowledge of "quantity." We were employed publicly under the authority of the professor, and in the class-room, to grind the "*homos*" into the capacity of measuring Latin verse, and pronouncing their lessons correctly.

In the Latin class, on the Greek side, I obtained the third prize by the votes of the class. William Fulton was first, and Thomas Frame second.

In the Greek it was Frame first, Fulton second, and Arnot third. Fulton was a *homo* who, like myself, had chiefly tunnelled his own way through the initial intricacies of the Latin tongue. He became, and I think at this date¹ is, parochial schoolmaster of Govan, a populous suburb of Glasgow.

¹ 1853.

Mr. Walker invited me once or twice to his house in private, and spoke encouragingly of my Latin versification.

In the Greek class I entered the youngest division. There were three distinct classes, separately taught—juniores, proveciores, and seniores. In the juniores the professor began with the grammar, but went rapidly through it, and read portions of various authors, New Testament, Tyrtæus, and Homer, towards the close. I have never been able to form a decided judgment whether I lost or gained by entering the youngest class. Perhaps I would have been quite able to take the second, but I lacked information at the beginning of the session, and could not change after I had begun. I obtained the third prize, and by reading during the summer, I was enabled to skip over the second class and enter the senior next year, where, notwithstanding the leap, I held a good place, and obtained the third prize on the logic side. The professor infused an enthusiastic spirit into his class, and was greatly beloved.

The Logic class, which I attended in conjunction with the senior Greek, in session 1830-1, consisted of 130 students, and was taught by Mr. Robert Buchanan, competent and effective as a teacher, if not eminent in genius or learning. In this class I obtained great benefit. A considerable expansion of view, and considerable facility in writing, were the fruits. In the senior side, consisting of those who were more than nineteen years of age, the prize list stood thus:—(1)

Christopher Dunkin, English Nonconformist, now a member of the Canadian Legislature, and lawyer in Montreal; (2) Henry Wilkes, now an Independent minister in Montreal; (3) James Galloway, English Independent, still surviving, I think, in the ministry, somewhere in England; and (4) myself. I think Edward Napier was fifth, who became an Independent minister at Dalkeith, and died several years ago. The Independent students had the advantage of us in a class which was mainly one of English literature, inasmuch as they had already passed through their own semi-literary, semi-theological, academy, and begun to preach in public.¹

In the Moral Philosophy class James Milne was professor—aged, but genial and competent. Not much that is memorable for me now adheres to that session. By this time I was fully engaged in private teaching, and gained my livelihood by it, all the time of my course at college.

¹ A note added in 1874, regarding the three first names in this list, shows with what interest Mr. Arnot traced the course of his former fellow students.

“1. Judge of the Supreme Court in Canada now (1874).

2. Professor in Independent College, Montreal.

3. Secretary of Home Mission—Independent—London. Met him last autumn in New York at the Evangelical Alliance.”

MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

“OF three students who met in the dingy quadrangle of Glasgow College, about forty years ago, and enjoyed for several seasons there a tender and hallowed brotherhood, both in the prosecution of human science and the exercise of the spiritual life, the sole survivor has been led through a noteworthy and solemnising experience. He was the oldest of the three, and yet it has been his singular lot to begin his own literary life-work by composing the memoir of one of his friends, and to close it by composing the memoir of the other. His hand is steady as he traces these lines, and his eye clear. He stands in awe as the question rises, ‘Wherefore has he been spared?’ The ripe have been taken, and that same Sun of Righteousness which made them mellow early, is able also to fill and sweeten in His own time those survivors who, even unto old age, retain much of the greenness and acidity which belongs to a too close rooting into the earth.

“These two have entered within the veil. A

quarter of a century intervened between the dates of their departure. . . . One was called up higher ere his ministry began, the other was promoted to the general assembly of the first-born that are written in heaven, after a public ministry of more than a quarter of a century. Both understand the matter now, and sing in concert, 'He hath done all things well.'"¹

Not many years have passed since these lines were penned, and now the writer has also entered within the veil. The three friends are once more united. Halley, Hamilton, and Arnot, who paced long ago the dingy quadrangle of Glasgow College, now pace the golden streets, praising together the Lord, whom they all three loved and served so faithfully on earth.

It is our sad, though, at the same time, grateful task, to do for William Arnot what he did for Halley and Hamilton—to trace with less skilful hand such a simple, truthful record of his life and work, as may help to keep his memory alive, and preserve its fragrance for those left behind.

The history of his early days he has written for us himself as none other could have done it. It has been given here entire, as he left it, with but few, and these trifling, omissions. Some may think that it descends to too minute details, but those who knew and loved him, will, we know, value every word that he wrote; while both to them and to others it will be

¹ *Life of Dr. James Hamilton*, by Rev. W. Arnot, p. 190.

a deeply interesting study to note how every little circumstance in the life of the boy, every influence, good and evil, to which he was exposed, combined to mould the character of the man.

It is matter of regret that the Autobiography comes to an end so soon and so abruptly. The last few pages seem to have been added at a much later date than the rest, and would appear to indicate that Mr. Arnot, after a period of years, in which, from the pressure of a busy life, the Autobiography had been neglected, and perhaps forgotten, had taken it in hand once more; and giving up the idea of telling the whole story of his life himself, had desired to carry it on to a point at which others might take up the thread and finish it. Certain it is, that while the details of his life and work during the thirty-six years of his ministry have been preserved in many loving hearts, the history of his earlier years would have been meagre indeed had we been left to gather it from outside sources.

He was the youngest child and last survivor of his family. Few now remain who knew him in his youth, or who could give any account of the home of his childhood—of the father to whom he owed so much, and of the mother whose memory he held in such loving reverence. Even in 1850, when, on commencing his Autobiography, Mr. Arnot desired to obtain more particular information as to the Christian character of his mother, he knew no private friend who could furnish it, and accordingly applied to the

Rev. Dr. Jamieson, Secession minister of Scone, of whose congregation Mrs. Arnot had been a member. The letter begins with an expression of regret that the writer had not sooner made himself known to Dr. Jamieson, and proceeds thus:—

“Now that I have children of my own, and see what their mother is to them, I feel more than I did in my youth the want of a mother, and my desire increases to know something more of her religious experience and history. I cannot expect that, at this distant period, you can remember much, but I know of no one so likely to know something of it, and I would be thankful for a very little. I propose, therefore, if the Lord should be pleased to spare us both, to visit you at Scone the first time I have occasion to be in Perthshire. . . . Permit me to say, although I suppose I should not know you on the street, that I cherish for you a very affectionate and reverential regard. I long to see you.—Yours ever,
WILLIAM ARNOT.”

Reverencing thus the memory of a dead mother, and honouring, in every sense of the word, the only parent whom he knew, it cannot be wondered at that William Arnot had an intense love for and clinging to the home of his childhood. An incident, not mentioned in the Autobiography, but related in a letter to one of his sons not long before his death, strikingly illustrates this characteristic.

“An interesting memory has come up to me this

evening. When my brother and I were youths, just past school, an uncle in Glasgow wrote to my father saying: 'Send your boys to me, and I will make men of them.' We laid our heads together, considered it, and declined. We both adopted humble occupations, but we remained at home during the period between sixteen and twenty-one. My brother, on his death-bed, recalled the circumstance, and he and I rejoiced together that we had not left home and gone to Glasgow, for he said, 'We might have been led into temptation at that period of life, when far from our father's house.' We had not grown rich, but then our consciences were kept pure, and our lives. We were kept from the knowledge of evil. This sweetened his early departure, and has sweetened my long life more than any tongue can tell."

There are probably few youths growing up to manhood who would have acted as these brothers did, in deliberately giving up a good prospect of temporal advancement, for the sake of remaining a few years longer under the shelter of their father's roof. But strong as this affection was, another yet stronger grew up in his heart, and overshadowed it. When the command of God came, "Son, go work in my vineyard," neither the love for his home nor the persuasions of his father had power to hold him back. He left the cottage on the banks of the Earn, and took up his abode in the crowded city, which was to be for so many years the field of his labours. His father's opposition seems to have arisen, partly

at least, from a doubt of the firmness of his son's resolution, and a desire to test its sincerity. That object accomplished, we find it not only withdrawn, but replaced by encouragement and aid. In vacation times he had a warm welcome and hospitable entertainment, not only for his son, but for the companions who now and then accompanied him home; and many a happy holiday was spent along the waterside at Forgan. James Halley, in one of his last letters from Madeira, looks back wistfully to such a visit, and especially remembers with gratitude the "fatherly blessing" with which the old man dismissed them at its close.

It is at this point that we must take up the broken thread, and trace to its close a life which was not only a busy and useful, but a pre-eminently happy one: happy, not from the absence of trials and crosses, such as all God's children have to bear, but from his faith and submission under these, and his grateful acknowledgment and keen enjoyment of all the blessings which his heavenly Father bestowed. In doing so, we shall continue to use, as far as possible, his own words from journals and letters, interposing only what seems necessary for connection and explanation.

William Arnot was twenty-one years of age when he entered the University of Glasgow. Of his daily life while at college, and the various duties and interests which occupied him we have a clear and interesting picture in his letters home. The allu-

sions in these letters to his classes and the work done there, are few and brief. The reason for this appears when, now and then, after a sentence or two on these subjects, he breaks off with some such expression as—"But I need not enter into details, for you would not understand." From all that we can gather, he does not seem to have specially distinguished himself as a student, though he gained some prizes every year and held an honourable place in all his classes. The great amount of his private teaching was doubtless a hindrance to his own studies, though this was a disadvantage which he shared with many of his fellow-students, some of them among the most distinguished. The following passage from his "Life of Hamilton" shows that he felt this keenly at the time, and regretted it in after years. After relating how Mr. Hamilton did not confine himself to the theological classes at college, but studied botany, natural history, and chemistry, with such success as to "beat the medicals on their own ground," he goes on to say :—"It is right, and may be useful to mention here, that while he (Hamilton) was indebted, for success in these sciences to his own intellectual aptitude and persevering zeal, he was indebted, under Providence, for the opportunity, to a moderate patrimony, which relieved him wholly from the necessity of working for his bread. While Hamilton was thus enabled to enrich his mind and lay in precious store for future use, James Halley, and other companions and contemporaries

less gifted, were obliged to toil four or five hours a day grinding juniors, in order to procure the means of attending the University themselves. Very little provision was made in those days for assisting students who might have shown themselves worthy of being assisted. For the most part, bursaries that existed were at the disposal of patrons, who admitted no influence except that of private partialities. Better days have come for Scottish students.”¹

At all events, Mr Arnot is remembered less for his eminence as a student than for his geniality and true-heartedness as a companion and friend. He was popular among his fellows, and obtained considerable influence in their little world, chiefly by the exercise of what one who knew him in those days calls his “sanctified common-sense.” With several of his fellow-students he entered into a very close bond of brotherhood, and with these he maintained loving intercourse as opportunity permitted, until death removed one after another. Of that inner circle only one now survives. The sister of Halley gives the following description of Mr. Arnot as he was in those days :—

“ I do not remember Mr. Arnot among the band of brothers until about 1832-3. He seemed to bring a breath of fresh country air and a blink of sunshine with him into the dingy streets and close confined rooms of the town-bred students ; his florid com-

¹ *Life of Hamilton*, p. 67.

plexion, jocund expression, and manly well-developed frame contrasting strongly with the pale faces, keen scholarly aspect, and slender boyish figures of my brother and James Hamilton, as well as with the stiff, lanky angularity of the other two Jaméses, Morrison and Stevenson, who were men more of his own age. He was dearly beloved and highly valued by all. I do not remember if he distinguished himself as a student in the way of prize-taking, but the friends most capable of judging deemed him equal to the best of that glorious brotherhood, and in some respects superior to them all."

Halley himself, who was as a student, the most distinguished of the band, was wont to say that Arnot had more divinity than all the rest put together.

All the friends were earnest workers in the cause of Sabbath Schools. Some of them, including Mr. Arnot, were among the first promoters of the Glasgow Sabbath School Union. Their own labours were principally in connection with the mission at St. Rollox, where Mr. Arnot taught, for four years, an advanced Bible class for young women. His work there was much blessed, and in consequence much enjoyed, both by himself and those placed under his care. Among his papers was found, after his death, a packet labelled, "Memorials of the Class, St. Rollox," containing exercises and letters written by members of the class. Some of the letters are written during the teacher's absence in College

vacations, and some after he had permanently left them. All the writers express the warmest gratitude for the instructions received, and the kindly interest taken in their welfare; and several speak of having been awakened to spiritual life under his teaching. The personal attachment between teacher and scholars grew so strong, that, in a letter to a friend, Mr. Arnot expresses a fear lest he should in any degree come between these souls and the Saviour to whom he strove to guide them. A passage in one of the letters referred to seems to indicate that this alarm was needless. The writer says:—"God was pleased to make you the instrument in communicating spiritual knowledge to our souls; but looking to you only as the instrument, we desire to give God the glory." Many of the letters contain such expressions as the following:—"You asked me to write to you about the little class which you put under my care," showing that he trained his scholars to be teachers in their turn, and personally directed and superintended their first efforts. He was in the habit, when absent for some time, of sending a letter to be read to the class, and continued to do so occasionally after his connection with them as teacher had ceased. In 1834 this class presented him with a large Bible, which he valued greatly, and ever afterwards used regularly at family worship. During his last session at College, he resided as tutor with a family in Milngavie, some miles

out of Glasgow, and undertook to teach a similar class there; but unwilling to break all connection with his old class, he frequently walked or rode in to Glasgow to meet them on the Sabbath morning, returning in time to conduct the other class at night. While at Milngavie, he was a frequent visitor in the day and infant schools, and became well known to the children. Writing to a friend he says:—"Am not I highly honoured when, in passing through the streets of my diocesan capital, this and that fair-haired urchin drops a handsome curtsy at my approach, with a '*yes, mem,*' in return to any gracious remark I may condescend to make?"

Mr. Arnot's correspondence at this time with his intimate friends is very interesting, and throws much light on his character in all its phases. Some letters overflow with playfulness and sparkle with humour; others are full of serious thoughts on the most solemn subjects; in many, the grave and the humorous lie side by side in very close contact, but never mingled so as to jar on the strictest sense of propriety. It is of such letters as these that James Halley writes: "They were like all your things, very naive and natural, and assured me very pleasantly that the W. A. of 1837 is the same honest, kind, warm-hearted, serio-comic genius that I had ever found him before."

During the first session of his attendance at College, he resided with his uncle, Mr. Fisher, and devoted his whole time to the work of his classes.

Notwithstanding the desultory nature of his preparatory studies, he soon found himself able to hold his own among his fellow-students. In one of his first letters home he says—"I am getting on in the classes much better than I could have expected."

At the beginning of the second session, he found it more convenient to be in a lodging of his own, his uncle's house being at a considerable distance from the College. He was to have hard work at the classes, "the double," he says, "of what I had last year;" and it would take all his time and strength to enable him to make even a "respectable appearance." Additional work, therefore, in the way of bread-winning could not yet be thought of. There remained to him still the greater part of the £20 which he had saved before leaving home, and that must be made to last, if possible, until he was able to earn something more. He and a companion similarly situated shared a single room, which was bedroom and study for both. In his personal expenses he practised the strictest economy with such success, that in a short time we find him writing to his father:—"If I had a bit of the pig to use at dinner-time, I could keep my expenses of meat, lodging, and light within five shillings a-week, which you will acknowledge to be little. . . . It will be as well not to tell anybody this, for they might think it impossible to live in Glasgow at that rate without living very mean; but I am very comfortable." And towards the close of the same

letter:—"Upon the whole, I surely am as great a debtor to the bountiful Giver of all good as any other person alive. I have everything almost that I could wish, and want nothing so much as a habitual disposition of thankfulness to God, and will and ability to live as the child of so many mercies."

One advantage of life in a great city, which he valued highly, was the opportunity it afforded him of enjoying cultivated Christian society. "I think I feel," he writes to his sister, "as much inward satisfaction and delight in being admitted to the society of men who, whether we consider their literary attainments, their moral rectitude of conduct, or their piety, may be termed *the excellent ones of the earth*, as even Davie Christie¹ could when dancing hand-in-hand with the fair princesses of Peru."

And yet, comparing the life he had left behind with that which he had now entered upon, he felt and owned that each had its own drawbacks, each its own advantages. He found, as so many others have, that a full busy life requires a constant watchfulness, a strong habit of prayerfulness, to prevent the highest concerns from being crowded out by others, necessary, though of less importance. The letter above quoted closes thus:—"In conclusion, I would remark that, so far as my experience goes, of all soils, the cloisters of a college are the most un-

¹ Davie Christie was a noted character in the village, who had travelled in his youth, and was wont to tell the most extraordinary stories of his adventures.

friendly to the growth of that heavenly plant—piety. To speak plainly, I am so much engaged with other duties of a minor importance, that I am almost induced to neglect the one thing needful. Often do I now look back with a longing fond regret to the four years of my life which I spent at my father's and Freeland, to the many precious, but, alas! neglected opportunities of cultivating the graces of the Spirit. I might then have attained an aversion to sin, a love of holiness, a superiority over the world, and devotedness to God, which would now have been of unspeakable importance. Do you profit by my experience."

When his third session commenced, he had to face the necessity of doing something for his own maintenance; and accordingly he mentioned to one or two of his professors his desire to obtain private teaching for two or three hours daily. On the recommendation of Sir Daniel Sandford, he was employed as tutor to two youths, both of whom attended the University, the elder one being in the same mathematical class as himself. He was engaged with them for four hours, from six to ten every evening, and had in addition to prepare himself carefully beforehand for the lessons, so that his own work was left to be done late at night or in the early hours of the morning.

Now that he saw his way to maintain himself comfortably by his own exertions, he felt justified in a somewhat more liberal expenditure; and his first care was to procure a separate lodging, "a

room to himself,"—a privilege which, he says, he had "long looked forward to with anxiety, a companion in a single room being a great bar to the performance of religious duties with pleasure or with profit."

His pecuniary difficulties, were, however, not yet at an end. No arrangement had been made as to the time when he should be paid for his services, and his employers, unaware of the state of his finances, allowed month after month to pass without proposing to settle accounts with him; and though he had fairly earned the money, and was sorely in need of it, he could not summon up courage to ask for it. The same mixture of pride and bashfulness prevented him borrowing anything till reduced to extremities. The following account of his dilemma in a letter to his father was written, as he takes care to explain, solely for their amusement at home, and not by way of complaint.

TO HIS FATHER.

"GLASGOW, 26th December 1831.

". . . . If you get the newspapers regularly, look carefully over the list of Scotch bankrupts, and see whether my name be among them; for I think I will *break* soon. To be always giving out and never getting anything in, is enough to break anybody. I have got no wages yet. If I starve, however, it is with plenty within my reach. Some people, I believe, would think themselves very

well off if they could get *siller for the seekin'*. That is not the case with me. I have money offered me again and again, and I want it, because I am not able to confess that I stand in need of it. I got £1 from Mr. K. already, and he offered me another, but I told him I did not need it, thinking I would receive my own wages before I ran out. Now I have just 7d., and I have to attend a great temperance coffee feast on Friday, a ticket to which will cost me a shilling. Therefore it is clear I must make known my difficulties before that time. I know you will be disposed to laugh at instead of sympathising with me. But you must recollect I may find a difficulty where you would find none. Well do I recollect how you used to treat me, measuring my feelings by your own, never thinking there might be any difference. When I told you I could not go to ask a horse from Mr. Pringle, all the answer I got was—‘*Man, he'll no strike ye,*’ and with this I was packed off.”

Fully occupied as he was at this time, he yet was keenly alive to all that went on around him in the great city, and took what part he could in the public movements of the day, as the two following letters will show:—

TO HIS FATHER.

“GLASGOW, 16th January 1832.

“I have just returned from a grand meeting of the

friends of negro emancipation—immediate emancipation. It was truly a noble scene. Here are the advantages of living in Glasgow. We have not a *craw park* and serpentine river, and a peaceful hamlet, hiding itself from view in the shade of varied plantations; but, enthusiastic admirer of nature in her simplest garb as I always have been, I have seen and heard to-night what I value far above them—I have had an opportunity of raising my voice in unison with that of thousands of fellow-Christians in one unanimous and loud demand that slavery, which we consider a foul blot upon our national character, be immediately abolished; that his birthright be restored to every one from whom it has been torn away; that the slave be made *free*—free to cherish and protect the wife of his bosom, to provide for his family, to instruct his children, to improve his mind, to worship his God. It grieves one's heart to think what is done under the sun for filthy lucre's sake. We had Mr. Knibb, one of the lately persecuted missionaries from Jamaica, who made an able speech. I cannot convey to you any idea of its excellence; it was calculated to rouse the most obtuse to pity for the oppressed, and indignation at their guilty oppressors. All the dissenting clergymen were present and a cloud of laymen connected with the Established Church, but (tell it not in Gath) not one of the clergymen of the Church. They are very good men, but it is said they are afraid of offending the

opulent merchants of Glasgow, who are almost all in some way connected with the West Indies.

TO HIS FATHER.

“GLASGOW, 19th May 1832.

“. . . . You will hear of our Reform meetings. We have had two since the news of the defeat of ministers arrived—one on Saturday, and one on Thursday. They were both large; but that on Thursday was by far the largest. It is said here, and I believe with truth, that it was the largest mass of human beings ever collected in Scotland. The *Herald* (a Tory paper) estimates the number at 120,000; others call it 150,000. It was truly a splendid sight. The afternoon was very fine, and they continued assembled for more than three hours. I went round and round it on all sides. Round the hustings, where the speakers were, on a level part of the Green, but not far from where it begins to rise, the people were closely wedged together; beyond that they were more open, so that you could find your way through them without much difficulty. The view from below upwards upon the people who occupied the rising ground, was peculiarly grand, rendered very picturesque, from time to time, by expressions of assent to resolutions that were passed on the hustings. Just think of a huzza and flourishing of hats from so vast a multitude. The throwing up of boys' bonnets contributed as much as anything to the interest of the scene. Of course, you

can have no idea how that could be worth looking at, unless you stood at the side of such a company, and saw the whole air darkened with the fantastic movements of the greasy bonnets as they crossed each other in their rise and fall.

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“I do not pay much attention to politics; but it is impossible in these times not to be attached to one party more than another,—so I profess myself a Reformer. I wish the people to obtain their abstract rights; they have been ruled too much in the way of cattle. They ought to be treated as rational creatures, the very lowest of them, and made aware of their own dignity, of their equality with the highest of their lordly superiors. It would be one motive, among others, to virtuous conduct, viz., a desire to act worthy of the character they sustained.”

Throughout all these letters there flows a strong, continuous stream of love for his home and his friends, which finds expression in many different ways. Here is a passage perhaps as characteristic as any.

“After taxing my memory a long time for something else to say, nothing will come up but a general feeling of affection towards all my friends at home; but it would be a hopeless task to express it more particularly. I love, in a greater or less degree, every person whom I know, and also all

that I do not know, and this is one grand source of my happiness."

It was the grand source, too, of the love which flowed so freely to him from every side.

In the same letter, the following passage occurs, showing that the subject of temperance, which occupied so much of his attention in later years, had, even at this early date, taken a strong hold on his mind.

"I have told you before that I just write away at what is uppermost in my mind, until I arrive at the end of my paper. Well, to keep to the old plan, I am just thinking of temperance; and the longer I live, I think, the more I think of it; and the longer I live, the more I wonder that many good people seem to think so little of it. It appears to me that mankind have been bound by some magic spell from opening their eyes upon the mightiest evil that sin has introduced among the family of Adam. . . . Oh, how I would rejoice to see a more active warfare commenced against the spirit-drinking customs of society in my own native parish!"

Flowers are another favourite subject, coming up in almost every letter. When a parcel is to be sent from home, the invariable request is, "Be sure to send me a flower." One summer, when his pupils lived some miles out of town, the long walk to and from their residence was amply compensated by the privilege of getting "as many flowers as I like to carry away. I put them inside my umbrella in

great numbers, and never want a splendid flower on my table." Several letters contain minute directions for the arrangement of the little garden at home, and for the management of certain rose trees, which he had grafted when at home for a few days' holiday. This was a taste which he never lost, though he was well advanced in life before he had opportunity to gratify it fully.

The following, addressed to a fellow-student, is a specimen of a lighter strain.

TO MR. MACKAIL.

"GLASGOW, 23d June 1834.

"These are to certify that I, Mr. W. Arnot, am at this time in perfect health, and as they leave me thus, they fervently hope, my dear friend, to find you the same. The reason why I write so long before Thursday is, I came in wet, and feeling 'a' itherwise,' and unable to do anything else, I thought I could not do better than write a letter to you, as any kind of thing will do for that purpose. You will not therefore expect anything very bright. I write at this time chiefly for the purpose of telling that I am going to Forgan for three or four weeks in July, so that you need not write to me now till the end of that month; but as soon as you like after that. I am very full of the thing, you may be sure—think about it during the day, and dream about it during the night. I am a great child in all matters connected

with home. I must learn to judge charitably of others who have a weak side, although it may not be the very side that happens to be weak in my own moral structure. . . . With regard to my proposed visit, I shall not tell you what is uppermost in my mind,—whether it is my father, or the milk-pantry, or my sisters, or Willie Paton, or Forgan, or the serpentine river, or the minister, or Mr. Low's three daughters, or the gun and the rabbits, or my flower-border and the roses, or the strawberries, or the haymaking, or the WAGES I may get for it, or,—or,—as I said before, I cannot,—that is, I will not tell whether it is any or none of the above-mentioned that comes oftenest into my cranium; but if I return in safety, you may expect to receive an epistle early in August, with perhaps a touch of the descriptive in it, or it may be of the pathetic, or some other—*ic.*

“I am very idle still; I see it is in the bone. A change of circumstances has no effect. All that I have done yet is, read some two or three books for the essay on the Jewish law. I find it rather an uninviting subject. I shall write it now, but not with very much ease; I think I shall do the other one better. I get much good, I think, from our theological society; we have a fine discussion once every week. I am a member of the St. John's preaching society too; we have a sederunt in it from half-past twelve to half-past three on Saturday. I undertook to be orator one day and finding I had

nothing suitable but my homily, and that it was too short, I set about eking a piece to it on the Saturday morning before I went away, which turned out to be an eloquent bit, and got unqualified praise, whereas the other parts were freely criticised.—
Yours, W. A.”

The theological society alluded to, he describes to his father in the following terms:—

“It consists of six students (if I had not been one of them I would have said they were the very best about College). We drink tea, and crack very freely from six to seven; then till ten have a close conversational discussion on some doctrines or passages of Scripture. It's grand!”

The visit so eagerly looked forward to was as keenly enjoyed in the reality as in the anticipation. On his return he writes to the same friend:—

TO MR. MACKAIL.

“GLASGOW, 21st August 1834.

“ I had the happiest four weeks in July ever I spent, I think. Went with Dr. Hooker¹ and his class by Loch Lomond to Killin, thence to Loch Earn, Crieff, and Perth, and spent all the remainder at home. Have allowed the place, ay, and the people too, to come still nearer my heart than ever—*verbum sapienti*. Perhaps I may write a

¹ Professor of Botany in Glasgow University.

history of my town, and dedicate it to you; there would be some sentimentalism in it. . . ."

TO HIS FATHER.

"KILMARDINNY, *June 9th*, 1836.

". It has just this moment entered my head—I fear it is too late—to ask if you have any difficulty with your rent this year. If you have yet any trouble in raising it, rather than draw upon your *pose*, let me know, and I shall *feel much pleasure* in paying back a small part of my great debts. I am a few pounds above water this summer. The prize money set me on my feet.

"I was in town, as I said, on Sabbath, but had no time to think of your letters. I rode in in the morning before breakfast, met my class in the morning, stayed at church till four o'clock, home to dinner, and to my other class in the village in the evening. I like such a busy day."

"KILMARDINNY, *24th August* 1836.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—

". Both you and I ought to think as little as possible about my success or honour in the world; and rather consider how the talents God has been pleased to give me may be best spent in His service. This I know to be my duty, and though in much weakness *through manifold temptations*, I am trying to keep it before my mind."

To the Rev. JAMES STEVENSON, of Kilmarnock
(afterwards of Ayr).

“ KILMARDINNY, 17th August 1836.

“ If you look in a map to Glasgow, or any large city, you will see, at one side, a great many roads *converging* towards it. They are concentrated on one point, and you cannot distinguish the one from the other until they are seen issuing from the opposite side, and regularly *diverging* as they recede from the point of confluence. Methinks this is something like *our* earthly pilgrimage, with especial reference to the time spent at the University. You, and I, and our other College friends, performed the first stages of our journey far from each other; we met and walked side by side along the ‘curriculum;’ and then one, and another, and another, strikes off at a tangent, and is soon lost in the distance, leaving a vacuum in the hearts of those left behind. Did you ever read tragical ballads? You must have heard of the violent disruption of young hearts by the mandate of an ‘angry father.’ Why does not some poet immortalise our loves—the short, clear winter day of union—the long, dark, wintry night of widowhood that follows? Pardon, dear sir, the style of my effusions: do not call them ravings: blame them, but call them by a softer name. This, I fear, is not a subject for me; I grow melancholy apace. In the prospect of leaving College for good and all, I do feel a tearing, rugging process going on

within. I daresay I shall retain a sort of romantic affection for the material, local habitation, but not for its own sake ; 'tis not the stone and lime I care for, but the flesh and blood. I would not expend my heart's affections on 'time-honoured courts,' but upon the 'congenial spirits' that flitted through them. Well, the journey is before us ; we know not its length nor its direction, its joys nor its sorrows ; it is ours to gird ourselves and be ready. It is compared to a voyage as well as a journey. The mariner clears his cables, hoists his sail, turns the bow towards the port, and awaits the wind. So we, in starting into life, supplied with much of the means of doing good, have just to set and keep our faces Zion-wards, and depend for impulse on the Spirit of God. When, amid the vicissitudes of mortal life, lover and friend are put far away from us, we shall look above the hills to the Maker of heaven and earth ; the Keeper of Israel, from whom cometh our help ; He will preserve our outgoing and our incoming."

TO HIS FATHER.

"KILMARDINNY, 27th September 1836.

". There is to be a church built in my Sabbath School district. I felt for a moment a secret wish (the first thought of the kind, I think, that ever entered my head) to be placed as watchman upon that tower. You recollect the smoke was like

to suffocate you when you passed? Well, so much do I like it, that if the talent which God has given me should prove suitable to the task, I think I could be willing to spend the strong part of my life labouring among the coals and smoke of St. Rollox. This, however, is a thought which will not be expressed to any creature here. The new churches in these neglected districts require the *best men*, while they afford the *heaviest* work and the *smallest* pay."

On the 4th of October 1837, Mr. Arnot was licensed as a preacher by the Presbytery of Glasgow. At this time he began to keep a private journal, which was continued thereafter with more or less regularity during the greater part of his life. The first entries are as follows:—

"GLASGOW, October 5, 1837.

"Yesterday was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Glasgow.

"Delightful meeting for prayer with two very kind friends in the morning. Rendered uneasy in Presbytery by commendations of my sermon—too strong in any circumstances, and certainly injudicious on that occasion. It just gave me additional difficulty in fighting against pride, which in me is strong enough without any such external auxiliary."

"GLASGOW, October 24th.

"Preached on three different Sabbaths. Not much of the fear of man, but cannot feel enough of the fear of God. Cannot speak so affectionately and so honestly as I do in the Sabbath class. Frequently

detect myself writing and speaking beyond my own experience, though I know it to be true. Think it not right to refrain from preaching thus, but state the whole truth so far as I know and believe it, and then pray for that experimental acquaintance with it which I know to be wanting. Preached at Larbert on Sabbath with a view to the vacant assistantship. Feel very little anxiety about it. How far right I cannot tell. I was invited without any application. It lies with the people to pass a judgment on my fitness or unfitness. If that judgment shall be favourable, then comes my responsibility to devote whatever talent God has given me, faithfully to His service in the Gospel of His Son. Money matters no temptation, as I could be as well here. Thankful to be freed from this, but aware that self-seeking may assume many forms. God preserve me from all of them?"

Immediately after this he was appointed assistant to the Rev. John Bonar, then minister of the united parishes of Larbert and Dunipace, and entered on his duties in November 1837.

In a letter to his father, he enumerates thus the advantages of his situation:—"It is the very best possible place for me. The following are some of its good qualities. The minister, Mr. Bonar, is a very good man; it is an invaluable privilege to be near him. Secondly, it will be necessary to get only one new sermon every week, as the congregations are entirely different, and the same sermons are

given in both churches. This makes the work easier, a great matter for a beginner. Thirdly, there is a high character attached to the assistant at Larbert, on account of the eminent men who have occupied the situation. I can trace the history back only a few years, to a Mr. Lumsden, who is now a minister at Arbroath. He was succeeded by Mr. Hanna (son-in-law of Dr. Chalmers), who was only six months here when he was made the minister of a parish near Glasgow. Then followed Mr. M'Cheyne, who is now a minister in Dundee; and lastly Mr. Somerville, who is to be ordained in Glasgow on the 30th of this month. So you observe it is no small matter to be placed on such a list. . . . The manse is at Larbert, and my lodging about half a mile from it. The lodging is said to be comfortable, a capital landlady, who 'greet's' regularly when the lodger goes away. She has had all the assistants."

After some experience of the landlady he writes:—"I cannot give you anything like a history of Mrs. Graham's kindness. It is sometimes like to make me laugh. And mind, it is not a blundering kindness. She has the hands and the skill to do everything in the best order, as well as the heart to do it in the kindest way."

TO MR. HALLEY.

"LARBERT, 9th February 1838.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—

". . . . I have been now twelve weeks in this

place, preaching every Sabbath, never absent. It has done me some good. I begin to feel my wants better than I did; but that is the amount of the improvement. I think there is more singleness of aim and honesty of purpose; but none of the improved execution. I know somewhat better than I did what preaching should be; but I cannot preach yet. The people don't find fault; they come out well, and *like the new helper*. But on looking over all that I have said, there appears nothing pointed and special enough; nothing which I could expect to be effectual. I have a design upon them, if grace is given me to accomplish it. My style of preaching must be greatly altered. While I have heard of much general commendation, I have met with only one instance of any part of my sermons sticking and doing good. And what is rather remarkable, the person did not hear it,—was ill of fever when it was delivered,—but had got a clear account of it from the rest of the family, retailed it very distinctly back again to me, and pointed out as clearly as I could have done, and with much feeling, the thing that '*did guid*.' Visiting the sick occupies a great part of my time. Upon the whole, I have derived the most benefit from this department, and liked it best. Many delightful patients."

TO HIS FATHER.

"LARBERT, 5th March 1838.

"I do not know what to think of you now. I

cannot tell from the state of the burns here whether your ice is away ; but I fear not. It is frost this morning again. If I could know the very time of the break, I would come over the hill to see it, and help you to *ha'd* the old boat."

This was a process he often described to his children as one of the most interesting events of the winter season in his home. At a time of thaw, after the river had been frozen, the ice came down in large sheets, borne with great rapidity on the swollen stream, and would have crushed the ferry-boat, or torn it from its moorings, had not means been used to protect it. This was done by a man standing on the shore with a long pole to ward off the pieces of ice as they approached the boat, and guide them in another direction.

TO HIS FATHER.

"LARBERT, 25th March 1838.

". . . I am to have a weekly convocation, in my castle, of no less than four dominies, whom I am to teach Latin. They have schools in different parts of the parish ; all young men, fighting their way forward, some of them through great difficulties. I need not tell you that it will give me very peculiar pleasure to be of use to them. I can remember well enough how glad I was of a hint from John Morton, when I came to a cramp sentence. The one in whose school I teach my class convoys me halfway

home, for the sake of getting a lecture in the dark on the difficulties of his lesson."

TO MR. MACKAIL.

"May 2d, 1838.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—

". . . I am weakly a little to-day; ears buzzing still. I doubt the preaching will weather me. Yesterday, while I was speaking fast and strong, I felt my legs literally shaking, and had to lean on the side of the pulpit for support to them; felt, too, the heart beating up at the tongue. The shirt cuts a very laughable figure when thrown off, metamorphosed into a dishelout. An hour after coming home pulse was 98, and at 10 o'clock in the evening 76, and to-day 60. Mr. Bonar frightens me not a little by the increased frequency of his orders to *take care of myself*, without assigning any reason. . . . Moreover, he insists upon getting a pony; and this morning (I breakfasted with him) he applied a *weighty* argument, in the shape of eight hard sovereigns, to help to buy it. He says he has all that of overplus in the subscriptions for my stipend; but I don't understand the thing, for he does not receive a receipt for it.

"Yesterday I gave lecture the fifth of the Nehemiah series; announcing at the conclusion that the bearing of the passage (2 chap.) upon the question whether it is consistent, etc., for governors, etc., to provide, etc., could not be overlooked, was too

important to be pushed in at the close, and would find a place in next lecture. There's a bold stroke for you; whether a prudent one remains to be decided. I propose to devote a whole lecture to it and the corresponding passage in Ezra. . . ."

FROM HIS DIARY.

"LARBERT, 1st August 1838.

"Preaching during nine months every Sabbath, and frequently on other days. People come out well, and are very attentive; but little appearance of fruit as yet. A few who appear to be already God's people have told me of particular things from which they derived benefit. But know of no careless sinner awakened. Classes all very attentive and careful; but none of that work of grace where-with the Divine Spirit accompanied my poor labours at St. Rollox. I have been (through many sins) toiling these nine months, and I have caught nothing. Nevertheless, Lord Jesus, *at thy word* I will continue to let down the net."

TO MR. HALLEY, at Madeira.

"LARBERT, 29th June 1838.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—

". . . . About my own work. With many difficulties without and within myself to contend with, I like it nevertheless. I like Mr. Bonar vastly. He may have had better assistants in other—in all other respects, but I think he never

had one more thoroughly willing to do what he wishes—to take his advice, and comply with it in everything. I let out everything to him; all my difficulties are poured into his willing ear. In everything he is very kind. But ten days ago, the morning after our Sacramental Fast, he received a letter from Edinburgh, informing him of the dangerous illness of his sister—one out of three who lived with their mother—smallpox. He went off immediately, just sending me a note to take care of everything, and he would be back on Saturday. On Friday forenoon his sister died; she was somewhat delicate; deservedly the *dawtie* both of the family and strangers. He came home on Saturday evening at eight o'clock; postponed his feelings, to use his own expression; preached and presided at the Sacrament next day without betraying the slightest symptom of grief; returned to Edinburgh on Monday to the funeral; stayed till Thursday with his mother, and returned, going through his work all as before. There was something about his demeanour in private that made us stand in awe of him; altogether as much of the moral sublimity as I have ever seen. His smile was sweet, and frequent as before, but we were not able to respond to it.

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“And now, for the most important part of your letter—your ‘What shall I do to be saved?’ With your solemn adjuration before me (‘I pray

you to deal faithfully'), and with the conviction on my mind that unfaithful dealing might endanger the eternal well-being of one whom I dearly love, I must yet say I can see no bar to your happiness, except certain temptations of an enemy striving to hold to the last. From the moment I first read your letter, I have been impressed strongly with the hope that peace is at hand—that before you read this, much of your pain will be removed. The whole tenor of the thing leads me to this conclusion. So much ingenuity has to be expended in getting up the 'hard things,' that I believe you must soon perceive they have been *got up*. You must know the history of the poet Cowper. You must have wondered at his perverse ingenuity in getting up a case against himself. It is, I believe, a form of temptation resorted to when the *soporifics* will no longer affect the patient. It is something like the retaliation of a cruel enemy, who, though beaten and hopeless of victory, will nevertheless harass by every means in his power, pleased with the opportunity of inflicting pain. You will not misunderstand me, as if I meant to say that the evils of which you complain are light—that your sins are not such as should make you tremble. Far from it—far from trying to extenuate the evil in the slightest degree, I would have you cherish to the last the conviction that in you dwelleth *no good thing*. And, in so far as your letter exhibits its marks of this conviction being pervading and deep-

rooted, I rejoice in it. It is right that an impure, sinning creature should feel this. It were dishonouring to God if he did not. Every mouth must be stopped. The law of God must be magnified; but His mercy must be magnified too. You have deserved wrath, the anger of a Holy God. To think otherwise (although a very common thing) betrays great ignorance and daring presumption. The man Christ Jesus has magnified and honoured the law in all its requirements, and offered an atonement sufficient to expiate the world's guilt (for, I suppose, you will have no *theological* objection to this expression in its plain meaning). To think otherwise on this point would betray equal ignorance and equal presumption, because the Bible affirms it. Now, I beg you to observe there is another thing which the Bible affirms—'*Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.*' You dare not deny that. Change it from a general into a particular proposition, only applying it to some one who really does believe, and still it is true—still we must believe it. So far you will follow me and agree; but I think I hear you say, 'Here is the very point at issue. In making a particular proposition out of the general, does it apply to me—*do I believe?*' Now I have no other means of judging than your own testimony, and I know that testimony accords with your consciousness. From it, then, I think *you do believe?*' You have told me so in your letter, not once, but many

time. To be sure you attach in each case a great many drawbacks. I don't deny the existence of these. I am willing to allow them to the full extent of which you complain. What then? They do not weaken the power of the Saviour, nor do they sever the link (faith) which attaches you to Him. . . . All your complaints are just so many proofs of *life*. Your groans—groans though they be—are invincible proofs of life. 'Many groans from a sick-bed; none from a grave.' They are painful, but oh, how much better than the listless indifference of a mind unsanctified—awful indication that the life-giving Spirit has ceased His strivings. Your pains prove that you are sick; well, but you are in the hands of the Great Physician. You have placed yourself in His hands. You cannot wish to place your confidence in any other. You *will* be healed in God's good time. You do not distrust His power; do not distrust His willingness."

His own health, which for some time previous had not been very robust, had now begun to fail more evidently, and to cause him considerable anxiety. He struggled bravely against the increasing weakness, and worked on without any interruption during all the year he was at Larbert. Here, as everywhere, he won for himself a large share of respect and affection; while the friendship then begun between him and Mr. Bonar proved a life-long one.

The pony before alluded to was got, and proved a source of both health and pleasure to him. In his old age he used to look back on these days, and tell his children how he rode about the country on his own pony, which he described as a capital animal, with only one fault, namely, a great tendency to fall and precipitate the rider also on the ground. On being asked, "What did you do when that happened?" he would reply, "Oh, I just got up again." On his last visit to America, at a large public meeting assembled to bid him and others farewell, the pony was introduced in such a way that it will not be soon forgotten by any who were present. Saying that he did not feel inclined to speak that night, but rather just to look them in the face and express his feelings through his eyes, he told how, on his return, after a few days' absence with his pony, to his lodgings at Larbert, the servant girl, who, as he expressed it, took charge both of him and the pony, was sent to the stable with the latter. She remained longer than he thought necessary, and when she came back he asked her, "Where have you been, Jenny?" "In the stable with the pony, sir." "And what were you doing all this time?" "Oh, sir," replied the girl, "I just lookit at *hit*, and *hit* lookit at me."

Altogether the year spent in the work at Larbert was both pleasant and profitable, and was a time which he always liked to look back to.

CHAPTER II.

MR. ARNOT had been hardly a year at Larbert when he received a call to St. Peter's Church, Glasgow. The choice was really that of the congregation, though the formal election was made, and the presentation issued, by the Glasgow Church Building Society, according to the custom of the Established Church. In the letter announcing the election, Mr. Collins, secretary to the Society, says:—

“I beg leave most sincerely to congratulate you on your appointment; and I need not say how gratifying such an appointment must be to you, made at the cordial and unanimous request of the male communicants of St. Peter's Church, and afterwards not less cordially and unanimously concurred in by the committee on candidates, the directors of the Society, and finally by the members at their public meeting.”

By the time this letter reached him he had already had unofficial notice of the call, and had made up his mind to accept it; for we find him bidding farewell to friends at Larbert, and making arrangements for removing to Glasgow.

TO HIS FATHER.

“LARBERT, 11th October 1838.

“MY DEAR FATHER,—A great calamity has befallen me, and by way of being very dutiful, I shall tell you all about it the first thing I do. They are threatening to make me minister of a kirk in Glasgow. Now, mind, I could not help it. I know you wanted me to wait till a country parish should cast up, and to be sure I did wait. I resisted steadily every attempt to make me a candidate, until about three weeks ago the thing was put in such a way that I could no longer find an excuse. Even Mr. Bonar, who had always helped me out before, gave up, and said I must go. Well, with a sad heart I went, Sabbath eight days, and the consequence is I have been elected by the congregation unanimously. . . . I do not consider myself bound to go, but I confess at present I see no way of getting out. Had there been a number of the people for some other body, I might have made that an excuse for declining; but a unanimous call from a large congregation, in the widest scene of usefulness which the Church affords, cannot, I think, be rejected with any regard to character or duty.

“There are two possible ways of escaping—first, if, in the meantime, some country parish should be offered me—that is, one in which there would be

something to do; but such a one, for example, as Aberdalgie, I think I would not be justified in taking. But there is no probability that this will happen.

Secondly, if the state of my health be found to be such that a town residence and much confinement would be dangerous. I am pretty well at present, but I have for a good while past had some misgivings regarding the state of my heart, from certain beatings that take place now and then. I intend to go to Glasgow next week to get the opinion of an eminent physician, and set the matter at rest. If none of these two causes intervene, I must submit; and, I am happy to say, I shall submit very willingly.

“The Church—by name St. Peter’s—was built by the Church Building Society of Glasgow. It has had an able minister for two years, and a full congregation. The minister, Mr. Dun, has gone to a country parish near Dumbarton. It is in the city, between Argyle Street and Broomielaw.

“Now, about waiting for a country parish—that’s all very good; but you do not know how difficult a thing it is to *wait* in the present wants of the Church. I cannot tell how many invitations to preach as a candidate I have resisted. The thing was becoming very uncomfortable. Just this very week already I have declined two invitations—one from Haddington, another from Bannockburn. All these applications have been from unendowed churches. The endowed churches are generally in the hands of patrons. The

patrons don't apply to me, and, without meaning anything offensive, I don't intend to apply to them.

"From the whole I deduce this conclusion, that you must not think anything about the want of the manse, and the glebe, and the cow, and all that sort of thing. Never any living creature has had more encouragement to cast himself on the care of Providence than I : everything all my life has turned out fortunate ; all has been success without any care of mine, so there is no cause for complaint, although you should look no further than my comfort in this world. But you will not confine your view to that—you will remember that we are very near—very near *you must* be, very near *I may* be—to the judgment-seat of God ; and in that view what signifies a comfortable manse and glebe for a few years, if I should forfeit the character of a 'faithful servant' ? I will be made abundantly comfortable ; with a stipend probably as good as some country ministers ; the society of Glasgow, which is to me a great matter ; and lastly, as to the honour of the thing, it could not well be greater, if you take all the circumstances together. But I suppose this is an unnecessary mustering of arguments, for you would be brawly pleased without them."

TO MR. MACKAIL.

"LARBERT, 25th Oct. 1838.

". . . Here is another thing. I have, after mature consideration of the premises, finally made

up my mind that it is not my duty to pay 20s. per week for lodgings, and determined to put up with something that can be got for 15s. I make it a matter of conscience. Suppose I get stowed away for 15s. instead of 20s., then I might have a valuable volume coming in every week into my poor library, and live all the time as comfortably as my neighbours. I must depend for my respectability on something else than a grand dining-room. Inference—Take notes for my benefit of anything that you may see or hear of in the above line. . . .

“I am busy taking leave of all my friends here. You would wonder how we have become so well acquainted in one year. I could make many a story out of it, but it is all too sad and sacred a thing for that; so let it rest. I have yet to meet the Dunipace congregation. It is a worse thing than to preach as a candidate. I wish it were over.”

TO HIS FATHER.

“LARBERT, 1st December 1838.

“MY DEAR FATHER,—The call was on Tuesday, and no veto. William Campbell was at church both days, and, I am told, his name is at the call; whether he will continue I cannot tell. Collins, too, was there on the afternoon of both days, with sundry others of the great of Glasgow, whom you do not know. There is a tendency, you know, in that sort of thing to make one proud, and, accordingly, I am

trying to watch; but as yet I do not feel the danger to be very great. One glance at the *dark places* of my own heart, which the world knows nothing of, is enough, or should be enough, to quench any self-complacent aspirings that may be excited by the kind attentions of my friends."

He began his ministry in St. Peter's on the first Sabbath of January 1839, but before many weeks had passed, his health, already much enfeebled, broke down completely under the new strain. A severe illness ensued, which disabled him entirely for work during a period of about three months.

TO HIS FATHER.

"GLASGOW, 17th January 1839.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I hope you have seen Mary by this time, and got the news. She would tell you that in the meantime the people are bravely pleased with me, and that there was a very large congregation. What she said of my sermon I cannot tell; but I am sure she said Mr. Bonar's was a good one. I got over the last Sabbath quite easily. The church was nearly as full as on the previous day; it was full altogether, but nobody standing. I have begun my ordinary work—have visited some of the parish and some of the congregation. Nothing could exceed the kind welcome I receive in all quarters. This evening I commence a class, and

another to-morrow. I shall tell you how they get on afterwards. . . . I am very sorry you were not here. If you had been at the Presbytery dinner, and heard all that was said, you would have gone home convinced that I was the most important man in Glasgow. But, setting the joke aside, it must have been gratifying to you to have heard the kind way in which I was received by the Presbytery and the other gentlemen present. Good old Dr. Brown, of St. John's, was 'greetin'' the time of my speech, not from anything in it, but just from his kind regard for me."

"GLASGOW, 22d January 1839.

"I have just sat down after dismissing a queer couple who came to be *spliced*. The bride seemed to be greatly rejoiced. She made a neat curtsy, smiled sweetly, and said, 'Thank you, sir ; I am very much obliged to you.' The man *spak naething*. It was the first opportunity I have had of making a couple happy. You country people would have thought it an odd marriage. The bride had a dark printed gown and shawl, and a wee straw hat on. I was warned of it yesterday, but did not know how to do. I ran up this forenoon to Mr. Somerville, one of my neighbours, to get a lesson. He was not at home, but his landlady, a nice old maiden lady, gave me the instructions better than he could have done. She made Somerville's sister and me stand up before her, put the questions to us, and went through the whole thing in the best style."

TO HIS SISTER.

GLASGOW, *February* 1839.

“MY DEAR MARY,—I write to tell you of a little illness that I have had, lest you should hear of it from another quarter, and think it worse than it is. It would have been a very small matter indeed, but unfortunately, it happened on Sabbath (yesterday) when I was preaching, and that let a great many people know about it. At the end of last week I had a bilious attack. It did not come to a height till Friday night. On Sabbath morning I was pretty well, but weak. Got over the forenoon well enough, and had begun the afternoon sermon about ten minutes, when I felt a pain in my breast—just a stitch towards the right. I felt no inconvenience otherwise, no tendency to sickness, but just the pain checked the breath so that I could not speak loud enough. I stopped immediately, and told the people what was wrong. Waited a few minutes, found it not any better. There were several preachers in the church. One of them sent up a message that he would take my place. I at once agreed; told the people that I was in all other respects quite well, but thought it prudent not to go on against the pain. Oh, the people looked so kind. The church was full. Glad that I stopped; for the pain afterwards grew worse. Got a surgeon just at the door, and a noddy. Got home in a few minutes; was bled, and went to bed. Pain greatly eased by bleeding. At eight o’clock some pain still,

and a mustard blister applied, which did good. Pain continued all night, but much reduced. This morning I lie perfectly at ease, but pain returns when I move to certain positions. The doctor was here just now, and advised a fly blister, which is just about to be applied. Now, observe, that all this is just a stitch, that it is not inflammation. At this moment I am as free of sickness and as hale at heart as ever I was, and the pain so feeble that I can scarcely tell it is here. Now, it will be very wicked in you to get alarmed at the long history I have given you. I am keeping my bed in order to get the easiest position, but I could sit up quite well. Now, Mary, instead of being at all afraid at the mere fact of it happening in public, I hope you will rather be thankful that it is so very slight, and so soon removed. I have no room to give you a history of the kindness of the people. John Mackail stayed with me all night, and stays still, keeping the callers in the other room, although I am able enough to chat to them. I am kept as happy as if I had been at home. Mrs. Wight does everything in the very kindest way, and I can use all sorts of freedom with her. I need not say that I intend this for the information of father and all the family as well as yourself. Perhaps if you are able, you might go out and help them to read it, as it is not very plain, on account of my position and my bandaged arm.

“And now, just one counsel. Do not let any of your happiness depend on my life; or anybody’s

life. This attack has passed without any danger ; but it should serve us all as a warning that the next may not. Let God reconciled in Christ Jesus be our portion, and then everything will be on our side—sickness and death among the rest. Lastly, I do not intend to write again for about a week. If I am long in writing, just understand that all is well.”

“GLASGOW, 2d March 1839.

“MY DEAR FRIENDS ALL,—This is just a note to say that I am steadily keeping better. I am out of bed now all day from ten to ten. I am meeting with the young communicants this week, which gives me a great deal to do. I have very little pain now and my strength is gradually returning. I have given up all thoughts of preaching on Sabbath at the Sacrament. This keeps me quite at ease. The people would not hear of me trying it. I have a great many little things to manage, so you must not expect to hear again till fully a week after this. If I am long in writing, that just means that I am keeping better.”

His illness at this time was of a very alarming nature—a serious affection of the lungs. The disease was, however, quickly and effectively checked, so that no further symptoms of it appeared for upwards of thirty-five years. After lying dormant all that time, it was once more roused into activity, and was the immediate cause of his death.

TO MR. MACKAIL.

“GLASGOW, 20th May 1839.

“I must have a hard heart if I do not sing of mercy now. What do you think? I preached yesterday forenoon in St. Peter’s; and am to-day quite lively and well. I am the more overjoyed at the result, because it has taken me by surprise. I had scarcely any hope of going through, although I felt it necessary to try. . . .

“When I began the prayer, and found I could speak, I felt an unwonted joy. I was able with something of better faith than is usual with me to receive it as an answer to prayer. The people looked very kind as usual. Dr. Henderson preached in the afternoon—grand sermon.”

TO HIS FATHER.

“GLASGOW, 13th April 1840.

“MY DEAR FATHER,—

“. . . . Again I have got through the cares of the Sacrament without any harm to myself; better at this moment than I have been for two months past. We have been very happy. Everything went on well

“One part of the history of it is, the ordination of six new elders on the Fast Day: we have ten now.

“Another, the most important part of the whole, is the admission of thirty young persons, or rather twenty-nine young persons, and one old man who

had not been a communicant for thirty years. I forget if I told you that some are very young; two boys, both little of stature, with jackets, between fifteen and sixteen years of age, and one girl about fourteen. I have had a very great deal of work with them these three weeks past; but have got more of comfort and encouragement than ever I had here before.

“The congregation kept very good all the time, and the ministers all preached very well. We were all very happy.”

TO HIS FATHER.

“GLASGOW, 13th September 1841.

“MY DEAR FATHER,—

“. . . . I saw Mr. Drummond and Mr. Stewart in Edinburgh. Mr. Drummond would tell you what a fine meeting we had. It made us all very happy. I am quite happy now about the church, just because I know it will be well whatever way it goes. The question *cannot be settled wrong*. The Lord reigneth, and therein we will be glad. Whatever way it go, it will do good. If we get a good law, and be all left free, then we will go on thankfully and cheerfully in our work. If, on the other hand, we be all scattered, we will just be cast more on the hand of God; we will feel more our dependence, and be *sure* to be blessed more than ever we were.”

Though able for his duties again, a degree of delicacy lingered for some time, rendering great care

necessary. The change from living in lodgings to a house of his own increased his comfort greatly, and no doubt benefited his health. His sister Mary came to live with him, and, until his marriage in 1844, proved a most efficient housekeeper and fellow-labourer. From this time his health slowly and steadily improved; and till within a few years of his death, he seemed to grow stronger as he grew older.

He soon gathered around him in St. Peter's a large and warmly-attached congregation. His preaching had, from the first, a peculiar attraction for young men, who, both in Glasgow and afterwards in Edinburgh, formed an important element in his congregation. Some of these, coming from the country to settle in Glasgow, connected themselves at once with his congregation; and, filling successively the offices of Sabbath-school teacher, deacon, and elder, remained for twenty years and upwards under his ministry. Ties like these are strong and tender, not easily severed by time and distance, or replaced by new ones. And many, in all parts of the country, when they heard of the sudden departure of him who had ceased to be their pastor years before, mourned for him as for a father.

The following is but a specimen out of many similar letters received by his widow in the first weeks after his departure.

"I had the unspeakable benefit of Mr. Arnot's wise and loving teaching as a member of his Bible

class ; and I have ever felt grateful that I had such a minister and guide in my youth, as well as in my maturer years. I have ever cherished toward him the love and reverence due to a dear friend and father ; and his death came upon me with all the intensity of a deep and severe personal bereavement. His has been a life for which I, and many others whose numbers only the day will declare, have reason to thank God."

TO HIS FATHER.

"GLASGOW, 28th December 1841.

". . . . My work is going on. I send you a copy of a report drawn up by one of my elders. I shall send two copies : give one to Mr. Drummond. I was visiting all day in the parish with one of the elders. I have a text which serves me for the afternoon of the last Sabbath of every year—Isaiah xxi. 11, 'Watchman, what of the night?' I just give an account of what we have done, and what state we are in. In one part of it, in telling of those who have departed, I put in Mr. Williamson. You remember he was at the boat. He was a member of our church. He had been ill for five weeks, and died in great peace on Saturday night. I was told of it on my way to the church. I told the people about it in the sermon, I hope for their profit."

Many of his old hearers will remember the New Year's text and the sermons preached from it year after year.

The church became crowded, and the hearers eagerly drank in the Word as it fell from his lips, feeling their souls refreshed and strengthened by it; but the preacher himself was far from satisfied with his work. His private journal, as well as many letters written about this time, show how strictly he scrutinised his work with all its springs and motives, how sternly he judged, and how unsparingly he condemned, when himself was the prisoner at the bar; though in judging others his tendency always was to the side of leniency and forbearance. This was characteristic of him even in his student days, when, looked up to and respected as he was by his companions, he had perhaps peculiar temptations to censoriousness and severity towards others. We find a fellow-student who had applied to him for advice and help writing thus:—"Do not treat me too tenderly as to my doubt. That is your extreme. Try to be quite faithful." And we do not hesitate to say that herein lay one great secret of his success as a minister. The brotherly love and forbearance, the charity that thinketh no evil, that hopeth all things, beareth all things, believeth all things, so widely exercised towards others, in combination with an uncompromising sternness towards himself, was a mighty power to make his ministry attractive and useful, and to keep his own life, both temporal and spiritual, in strict accordance with it. The following extracts are from his journal:—

“12th May 1841.

“Since last date my dear friend Mr. Halley has been called to his account. The perusal of his diary has revived my desire to keep a similar record. I hope to profit more by his papers in reading them, preparatory to publication.

“Several well-defined instances have occurred of a blessing attending my ministry. This is wonderful. I should keep a record of them to the praise of the glory of His grace.”

“14th December 1841.

“Have just finished the preparation of Memoir of Mr. Halley, and expect it to be published in a week. Have derived much instruction from it. But fear another evil. It appears that with it, as with my own ministerial employment, I get hardened by familiarity. I read in almost every page a clear rebuke of my own besetting sins, and yet my desires for deliverance are very transient. My sin of indolence is very great, yet I never can *feel* it to be sinful as he did.

“Have of late been alarmed by finding that spiritually-minded, experienced Christians come to hear me preach. It seems evident that I must be speaking what I know not. Oh, that my preaching and my experience were brought into unison! Lord unite them, not by bringing down the preaching, but by bringing up the experience.”

The following is from a letter to his college friend, Mr. Mackail:—

“I forgot to say that the church has of late been very full. I cannot well tell why. It is quite a crowd. Last Sabbath afternoon it was so oppressively hot, that I think at three different times persons were taken out sick. There is something rather remarkable in this, seeing there is neither anything of what is called revival excitement among the people, nor anything in any way remarkable in the preaching. I mean to say where all is so common-place—just staid, sober, ordinary preaching, and staid, sober, ordinary, unexcited people—and yet such a multitude, is something remarkable. Meanwhile, when I try to look for snares, I cannot say that I see so many (but the Lord knows that the heart is deceitful) on the side of being lifted up, as on the side of being too cool—not alive to the importance of the place the Lord has put me in, and the shortness of the times. Do you care for hearing about my matters? Surely you do, for they concern the King.”

The following may be given in contrast to the complaints of indolence as a besetting sin—not to disprove its existence, but to show how an earnest man, by the grace of God, can resist and conquer such a foe.

TO MR. MACKAIL.

“10th March 1842.

“MY DEAR JOHN,—As I find I could not sleep

just yet, here goes a note to you. I shall jot a history, which will let you see that I have great might in the outer man at least.

“*Sabbath*.—My twice preaching; my youth’s class at 5½; the teachers’ prayer-meeting at 7.

“*Monday*.—Some walks and visits; and evening attending Dunlop’s lecture, and then a speech at a congregational meeting in Albion Street at 10 o’clock. (An easy day.)

“*Tuesday*.—Good deal of study during the day and feverish anxiety. At 12 o’clock, a meeting of ladies, and a sort of ordination (at which Dr. Willis presided, and I assisted) of a female missionary to Caffraria. Then, in the evening, a lecture (a weekly course at the prayer-meeting) on the condition of the Jews at the commencement of their captivity, founded on Daniel, the first two chapters: required a good deal of study; more than my Sabbath lectures need.

“*Wednesday*.—Study in the morning. Started at 10½ for Ayr (Stevenson’s Fast Day); preached in the afternoon, and addressed a meeting (famous one, church full up to the corners of the galleries) for missionary matters in the evening. Had it all to do; was more than an hour of hard speaking.

“*Thursday*.—Morning, up at 7; breakfast; jumped into the train at 8; home at 10¼; wrote half of an address to ministers and down to St. George’s at 12; preached (text Luke i. 16) and presided at

ordination of a Mr. Brown to a church in Antigua; large meeting of presbytery, and good audience. Came home and groaned awhile; went out and walked to cool my temples; down to meet my maiden class at 6½; taught very happily; lesson John iii.; then got 10 minutes' stretch on a form, with a three-legged stool for a pillow, and then assembled the teachers and weans, and I acted *dominus dominorum* till 10 minutes past 9. Home; got parritch, and at this moment am sitting writing with my two feet most happily plunged into a large tub of warm water; and all well. Why do this? It would not have been right, but the appointment for the ordination was suddenly made a week ago in my absence. I wrote to Stevenson to relieve me from the evening engagement, but he held the grip.

"In almost all the work I have been happy; never, I think, more so; most of all in the ordination prayer. Remarkable that I was sensibly less embarrassed by the presence of men than in the most ordinary prayers of the Sabbath; was almost unconscious of their presence. I have much to fear on the side of slipping into a callous orthodoxy evangelism, and hardening in a form of words; and yet I have much cause for thankfulness. Oh, let my soul *live*, and it *shall* praise Thee. (These words, in their literal sense, have been much on my mind of late.)

"Mary has been away for nearly three weeks

My father was ill—seriously ill—dropsical; but it appears that he is quite restored. I expect her back in about a week.”

Shortly after this his father died, somewhat suddenly. His stepmother went to live among her own friends in Fife, and the home at the Boat was broken up. Of his three sisters, one, the youngest, was married; the eldest taught a school at Madderty, in Perthshire; and the other was with him in Glasgow. But his heart still clung with much affection to the spot which he had so long called home. He was never in the neighbourhood without going to see the old house, to wander through the little garden, and cross the river in the boat. And as his children grew up, he took them often there, and taught them all to know the place and love it too.

His sister Mary was at this time his fellow-worker, as well as his housekeeper. Here is a note of some of her labours.

“ . . . Mary is groaning very ill beside me—a sudden sore cold. She has almost *propria motu* established a female school of industry in Broomielaw. It was begun on Monday under very favourable auspices; but she has fallen in the victory. Man, I took advantage yesterday of the school-room to meet at eight in the evening the families of a neighbouring district that I had visited during the day. A delightful meeting, and I *precented* twice—gave Coles-

hill and French. The people sang grandly : it was quite exquisite. It was my first time, except perhaps about nine or ten times in our own family when none are present but Mary and Helen.

“Our Sabbath-school meeting thrives amazingly. A great improvement has taken place. If you look in upon the school now, you see at once an improvement on the address of the teachers.”

The Sabbath-school meeting here alluded to was a weekly one, in which he went over with the teachers the lesson for the following Sabbath. It was continued for some years at this time, and was resumed at intervals at other periods of his ministry both in Glasgow and Edinburgh. It was a department of work which he took kindly to, and his instructions on these occasions were highly valued by those who listened to them.

By this time he had begun to take his share in more public work, a share which went on increasing till it was like to overwhelm him ; and it became, as he tells us, no small item in his work writing letters to say that he could not work. The following letter is written on the blank leaf of the prospectus of “A Course of Lectures on the Physical, Educational, and Moral Improvement of the People, especially of the Great Towns.” The third lecture in the course is announced to be by the Rev. William Arnot, Glasgow, on “Intellectual, Moral, and Social Degradation :”—

TO MR. MACKAIL.

“MY DEAR JOHN,—I write on this sheet for a double purpose, which your ingenuity will detect. The *impudence* of my being here is not *mine*. I just do what I am bidden, but I must stop soon. I shall certainly be overwhelmed. We have a great philanthropic and religious society, out of which these lectures and many other things have already originated, and they really have given me my own share of work since we began. The meetings are capital: we drink coffee and then chat. Something like twenty-five of the *élite* of the laity in Glasgow and six or ten ministers constitute a meeting. . . .

“Of my lecture I have not a fact, or word, or thought, and will not for a long time. Could you give me any statistics, or any striking isolated facts. Man, it would be interesting to give some facts from Gretna.”

The ten years' conflict was now approaching its crisis. Mr. Arnot, then a young minister fully occupied with the laborious work of a city charge, took no prominent part in the proceedings which led to the Disruption. No detailed account of these, or even of the Disruption itself, is necessary here. That period of the Church's history has been chronicled so frequently, and from so many different view-points, that we may assume on the part of our readers such

a general acquaintance with the facts of the case, and the principles involved, as will enable them to understand the allusions in the extracts which follow. These will show the keen and sympathetic interest which he took in the great events that were passing, and how decidedly and heartily he threw in his lot with those who left the Establishment in 1843.

TO MR. MACKAIL.

“FORGAN BOAT, *August 9th*, 1840.

“ I intended all along to come down to Dundee on Monday, and round to Edinburgh on Tuesday, but found out yesterday that the “Solemn League and Covenant” is to be adopted on Tuesday at twelve o’clock, and I *cannot be absent*.

TO THE SAME.

“EDINBURGH, *12th August* 1840.

“MY DEAR JOHN,—

“ Grand covenant yesterday, enthusiastic anti-patronage. We are *right*—and shall be successful in God’s good time. Solemn league!—Man, I wish you had seen it—159 (75 ministers, rest elders) crowded their names on the spot into one parchment.”

The following is an account of his work within the bounds of the famous Presbytery of Strathbogie, where he was sent along with others to preach

and dispense ordinances in defiance of the prohibition of the Presbytery, and the interdict of the Court of Session.

TO MR. MACKAIL.

“GLASGOW, 27th August 1840.

“MY DEAR JOHN,—I am glad to date from Glasgow once more. Arrived late last night; got another letter from you, and answer it the very first thing I do. Did I write despondently from Aberdeen? I can easily understand that. Was sad, and alone all day in the steamboat. Was not in good spirits about going to Strathbogie; a sort of suspicion had entered my mind that there was not much use for me though the authorities sent me, and I had yielded to go. Moreover, I was writing in the public room of an inn, surrounded by all sorts of cattle. Had I written from Strathbogie it would have been in a different strain. I was happy—very happy there. There *was* use for me, and I think I never was so useful. Delightful communion with Macdonald of Blairgowrie, your predecessor, at Botriphnie. Communion in open air,—a beautiful little glen; great number of people—and great power accompanying the Word and Sacrament. Macdonald and I just took time about all the day, and Millar preached in the evening. The greatest day was Monday. It was wet, and we were in the barn. They say they can stow away

400 in it. I had just arrived from Keith after the people had met, and it was time to begin. Macdonald refused to go in first, saying he was not prepared to preach. I agreed to go up and conduct the devotions, and thereafter to expound a little, or preach, as I should then feel inclined, leaving him to preach or expound a little, according to my movements. Well, I could not decide what to do till I opened the Bible to read, and ventured a text. Preached with freedom, but felt nothing remarkable. I saw some of the people taking it, and felt encouraged to go on; but my friends told me afterwards that they marked them in all parts of the house subdued one after another, all affected, and most in silent tears.

Macdonald went up to preach, greatly encouraged by having seen this among the people. Preached with much unction and force, and the impression continued and was deepened. Here and there a repressed yet audible sigh—one after another hardy, weather-beaten men, after struggling a while, suddenly ducking down their heads and hiding their faces in their plaids. We were all very happy.

“But the most remarkable to me was a Sabbath evening sermon in the open air, at a village six and a-half miles from Bottriphnie, in the parish of Keith. Before the communion service at Bottriphnie was over, I rode off to that village, where a sermon had

been announced. Got to the place after all were gathered. The barn was full, and a host clinging outside the door and on the street. Decided at once to go out: could have no place but an exposed park (cold north wind, by this time seven o'clock evening)—people crowded very close, standing. I asked them to stand back a little to give me room, but those without pressed so much, that the inner circle could not move. So close were they that I could only see the nearest; wherefore I mounted the chair they had given me to sit on, and so commanded them. Oh, it was grand! I preached from 'By him believe in God;' and preached in a way that I never had done before. It was a great freshening to my faith. I could not but feel that the Master had taken the work into His own hands, and through my lips sent a word to that people that they will never forget. The missionary, seeing the people very much solemnised, asked me, while singing the psalm at the end, to preach on the following evening at Keith. I agreed, and he intimated it, asking the people to tell their friends. We met accordingly in the church (a large and comfortable Secession Church) at Keith on Monday evening. Church full and more; something of a good work done, but not so much as my good friend the missionary expected. I began to fear very much a burst of excitement; and when I saw their faces assembled, did not venture to take either a startling or a rousing sermon, but a lecture leading to much exposition; here and there in it a

short appeal appeared to me quite enough. The missionary told me after (and the same thing had occurred to myself) that they were just like a great mass of combustible material waiting for a spark to be thrown. My paper and my time are done, but I am not *now* in dull spirits about going to Strathbogie. I am just going to Halley's. He is no worse. Mary tells me you are preaching well. Go on, and in the strength of the Lord prosper. When we learn to feel ourselves all in the hands of the Great Shepherd, He will enable any of us to preach well.—Yours,

WM. ARNOT."

A few months previous to the Disruption, a presentation which he received to the parish of Ratho, near Edinburgh, gave him an opportunity of expressing fully, both in public and private, his opinions on the subject of patronage, which was at that time so much under discussion. The history of the case is given in the following letter to Mr. Mackail:—

TO MR. MACKAIL.

"GLASGOW, 1st July 1842.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—You are good at keeping secrets and giving advices. Here is a *secret*; send me your *advice*.

"The presentation to Ratho has been offered to me—of course without application, direct or in-

direct. I knew nothing at all until a letter reached me from one of the trustees (of Dr. Davidson), who are sound men.

“All I have done is this: Heard that a Mr. Thomson, of Yester, was the object of the people’s choice; that patrons hesitated, because a ‘moderate’ would certainly succeed him at Yester. I wrote the very day this letter reached me, asking information, saying I would not accept if I would be sent to the people as the barrier between them and the object of their choice. To-day a semi-official letter from an Edinburgh advocate, whose praise is in all the churches, calling my information anent Thomson a ‘fancy;’ averring that for the reason given, the trustees have determined not to present Thomson; that the people, while he and another have been named, have asked them to proceed themselves to nominate a suitable person, and urging me to accept. A private letter from Archd. Bonar to the same effect.

“Now, I must at least consider it. As the first step, I have summoned my elders for this evening. I *could* not *decide* myself and then tell them. We are just like so many brothers. I fear there are many good reasons for a removal (and if ever, now). Few country parishes are in the hands of men who would give them to me, and few country parishes are like Ratho. The stipend is one of the best class, though not the highest (1400 people). My health and the *stock* of my *brain* seem imperatively to de-

mand the thing. On the other hand, to counter-balance all, there is ST. PETER'S. I have been wondrous calm on it as yet, but must decide by about Monday.

"Here is a thought of not more than an hour's age—Is it a truth or a temptation? Have not St. Peter's people got all out of me once over, and might I not hope to do as much good by the hold I have on them, in the way of preaching once or twice a-year at the Sacrament, as by staying among them?

"Of course, if I should decide to accept this presentation, I would take means to secure that I was not intruded. I would insist on an unequivocal, positive call in some form or other."

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The following is taken from a newspaper report of the proceedings of the Presbytery of Glasgow in the case.

"Mr. Arnot thought it right to say a few words in explanation of the line of conduct he had adopted. What he understood by a presentation was, that it was just a presentation and nothing more; that while the grievance of patronage remained, a presentation was the mode adopted for sending a minister before a congregation; but that on the call only of the people was the minister to be inducted. Such he understood to be the sense in which it was held by the Church. He had ex-

plained this to the patrons before he accepted the presentation, and also to his session, intimating that he waited to see if there was a hearty call from the people, when he would accept it. In the meantime, the Presbytery of Edinburgh had thought proper to sist proceedings in the case. He had no official announcement of what had occurred there; but from private information, he learned that there had been an ordinary attendance of the people at Ratho, and that the call had been on the whole well signed. The Presbytery, however, had sisted proceedings till their next meeting, chiefly, as he understood, with the view of sending this and all other calls and presentations to the Assembly, under the belief that the Church would not go on, with the liabilities to which she would be exposed by the late decision of the House of Lords in the case of Auchterarder. It was not necessary that he should say anything there about accepting the call; but he might state, if he were to express his feelings on the matter, that what had occurred seemed to be a providential bar put in the way of his going to Ratho—that it was not the will of the Lord he should be there,—and therefore he should at once say that he would resign it; but he felt that he must have time to correspond with his friends in Edinburgh, as he should wish to do nothing that might embarrass those who were engaged as its warmest friends in the cause of the Church.”

TO MR. MACKAIL.

“GLASGOW, 26th August 1842.

“MY DEAR JOHN,—I have no time and no heart to write. You will see the newspapers. I liked the position that Candlish and Gordon took at Ratho. I think it was capital; but there are indications that they will not be supported. They will likely be obliged to propose to go on with settlements that are not objected to; in which case you may expect to learn, from the report of next Presbytery of Edinburgh, that I have resigned all interest in Ratho, on the ground of the insufficiency of the call. Seventy-eight communicants one week after the moderation, that is one-fifth of the whole. I know I shall meet with much opposition in tendering the resignation, but I hope to be firm. They may get plenty more to sign, for there really is no opposition in the parish; but I shall not count additional signatures now; I hold that the spontaneous flow is past, and what remains are the dregs, squeezed out by the pressure of solicitude. I am wonderfully easy; very thankful that the path seems clear; that I am hedged up to be here when the crash comes. It has done me good; I am very happy. My position here is not in the least shaken; an open door, a glorious field here. Bless the Lord, oh my soul! I think I am more willing to work or suffer than I was before.”

The result was that he withdrew his acceptance

of the presentation, and gave up all thoughts of a country charge, turning his attention with renewed energy to congregational work among his old people.

TO MR. MACKAIL.

“GLASGOW, 12th September 1842.

“MY DEAR JOHN,—

“ . . . I have found out to-day a most delightful instance of the Lord’s work prospering in our hands here,—a young mother of five children, the two younger lately dead. I knew something of her for a while; had a call from her about a year ago; have seen her since in presence of her own family, and also by herself, but not much conversation; have marked her very eager at church, and her husband always with her. To-day she let out the whole to me. This is the right teaching; how clearly she gave me the Gospel, and all the time thinking that she was confused, and that I would not understand her. Eager to tell others of this salvation; has hopes of her husband; speaks of him with inimitable prudence and tenderness. Were in good circumstances in Kilmarnock when married; since, many misfortunes. Now, after much industry and toil, recovering and clearing themselves. Oh, it is good for me to see the new life manifested in such freshness and simplicity. This was the first day I have started to visit among my own people after the long interruption by this Ratho; think, is it not an omen? I do accept it as a token for

good, and am encouraged to go on. To show you a specimen of the prudence of the woman. I was told incidentally by one of the elders that she was in great distress at the prospect of my removal. It was partly on this account that I found her out to-day. *But she never said anything about it to me.*

“Upon the whole, I think I see it is a right way in which I have been led from beginning to end about Ratho. I have got good from the tossings of it.”

The following are some notes of the Convocation preparatory to the Disruption, held in Edinburgh in November 1842 :—

“16th November 1842.—Left Glasgow at 9 A.M. to attend the Convocation at Edinburgh. Took Larbert in the way, and preached there, it being the Fast Day. Went by canal to Edinburgh in the evening.

“Mr. Dempster, Dr. Forbes, Mr. Gemmel, Mr. Morrison, and Mr. Urquhart in the boat; very pleasant journey; Convocation the prevailing topic. . . . Arrived at eight. The meeting of Commission was going on; had some things to do, and did not go out; regretted much afterwards, as Candlish made an able speech.

“Thursday, 17th November.—In the morning sat in and wrote address to preachers and students for the next number of the *Watchword*. In the forenoon went out to get my ticket for the Convocation; then

a prayer-meeting in St. George's; got in only to the concluding psalm. After half an hour, congregation assembled for worship at 2½ P.M. Mr. MacDonald of Urquhart, the devotions. Dr. Chalmers preached; sermon to be published. Text, 'Unto the upright light shall arise in the darkness.' Less of vehemence than usual in his preaching, but more of Scripture in the sermon, and great solemnity of manner; chastened and sad in his appearance. Most appropriate the sermon, and evidently felt by the audience. Dr. MacFarlane of Greenock prayed.

"Convocation met in the evening at 7 o'clock, in Roxburgh Church; attendance large. Dr. Chalmers took the chair. A good deal of routine business, preparing for the following days. Not very promising the aspect; apparently the elements of division. Appointed a committee to arrange the business; but meantime it is understood that the subject of to-morrow is, 'The exact effect of the recent Auchterarder decision (damages case) on our constitution, and the element or elements that *must* of necessity enter into any measure which the Church can tolerate.'

"Agreed that we should begin *every sederunt* with praise, reading the Word, and prayer; also that there shall be prayer at other times besides the beginning and the end of the sittings—at least once in the course of each.

"Friday morning.—Dr. MacFarlane of Greenock in the chair. Opened the business by a statement of

the case; followed by several others. Still appearance of difference.

“Evening sederunt (Friday).—Mr. Begg read his motion, pledging us to the abolition of Patronage as a *sine qua non*. . . . Candlish ably expounded the ambiguity, that anti-patronage is not an essential element, *in a sense that we could not continue at all in the Establishment without it*.

“Lengthened conversation on the subject, in the course of which a luminous statement by Cunningham. Still appearance of much difference of opinion. But while merely *from the speaking*, one would have thought there was little prospect of unanimity, yet when the essential principle was well put in any of the addresses, one might easily feel a healthy pulse beating through the assembly; hearty sympathy with the essential element, and a clear perception of the hollowness of the *extreme* views. Went home somewhat sad. Led to pray more in families than if our prospects had been better. . . .

“In reference to the proposal of Mr. Smith, and also of Mr. Paul of Edinburgh, to try to get a good non-intrusion measure, suggested to friends at dinner the following analogy:—A traveller is crossing the Fife Ferry. A dispute arises between him and the master of the steamer about the speed of the boat or its direction. The skipper is not going quick enough, or he is not on the right track. One man stands forward, and proposes to put the traveller right by allowing him, meantime, to *mount his own*

horse. The skipper smiles, with his quid in his cheek and the helm in his hand. The refractory passenger has been allowed to mount his own horse, but horse and passenger are wholly in the power of the skipper. So with us: though we had non-intrusion, though we had anti-patronage to-morrow, by the supremacy which the courts have assumed over our jurisdiction, they control us, and our anti-patronage too, as they think best.

“Saturday morning.—Late sitting, but no decision. Principal feature of the meeting, address by Dr. Chalmers. He had not heard the discussion, but Mr. Hanna had let him into the state of matters privately, and it was amusing to see him pounce with such exactness on the very points of danger, though he had never been in the house. Never saw him more animated; the effect was tremendous. . . . Put clearly the difference between *extremeness* of principle and *strength* of principle. . . .

“Agreed to call roll, and ask the members to say *agree*, or *not*. Called. Including some who afterwards adhered, 427 agreed.

“Went home at six (after dining with Dr. Candlish) by railway. Preached on forenoon of Sabbath; told the people a little of the result; they seemed very eager to hear it.”

He returned to Edinburgh on Monday, and the notes continue.

“ . . . Dr. Chalmers—‘What I want is at

least £100,000, that is a penny a-week from every *family*. Many won't give, but one gentleman has announced £150 per annum. It is said so many will not; so many deficiencies. Well, *here goes* (great laughter) compensation: one has offered (Dr. Smyt-tan) £300 a-year; other instances. Some elders at a meeting proposed a percentage on means—say 10 per cent. No difficulty in the arithmetic of the question, but some anxiety about the *agency*—not the anxiety that leads to despair, but that quickens to exertion. Explain the human nature (laughter) of the question; resuscitation of deacons; an impulse at first, but care must be taken that what was a thing of impulse at the first may be a thing of habit afterwards: more effective still if we ascend higher, to the apostolic order of deaconesses. Wesleyans raise £200,000 a-year, and their numbers are but 600,000, and they are merely congregational; they should be outdone by us who, I trust, whether with or without an endowment, will never renounce the territorial system.'

"Tuesday; morning sederunt.— . . . Dr. MacFarlane introduced the resolutions to the effect that we should give up the endowment if, in answer to our remonstrance, the legislature do not relieve us from the decision of the courts.

"Mr. Begg speaks ingeniously against them. much truth in the arguments he employs, that there is temptation on the one side as well as on the other—tempted to leave our post before the time.

Agrees in all with us except in this one event—if *the legislature do nothing*. He would keep possession; a duty to do it; a right to do it.

“ (Query? A ship dropping down the river. You can't guide it; it would go quick down, but at some time it will go ashore. Cast an anchor astern, and let the length of the cable be regulated so that it will not stop, but slightly *check*, the progress of the vessel. She will not move so quick, but she *will answer her helm*. Are not Begg and his friends, with all their hindrances, just the drag on the meeting, diminishing the rapidity of its advancement, but securing the rectitude of its course.)

“ Devotion at this point. Mr. M'Cheyne prayed. All much solemnised. Much of a spirit of prayer; much more of stillness and evidence of impression than usual—clear proof of what many of us have felt all the time, that we have lost much by asking almost exclusively *old* men to pray.”

When the crisis came, Mr. Arnot, with his whole congregation, left the Establishment, though they continued for some years in possession of their old place of worship.

CHAPTER III.

MR. ARNOT'S first literary work was the memoir of his friend and fellow student, James Halley, who died in 1841. The memoir was to have been written by Mr. Arnot and Mr. James Hamilton conjointly, but Mr. Hamilton's removal to London prevented him taking his share of the work. The first edition was published anonymously, but in the second and third Mr. Arnot's name appeared as author.

DIARY.

"17th April 1842.—The memoir of Halley has been published and sold, and for a month past I have been much employed in revising a second edition, which is now ready. My name to appear on the title page; much thought about this. Much pride in me, and it must be a very wicked pride, for at the time when it is worst my friends give me credit for humility,

"Have in some things of late experienced a little refreshing, but still great spiritual deadness.

Indolence a besetting sin. God has given me a considerable talent for the *preparation of sermons*, and I have taken advantage of that to favour indolence."

Soon after the Disruption he was sent, along with the Rev. Jonathan Anderson, as a deputation to encourage and assist the ministers and congregations in Orkney and Shetland who had cast in their lot with the Free Church. He was much interested in the work there, and took full notes of it; but a specimen of these will be sufficient here.

"ON BOARD THE SOVEREIGN, OFF FIFE NESS,

28th July, 1843.

"Sailed this morning at 6 o'clock from Granton with Mr. Jonathan Anderson.

"Saturday morning.—Awoke, after a pretty good night's rest, at 5 o'clock, and found the vessel approaching Wick. Got up and dressed. Vessel at anchor in the bay—pretty little town. Went ashore, as the ship was to lie an hour and a-half. I wandered inward through Pulteneytown towards Wick, which lies contiguous, but on the opposite side of the river. A countryman was driving a cart with nets up a steep road. The horse fell, and one hind leg was thrown over the tram of the cart. The man looked foolish and wept. I got hold of the animal's head and kept him from struggling. Man sorrowfully continued crying, "she's *shokit*, she's *shokit*." Other men came near, and we got the beast relieved. The people looked hard at me, apparently in

great wonderment who I might be. It was no new thing to me. I have coupit a cart before this time, and lent a hand at raising it again.

“Sailed at half-past seven—pretty large party at breakfast. A lawyer on business to Orkney, his native place, asked me my errand, and soon it was all over the table that we were a deputation of the Free Kirk. They all spoke kindly—most of them with great apparent interest in our mission. One young gentleman, belonging to Stromness, paid us much attention.

“Before going ashore, we sent on with the captain a letter to Shetland, promising to come north with next week’s steamer.

“Lieutenant Barry drove me out to Firth, leaving Mr. Anderson to preach in Kirkwall.

“Sabbath morning.—Communion, open air; neighbourhood of church; top of a creek running far into the land. Old church standing empty. There has been no preaching in it since Mr. Malcolm left it. New church within a few hundred yards. Plain and neat; mason work nearly finished. In Stennis, Mr. Malcolm’s other parish, the church is at the same stage.

“A shelter made by post and canvas on the blowing side; great congregation of well-conditioned country people. Mr. Malcolm preached—‘Do this in remembrance of me.’ I took second, fourth, and fifth tables; also concluding address. In concluding address was enabled to preach with great

freedom. People impressed; several in tears; all appeared solemnised.

“Monday.—Went to the place at 12 o’clock; fine congregation; preached from Phil. iii. 17 with considerable comfort for about an hour. But, though much attention, not equal impression to Sabbath’s address. Then addressed them on principles of the Free Church at great length. Nearly 4 o’clock when we stopped; was surprised to find myself able, without any injury, to speak so long in the open air on a very cold day. This is the doing of the Lord. Distributed tracts at the close. Many people came up presenting their hands, thanking me with much apparent emotion. A strong hope that I have not been running in vain at this place.”

Here is a note of a similar mission to England.

DIARY.

“January 1844.—Was ten days absent in September at Liverpool and Chester on the business of the Free Church. Encouraging reception; sweet Christian communion with several families in Chester. Shall not soon forget Cornelius (Major Anderson of the Artillery, with whom I lived), and his household, and his devout soldier who waited on him. Also I remember with affection Mr Luke, the Independent minister.

“On Saturday was very much tossed and prevented

from studying; under engagement to proceed to England again on Wednesday, and distracted by another request from the Commission in Edinburgh to go to America, with other deputies, to represent the Free Church among the Christians of the United States.

“In regard to America, I feel very much at ease. I shall go if, by the agreement of all interested, it appear to be the Lord’s will.

“One, and perhaps the principal barrier, is one that I cannot well mention to others. I have of late a strong desire to enter into the marriage union. I hope it is much more hallowed than ever it was before. I have had much freedom in asking this gift from the Lord. I am waiting now on His leading. Some indications appear as if He were about to grant this best blessing on earth. Oh, that I may continue to seek for it as an answer to prayer. I almost feel as if I would not care for it, unless I can see it to be an answer to prayer. . . . His providence in a wonderful way seems now pointing to one, a child of the whole family; so many providences uniting, that I am now quite convinced it is my duty to make immediate and very direct enquiries.

“25th May.—This day, this hour, I have taken a step towards marriage much more decided than ever I have done all my life before. I have written a letter soliciting an interview. . . . I have taken this step in the fear of the Lord. More of calmness

than usual, because it is so clearly from a sense of duty and desire to know the Lord's will. Oh, send out Thy light and Thy truth to guide me. Guide her, oh my covenant God. May we both see Thy will and do it. Let us magnify Thy name *together*, if it be Thy will; but at all events magnify Thy name.

"My grand want in this matter now is grace—the grace of a strong faith, to keep this earthly thing in its own place. It is swelling in my heart all this day, as if it were the greatest thing. My Lord, my Redeemer, let me not dishonour Thee. . . . If on the morrow our hearts are drawn together, and no obstacle intervene, the whole course will be most conclusive evidence to me that the Lord hears and answers prayer. It will be a new encouragement to trust in the Lord *at all times*."

The gift thus earnestly sought was granted, and was received in faith and thankfulness as a gift from the Lord. The marriage took place on the 30th July 1844. The lady was the second daughter of Mr. Fleming of Clairmont, Glasgow, one of a family of eleven. Although a stranger to all of them but the object of his choice when he entered the family circle, he gradually gained the love and respect of every one, and to the day of his death exercised a growing influence for good in the midst of them.

The following sentence is from a letter written to

his future wife on a Sabbath evening some ten days before their marriage.

“I have been sitting with my sister trying to *improve* our circumstances. She told me to-night that she thinks she was living without God in the world before she came to live with me. This is a very solemnising thought to me; a mixture of joy and sorrow it is. It is the preaching that has been blessed to her; alas, she has got very little good otherwise from me; and she has known all my inconsistencies.”

The visit to America, as it turned out, was only postponed, and that not for long. In the spring of the following year, he was requested by the Colonial Committee of the Church to supply the newly-organised Free Church congregation in Montreal for some months, and agreed to do so.

To Rev. JOHN SYM, Convener of F. C. Colonial
Committee, Edinburgh.

“GLASGOW, 21st April 1845.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I received your letter of this day’s date at six o’clock, but I could do nothing in the way of answering it till I saw the elders and deacons, and so this will only go with the mail of to-morrow morning. I have had a very pleasant meeting. I have come home greatly gratified with the liberality of my office-bearers. Not one of them

whispered an objection. They set themselves instantly to devise measures for the management of the congregation during my absence."

He sailed from Liverpool on the 4th of May, accompanied by his wife. The journey from Glasgow to Liverpool was made by sea, and the following note, written on the way, shows how much enjoyment he anticipated from the much-needed rest and relaxation :—

"ON BOARD 'THE ADMIRAL,' IN THE CLYDE,
1st May 1845.

"I am now clear of land, clear of Scotland for four months to come. I feel that I am quit of Glasgow. The sensation I experience, if not new in kind, is greater in degree than any heretofore. I feel as if I had thrown off a nightmare load that has for years been pressing and oppressing me. I breathe more freely. My bell cannot ring to-morrow morning; no caller will be shown in, no deputation in want of a speech or a sermon, no letter requiring an answer. Not that I count my duties a burden—at least I would not wish to be permanently relieved from them. To be laid aside inactive, I know I would feel to be a severer trial, than to continue to the end of my days in the bustle. But a temporary relief, while yet my strength is unimpaired, is very sweet; it is rest to the weary. I hope I have some love to the work of the ministry, because it is the work of

the Lord. I would not be willing to renounce it. Moreover, the particular field allotted to me is very pleasing. My lines have been cast in a pleasant place. Yet this relief from the manifold cares of the Church is a refreshing to one's mind. I hope the effect may be good. This relaxation may be the means of imparting greater vigour. A lengthened absence may quicken my appetite for the enjoyments and labours of my own home duties among my flock.

"I don't sufficiently realise yet the magnitude of the voyage that is before me; but in so far as it is present to my mind, I think I feel it profitable. When I am fairly on the wide ocean, I hope to get some help from its solitude in lifting up my soul to God."

A short report of the longer voyage, given in a letter to one of his elders, will be more suitable for insertion here, than any extracts from the more detailed account in his note-book.

To Mr. JOHN GOODWIN, Glasgow.

"ON BOARD THE 'BRITANNIA,' ON THE GREAT BANK OF
NEWFOUNDLAND, 15th May 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—As the labour of securing regular supply for the pulpit has been laid chiefly on you, I address to you this notice of my progress, although it is intended for all who care about my wanderings. We have now good ground to hope that we shall

reach Halifax before the homeward-bound steamer leaves it, and so this letter will reach you soon.

“Of course you will not expect much in this letter beyond a notice of our safety hitherto. We have had a very rough passage. The officers all say it has been quite January weather. We had a week of almost uninterrupted sickness. I have heard of ministers doing great things on board during the passage. This is not for me; I have been useless. My mind could not bear itself, far less any other burden. I made a sort of effort to preach in the saloon on Sabbath morning, the most feeble and embarrassed that I remember ever to have made; my tongue cleaving to my mouth with sickness, head giddy, and scarcely able to keep balance with the pitching of the ship. I have been thinking of the congregation, and wondering how these last ten dreary days can ever be turned to good account for them: it has neither been activity nor rest, neither solitude nor social intercourse. From morning to night the ship is like a crowded inn. However, there may be some way of reaping fruit from this apparently barren field. The very vacancy of mind may, perhaps, serve some such purpose as the fallowing of a field. There may be renewed strength in its bound when it gets firm footing on the land again.

“But we have been picking up some experience. We have seen great swelling waves. We have seen much of a ‘sea that cannot rest.’ We have

seen icebergs, hills of ice standing up as steadfast from the bosom of the deep as if their foundation rested on the everlasting hills, glittering beautifully in the sun, and chilling the atmosphere to the freezing point for many miles around. This was the scene of yesterday, with a very turbulent sea. The principal occupation of the passengers to-day has been to look from the upper deck along the surface of the unruffled deep for the puffing and tumbling of porpoises. After we were pretty well satisfied with this amusement, another attraction was announced; a land bird had taken refuge on the ship's bowsprit, and there to be sure it was, a poor little thing like a sparrow, resting its wearied wing now on one place, now on another, notwithstanding the close and eager gaze of the passengers, and the officious kindness of a benevolent little Frenchman tossing bits of bread to feed 'de poor little bird.'

"We have seen much of man as well as of other animals in this little world of ours during its passage over the sea; but alas! there has not been energy of mind to register the observations, that they might be afterwards turned to account. The catalogue of different nations, if written out, would present an aspect variegated somewhat after the fashion of the register in Acts ii. of the worshippers assembled at Jerusalem. Oh, over this Babel, as corrupt as it is confused, when will the one Spirit be poured out? What with the foreigners—French,

Spanish, German, Polish—and what with the efforts of English and American passengers to accommodate the strangers, the prevailing sound sometimes in the saloon is a strange tongue. I do not know if anywhere under the sun you could find so complete a *world in miniature* as this ship's company presents. And, as other features of the great world, so this leading characteristic is exactly depicted in the epitome; it is a world without God. What an idea it gives of the work to be done ere the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of God and of his Christ. The world must be turned upside down; but the arm of its Maker is mighty still. When will it be revealed?

“This is really a good day—the first we have had. We are now going along on a smooth sea, at the rate of eleven miles an hour. We have run 232 miles within the last twenty-four hours—the best day's log of the whole voyage. We hope to reach Halifax at two o'clock on Saturday, and Boston about the same hour or earlier on Monday. Probably you may not hear from us again till we reach our destination. Our stay in Boston will be very brief; and I suppose it will be a rapid, bustling journey to Montreal.

“I hope to hear, soon after my arrival, some intelligence of the congregation. I cannot say I have much fear or anxiety about them, other than I have when I am at home. There will be praise and prayer and the Word preached every Sabbath in our

wonted place of meeting. Most of the congregation will be there, and if some go elsewhere, though I do not like that so well, yet at this distance from them, and thinking of the desolation of other countries, I am not so much disposed to repine at their going to other churches as to rejoice that they have other churches to go to.

“Kind love first to the members of your own family, and then to all who care for love from me.—I am, &c.”

The following was written home on the same day to the Convener of the Colonial Committee.

REV. JOHN SYM

“ON BOARD ‘BRITANNIA,’ 15th May 1845.

“MY DEAR SIR,—

“ I feel as if the physical distance of my point of observation had already produced a moral effect upon my view, giving me a more comprehensive and more accurate conception of the loved object left behind—the *Free Church*. I have great anxiety about the Assembly. I regret that I must be absent from its meeting. The distance helps wonderfully to give intensity to the jealousy of which Paul speaks. I fear lest it be not humble, and faithful, and spiritual, and wise. In a distant land I would like to hear ‘of your faith in the Lord Jesus and love to all the saints.’ I shall wait with

trembling for the accounts of your proceedings. I can conceive how I shall be ashamed in the stranger's sight if there be symptoms of division or of vainglory. It may be in part a prejudice, and yet I am sure there is some ground for it, but there is nothing I dread more to find in the published reports of the Assembly *than the praise of each other*. Even a very little of it is incongruous and distasteful. The Lord is so glorious, and His work so great, that *all* the praise should go forward and upward, and *none* of it be turned aside to the right hand or to the left. God keep you. May the beauty of the Lord our God *be* upon you, and be *seen* upon you. May the Assembly, by the presence and power of the Holy Spirit, be in its nature a light *in* the world, and become in its effect a light *to* the world.

“You will understand, then, that this is a notice to the committee of the safe arrival of their missionary at Halifax. I shall report from time to time whenever I see anything worthy of notice.—I am, yours,

WM. ARNOT.”

Arriving at Boston on Monday morning, he proceeded south to New York; and after spending a few days there, journeyed rapidly to Montreal, in order to arrive there in time for the Sabbath's work.

In addition to the pastoral charge of the Free Church congregation, he acted as chaplain to the 93rd Regiment, then stationed at Montreal. He conducted a special service for the soldiers on the

Sabbath afternoon, the hours of congregational worship being in the forenoon and evening. He also took some charge of the Sabbath schools, taught two classes for adults on Monday, one in the afternoon and the other at night, and conducted a prayer meeting on Wednesday evening.

Though fully occupied with and deeply interested in his work at Montreal, he did not forget his own flock at home. He wrote to them regularly once a month during his absence, and these letters show how constantly they were in his thoughts. In addition to much useful instruction and exhortation, they contain interesting notes of Canada and the state of religion there. Three of them are given here, the last being exclusively occupied with an earnest appeal to the consciences of his people in view of the approaching communion.

TO THE CONGREGATION OF ST. PETER'S.

MONTREAL, 28th May 1845.

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I cannot let the first mail leave for home without writing to you, even if it were for nothing more than to say that by God's good hand upon me I have arrived in safety on the scene of my labours. This letter must be brief. I have scarcely begun the work yet. By another month I hope to know more of the place and people; and if I gather anything that I think may be useful to you, you shall hear of it.

“We arrived at Boston early on the morning of Monday, the 19th. We took the route that afforded the best opportunity of seeing something of the United States, making sure of reaching Montreal before Sabbath. I found Mr. Bonar still with the church here. This afforded me an opportunity of visiting some parts of the country, and I preached in stations at a considerable distance from town. We have a meeting of the congregation in town this evening, at which Mr. Bonar takes his leave, and I take his place. The congregation has been formed anew from the foundation. A new temporary church has been erected. They found so many difficulties connected with the property and constitution of the old church here, that the only safe course was to abandon it and build a Free Church for themselves. In this country it is easy to erect a wooden building. It was done in about a fortnight. It is commodious and sufficient for our present purpose. Steps are already taken to erect a more substantial edifice in due time. On Sabbath last four elders were ordained, and four deacons have been elected. As yet they have been of one heart and mind. There is one feature in the congregation that gives it a peculiar claim on our regard: a considerable portion of it is composed of Scotchmen, who came to this place Presbyterians, but loving a full free Gospel better than their Presbyterianism, had been scattered among various churches in town seeking the Word of Life. During all this time, however, the prin-

ciples of their early days remained unextinguished, and no sooner did they hear of the banner given to the Free Church to be displayed for the truth, than they met, and deliberated, and prayed, and sent home an earnest request for a minister and ordinances. They are thankful to the Lord over all, and to the Church in Scotland, that so far they have obtained the desire of their hearts. It is refreshing to see the value they set on ordinances. There is a gladness in their very countenances, more than could have been inspired by the corn and wine.

“I see they value a minister much, and expect much from him. This is good for me. I see an earnestness that cannot be trifled with. It is very plain that if a minister be not always abounding in the work of the Lord, he need not be here. This helps as an impulse to one who so much needs the united force of all possible motives. At the same time, there is a value set on the work, and an honour given to the workman for the Master’s sake, which greatly encourage me.

“I speak of those whom I have seen. I do not expect all to be of the same spirit. What the field for preaching may be I do not yet know, as I have never even once met the congregation. We have a good opportunity, and I hope we will be enabled to improve it, of taking care not to add names to the church when souls have not been added to the Lord.

“As I have not yet had any letter from home,

and know so little of matters here, I feel it is too soon to make any effort to write to you at any length. After I have heard of you, and seen something of the work here, I hope I may have something more to write to you. I expect to be up the country at the Synod at the next mail, a fortnight hence. But by the mail which leaves this at the beginning of July I shall, God willing, write to you more fully.

“You are aware that Lower Canada is a popish country. I have seen Popery more triumphant and less disguised here than ever I saw it in Ireland. Protestants have now gained a preponderating influence in the city, but the whole country is peopled by French Papists. The English-speaking inhabitants are comparatively few. Every village has its parish church, very much larger and more imposing than parish churches generally are, either in Scotland or England. It should stir one’s spirit within him to see a country so wholly given to idolatry. When I come home, I shall be able to tell you more of Popery than I have ever known before. I count it idolatry, as stupid and sinful and soul-destroying, as the idol worship of the Hindus. When Babylon falls, great will be the fall of it. Oh, for the ‘brightness of His coming’ to destroy it!

“In the hope of hearing soon how you do, and of writing to you then more fully, I commend you now to God and the word of His grace. I see no cause as yet to regret this absence. If you and I wait

upon the Lord, we will reap good fruit from it yet. With a personal regard for you as strong, I think, as it is safe to be, and with some feeble desire toward God for your souls' life, and health,—I am, your friend and fellow-worshipper,

WM. ARNOT."

TO THE CONGREGATION OF ST. PETER'S.

"MONTREAL, 25th June 1845.

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I hope you do not act towards me on the principle 'out of sight out of mind.' I would not like to be forgotten, and therefore I write again to put you in remembrance. I do not expect at this distance to get much in the way of instruction or exhortation to you. My object is rather to let you know where I am and what I am doing, that I may not by long absence lose my place in your hearts and your prayers.

"It has been so ordered that the greater part of my travelling in Canada has been accomplished during the first month. I have been five Sabbaths in the country. Two of these have been spent in Montreal, one in the lower province in certain villages, and two in the upper province—in Toronto and Coburg. Almost the whole of my time now will be devoted to Montreal. Mr. Bonar and I were both present at the Synod which met at Coburg about two weeks ago. I think our labour was not lost in going there.

The brethren felt our presence an encouragement to them; and they need to be encouraged. The ministers are few and far between. They have not so many opportunities as we have of meeting together and strengthening each other's hands. I believe when I am visiting and trying to encourage and cheer the hearts of those who, amid many difficulties, are preaching the Gospel, I am serving the Lord just as certainly and as agreeably to His will as when I am preaching it myself. We must take care not to be partial in serving the Lord. We must find out the Lord's will and follow the Lord fully. How much there is in His teaching and that of His apostles about brotherly love and visiting the afflicted! I think I never felt more sure that I was in my right place, than when I was praying with and speaking to these ministers, met together for a day, and just about to be scattered for another year so far apart over this mighty land. I mention this to you, because whatever good the mission has done, you have a hand in it. I think I had your willing consent to come to this country. If so, you will enjoy the blessedness of giving. Although you had but a mite to give, if you have cast it into the Lord's treasury, you will not lose your reward. *Lose your reward!* the sound of that word echoes in my ear. Not to lose a thing surely implies that you are caring for it and trying to keep it. Is it so with you? Are you trying to get benefit from my absence? I know of no more likely way that the

Lord would take to bless you, than by the word preached by so many from different places on the Sabbaths. But if you are not seeking the blessing and expecting it, it is likely you will not get it. Take heed *how* you hear. Take heed whom you hear. If you go to hear the minister, it is probable that God will let you have your will, that He will just leave the minister to speak to you; and leave you to be pleased or displeased with the minister. Go you up with David's intent, and you will come away with David's experience. 'I will hear what God the Lord will speak: . . . He will speak peace unto his people,' Ps. lxxxv. 8. You spend a portion of time and care every Sabbath morning in covering your bodies with garments, in the prospect of meeting with men. Spend some time, too, in the work of uncovering your souls in the prospect of meeting with God. During these weeks that you enjoy the ministrations of many faithful ministers specially sent to you, I beseech you be more careful than ever in the previous preparation. Do not lose all by going to the house of God with a low aim, with a worldly mind, with a carnal appetite. I have in my eye at present *the hour before you go to church* on the Sabbath forenoon. I am anxious about it. The note struck then is likely to give tone to your spirits all the day. Redeem it. Redeem it as much as you can from family duties. Redeem it wholly from 'plaiting of hair and putting on of apparel.' Redeem it wholly from vain conversation. How very

much the power of the minister's preaching depends on the preparation of the hearer's heart! If you come up to the Church with your mind crowded with trifles—puffed up with vanity,—what can these ministers do after coming so far? They can do nothing but beat the air. What else can they do, if there be nothing before them but air to beat at? It will make a sound, and that is all. I fear that many of my dear people spend more time on the Sabbath morning in putting veils on their faces than in taking the veil off their hearts; more time trying to make themselves appear before men what they are not, than in trying to make themselves appear before God what they are. If I find a little reviving among you when I return, I think it will be in this way. If it ever come, I think the history of it will be, not that the arrows of the Lord had grown more sharp, but that your souls had come up more humble and simple, and naked and tender.

“But I am far away from my proposed narrative of my own proceedings. I observed that I was deviating from my original topic, but I did not try to check the wanderings. I just fastened my thoughts on my own flock at home, and let them run at random. I do not care much what particular channel my thoughts flow in when I speak to you, for I think the fountain they flow from is love. However, I must return and tell you something of my occupations and intentions.

“Well, the Synod appointed me to supply the place

of Dr. Burns at Toronto, on Sabbath, the 8th. Toronto is already a great and beautiful city. I think Scotchmen who have not been in Canada form an inadequate idea of its present and prospective importance. The houses in Toronto are built in the style of the houses of the first-rate English or American cities. The streets, as a whole, are for regularity and breadth finer than those of any city I have seen. There is one street that already begins to vie with Tringate or Broadway, and if its outline were as well filled up, I think it would excel them both. Yet the ends of these magnificent streets terminate in a primeval forest. Just suppose that you left the bustle of Tringate, and before you reached the head of Hope Street you stepped into a thick native forest that the hand of man had never touched. Not that the surrounding country is all in that state, for the greater part of it is cultivated; but parts of it are not yet cleared, and many of the fields close by the city, where the wood has been cut, are studded yet with the stumps of the original trees, standing about three feet high. They are left in this state, and in about seven years the roots rot away. I mention these particulars, to let you see how rapidly civilisation is approaching on the desert—how magnificent streets are stretching out their arms before the astonished forests have time to get out of the way. I have been much struck with this feature of the country, and I wish to put it plainly before you. A lesson regarding our own duty de-

pende on it. This country is now passing through a robust infancy. Quickly and imperceptibly it will shoot into manhood. No one can look on its mighty rivers, its ocean lakes, its vast plains, its brilliant sky, its profuse vegetation, without being convinced that it is destined soon to rank among the greatest nations of the earth. But a very few years and the matured child may be the support of the decrepit parent. But a few years, and we may have to lean on Canada more than Canada now leans on us.

“The state and prospects of this country present a very grave question as to our duty. We must not disregard Canada. We must not give it the languid attention we have hitherto done. We must not let it grow great without God. I cannot take or give the consolation that we have the field to ourselves. The field is possessed. The operation of the soldier of Jesus Christ in this land, even already, must be of an offensive rather than a defensive character. It is not to defend our position against an enemy invading; it is to approach and storm an enemy already encamped. It is evident that Rome is making this country the field of a great missionary effort. The size and splendour of the chapels now rising in the towns of Canada are much out of proportion to the present number of Papists. Popery is not only doing great things in Canada; it expects great things from Canada. And what have we to

oppose to these efforts here? The bulkiest of its opponents, I am sure, Popery does not count a very formidable rival. It is a drivelling Prelacy, —that by apostolical succession, and cocked hats, and mighty processions to baptise burying grounds, would fain set itself up as a rival power to the Man of Sin. It is a vain thing to fight Popery with its own weapons. Popery is a Goliath who will never be overcome by any stripling who borrows his armour and copies his plan. The Pope can boast a longer pedigree, and make finer processions, than English Prelatists; and so long as they lean on these they will be foiled before him. The folly of this method may be seen in the apposite wisdom of an answer given by William Burns to a crowd of Papists on the streets of Montreal. Some one from the crowd cried out, ‘And will we get to heaven if we follow you?’ ‘No,’ Mr. Burns answered, in his own peculiarly grave tone; and there was a long pause. A Puseyite must have said ‘Yes.’ It was a very natural question for a Papist to ask. He is told by his priests that he will get to heaven if he keep close by them. And when he hears an opposing voice, he thinks it must be a rival claim set up by another man. The question with him is, Whether can this priest or that one carry me to heaven. Mr. Burns would not enter the lists on these terms. He held up to them God’s Word, and warned them that whosoever they might follow, unless they were born

again they could not enter the kingdom of God. The answer of Mr. Burns might be taken as a motto for Protestants. The priest makes a more liberal offer to the carnal mind, and so it is likely he will have more adherents in this land than we have, until the Lord reveal His own arm to subdue His enemies. Meantime, it is ours to occupy till He come. Nay, it is just by our occupying that He will come. Let us be encouraged to work, *for it is God that worketh*. I have spoken of the deficient testimony of others, not for the purpose of congratulating ourselves. Nay, ours is the greater sin! With a better testimony and a clearer light, we have done no more than they. Whether we have hid our talent in the earth or not, it is certain that the Church of Scotland has not laid out much of it in Canada. The Presbyterian church in this city has neither been a help to the Church nor a rebuke to the world. We have allowed a long desolation. We should be willing now to make some efforts to build it up.

“I had said that on Sabbath, the 8th, I preached at Toronto. I perceive I must not attempt to give a narrative on paper. I must reserve that till I return. Each time I begin I am turned away from it. One fact announced seems just a seed, that immediately swells upon me into a crowd of reflections, which, if not great, are at least sufficient to occupy and overwhelm my mind; I must, therefore, desist. I preached at Toronto,

then spent four days and a half visiting Niagara, and some American cities near the lakes, and returning to Coburg. Beginning on Saturday, I preached on six successive days, from one to three times each day, with some long and pretty rough journeys between. Arrived at Montreal on the next Saturday. I preached three times, and addressed the Sabbath-school on Sabbath. These nine days were the first trial of work that I have had in the country; and I am very glad to be able to say that, notwithstanding the greater heat of this country, I was stronger and more buoyant after it, than I think I would have been at home; indeed, perfectly well. During the period of little more than two weeks of our absence, we travelled about twelve hundred miles, in many kinds of conveyances,—some slow, some very quick; by night and day, by land and water, and no evil befel us. I carried my wife with me all that journey, and we enjoyed greatly the sight of so much of this great earth. We never took a cold; never slipped a foot; never missed an appointment; never lost a meeting; always got to the appointed place in time, and always in perfect health. Surely, the hairs of our head are all numbered. May I ask you to give thanks on our behalf. I have seen a part of the proceedings of the Assembly, and have been delighted with them so far as I have seen. Meantime, farewell. I commend you to God, and the word of His grace.

“I am, though absent now, and unworthy always, your pastor,
WM. ARNOT.”

TO THE CONGREGATION OF ST. PETER'S.

“MONTREAL, 12th Sept. 1845.

“MY DEAR FRIENDS,—“I was prevented, by pressing duty here, from writing to you by last mail; and, as I expect to be in Glasgow just two weeks after this letter, I do not think it necessary to write now at great length. In my last communication, I explained that I would probably remain longer in this country than I originally intended. I can now speak definitely as to the time of my return. I intend to sail from Boston on the 1st of October. I shall probably arrive in Glasgow about the 15th or 16th of that month; and, unless some unusual delay take place, I hope to preach to you on Sabbath the 20th. So we speak; but there is a wide sea between us, and we know not what a day may bring forth. Our times, and place too, are in God's hands; let us leave them there.

“I had no difficulty in determining to lengthen my time here. The more I saw of this place, the more I felt its importance. Had it not been the approach of the Communion season, it is probable I might have been induced to stay two weeks longer. It seemed, however, clearly to be my duty to endeavour to be with you at that time.

“Those who desire to be admitted to the Lord's

table for the first time, should not delay their application on account of my absence. The elders will be ready to examine those who apply; and I expect to have at least one week to spend in meeting with them after I return. I would be unwilling to receive new applications after that time. I should like to devote myself to those whom the session shall report as having actually applied. Those who at last Communion were requested to delay, should also make their application, that the whole of those who wish to join now may be put into my hands at the first.

“In the more extended view which this journey has afforded, I think I have seen more clearly some of the things that concern the kingdom of Christ. I have seen some things that hinder, and some things that hasten, the coming of the kingdom. But the lesson which has been most deeply impressed on my mind, is one regarding admission to the communion of the church. The communion, especially of a somewhat revived church, is a dreadful place. It is a strong position on the boundary line between two hostile kingdoms, where the contending powers have often met. In that place the saved seal again their covenant with God their Saviour; in that place, too, the God of this world welds together more densely the links of that chain whereby he leads captive the lost. I beseech you, take heed how you go up thither. The kingdom of God is there; but except a man be born

again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. Not seeing it, he will stumble; and falling on that rock, he will be broken. I beseech you all, dear brethren, examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith. Be honest with yourselves. Lie not unto God. We must be more faithful to each other. We must not lull each other to sleep in a state of condemnation. It is a poor love to a neighbour which will not encounter the pain of awakening him from a false peace, for the purpose of saving his soul. Here, at this distance, it is an anxious thought to me how many of you may be going unconverted to aggravate your condemnation at the table of the Lord. I cannot make any effort to teach you now. I can only repeat the warning cry you have so often heard before. If you have no marks of life in you, do not provoke God by placing yourselves among the living.

“But, notwithstanding all these fears, believers should come with joy to draw water out of the wells of salvation that are opened in the ordinances. As it is a sin to trust in your own righteousness, it is also a sin *not* to trust in the righteousness of Christ. The very sight of your unworthiness may contribute to your joy, by making you lean with more vigorous desire—more ardent expectation on the Lord.

“But I feel myself wholly unable to write out consolation for you. I suppose the expectation of meeting you so soon is possessing my mind and

impeding my thoughts. I am more straightened in this attempt to write to you than I was on former occasions. You will accept of these lines as an acknowledgment of what is due to you, not as payment. If through your prayers I be brought home again, and if through the same means my mind is enlightened and my heart enlarged, I shall soon have a better opportunity of addressing you on these subjects. My work here has been constant. Though attended with some difficulties, it has been very pleasing. I have great encouragement. I begin to gather the fruit resulting from the seed sown by Mr. Burns and Mr. Bonar. I meet with a greater number of instances of convictions begun, and former convictions quickened into life, than I was wont to meet at home. This makes my residence here very pleasant. I have never once wearied.

“I have been often interrupted in writing these lines. As the time of my departure draws near, the engagements seem to multiply. I am pressed between conflicting emotions—sadness at leaving a most interesting people, whom I have learned to love, and gladness at the near prospect of meeting with you. I fear what I have written is scarcely coherent; nevertheless I send it, for I have nothing else to send.

“I suppose when you hear this read, we will be on the sea. You will pray for us. Again, farewell.
—Yours in abiding love, WM. ARNOT.”

His short ministry at Montreal was pleasant to himself, and profitable to the congregation over which he presided. There are many living yet who remember it, and speak of it with gratitude.

He left for home in the end of September. On the 15th he writes in his journal—

“Time of our departure settled now—this day week at 9 A.M. I like to be here, and I also like to be at home. I am very mercifully dealt with. The duties to which I am called are very pleasant. How few sacrifices I am called to make. Alas! that this should make me more unwilling to make the few that may be demanded.”

The next entry is dated 26th September.

“On Monday, the 22nd, we left Montreal, the scene of many enjoyments, the home of many friends now dear, the place of many pleasant recollections.”

Then followed another journey through the States, which he says was “so rapid, that we have not had time to see the objects of interest, far less to write a description of them.” In the course of it they visited Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, returning by New York to Boston, from which they sailed for home on the 30th of September.

The interest which he had learned to take in Canada and the state of religion there, was not lessened by absence. One of his friends in Montreal, Mr. Dougal, was then about to commence

a newspaper, with the distinct intention of improving the moral and religious tone of the country, though it was not exclusively what would be called a religious paper.¹

Mr. Arnot warmly encouraged him in his plans, and promised what help he could give—a promise which he redeemed on his return by sending, from time to time, letters giving notes of ecclesiastical and popular matters in the old country. Here is the first of these.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'MONTREAL WITNESS.'

"GLASGOW, 1st November 1846.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am delighted to learn that you propose to give a '*witness*' to Canada. Your work will be difficult, but your help is mighty. You know *of* whom, and *by* whom, and *to* whom you are to bear witness. You must witness *of* Christ *by* the Spirit *to* the world. All these you learn from the words of the Lord Jesus to the men of Galilee, Acts i. 8. Of whom? 'Ye shall be witnesses *unto* me.' By whom? 'Ye shall receive power *after* that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses,' etc. To whom? 'Ye shall be witnesses . . . in all Judea, and in Samaria, and

¹ This paper, the *Montreal Witness*, is still continued under the same management, and has for long had the most extensive circulation of any newspaper in the Dominion.

unto the uttermost parts of the earth.' However gloomy may be the present aspect of affairs, you are on the winning side. You bear witness of THE TRUTH. THE TRUTH will prevail.

"I trust you will be enabled to go through with the principles you have announced; that the politics of your journal will be the politics of that kingdom which is *in*, but not of the world; and that the side you take will be 'the Lord's side.' In prosecuting your labours, you propose not only to 'fear God,' but also to 'regard man.' I would hail with delight a newspaper that should keep clear of the low jargon of Canadian party politics, and plead, with good sense and upright intention, for the good of the people, both in time and eternity.

". . . . Such a race of men hastening to be rich has never been known in the country, as is going on at the present hour. Men of all ranks and all professions are dancing round in a sort of masquerade of speculation, until even by their own confession they grow giddy, and know not how soon they may fall. Even those who are deepest in the game wonder at the lengths to which themselves have run, and freely speak of a crisis that must soon come. Not more devoted to the world and reckless of God could have been the men to whom Noah preached.

"God is holding His judgment over the heedless multitude. Already He touches us; but the touch

is light; as if he would warn and not destroy. A portion of the people's food is tainted. As yet there is not fear of immediate famine, but enough has been done to remind us how easily the God whom we forget could break the staff of bread in all our borders. A considerable panic has already spread. The partial failure of the crop has attracted some part of the people's attention from their railway shares; but the judgment alone will not teach them righteousness."

He also did his utmost to interest others in behalf of the Free Church in Canada, and to procure ministers and teachers for temporary or permanent service there. The following is one of many letters on the same subject written about this time.

TO THE COUNTESS OF EFFINGHAM.

"GLASGOW, 8th December 1845.

"DEAR LADY EFFINGHAM,—

". . . . I am glad to hear that you have some sympathy for Canada. But I fear you are scarcely inclined to give it fair play. I confess I would like to see a considerable proportion of the ministers who visit it returning to settle. A call from London, Canada West, has already come to the Presbytery of Glasgow for Mr. Somerville. Mr. Bonar has been considering for many months his call to Montreal. I *fear* he will decide against it. As for me, I have not felt it my duty to consider it

much; it seems clear that I have already a field greater than my gifts, while it is as clear that Mr. Bonar has gifts greater than his field. With the December steamer three ministers sailed to spend the winter in Canada—Mr. Begg, Mr. Stevenson of Tullibody, and Mr. M'Tavish, a Gaelic minister. I believe there is some prospect that the two last—both young men—may be inclined to stay.

“I am concerned for the French Papists in Canada as much as for the Scotch Presbyterians. I fear we have too much neglected them. There are in Lower Canada between five and six hundred thousand French in the lowest, most abject Popery. Their idolatry is the established religion of the province. Every parish has its church and endowed priest, supported by the tithes, as in England.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE first event of the following year (1846) was a call which he received to the Free Church in Lerwick, Shetland.

It was not to be expected that he should see his way to leave a large and affectionate congregation in a large city, for a sphere of usefulness so much smaller; and yet the proposal was not cast aside as unworthy of consideration. He writes to Mr. Bannatyne, through whom the communication had been made to him:—"I was not a little impressed by your appeal. . . . I have no right to say I will not go to Shetland. A soldier has no right to choose the place of the battle-field where he will stand and fight. He would not be a good soldier if he should demand that liberty. 'Follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth' is our rule. . . . As the temporal advantage of one place was not sufficient to make me leave my people formerly when it appeared the Lord's will to keep me among them, so the temporal disadvantage of another place

should not keep me from leaving them, if it appeared that the will of the Lord was pointing to a removal."

It was his habit in all such matters to look carefully for indications of God's guiding hand in every circumstance of the case, however apparently trivial, and to walk steadfastly in the course thus pointed out, whether it were agreeable to his own inclination or the reverse.

In August of this year he visited London for the first time. His friend, Dr. Hamilton, of Regent Square, was abroad in ill health, and the session in his absence applied to Mr. Arnot to preside at the Communion on the first Sabbath of August, and preach for two or three Sabbaths thereafter. The notice was short, and he had already made other engagements for some of the days required ; but so strong was his impression of their necessity, and his desire to help them, that he was at some trouble to obtain release from these. Inclination and duty were this time drawing in the same direction. He writes :—" Besides the privilege of doing the work of the Lord, I expect some pleasure in the thought that I shall have an opportunity of showing a kindness to one of the dearest friends of my earlier days."

DIARY.


"19th September 1846.—Spent three weeks in London ; great heat all the time. I was often

feeble, but in the preaching had considerable freedom, and the teaching seemed to be valued by many.

“Had the privilege, while in London, of meeting with the Duchess of Gordon, on her way with Dr. Keith to meet the Archduchess of Austria at her sister’s, the Queen of Wurtemberg, on the concerns of the Church of Christ in Hungary. At morning worship I had the opportunity of commending them to the grace of God. Very remarkable providence in the meeting of Dr. Keith with the Austrian princess, and the good that has come out of it to her, and through her to her benighted country.”

Under the same date in his journal he writes:—
“I have been entertaining the thought of giving up the ministry for a work of a similar nature—the teaching of young men preparing for the ministry at Toronto. I think that in some respects my gifts lie in that direction.”

Shortly before this he had been asked to return to Canada for a time to do some work in the Theological College at Toronto; but this proposal he did not for a moment entertain. He felt that to leave his congregation again before he had been a year at home, would be to break altogether the tie which bound him to them. He accordingly wrote immediately declining to go, but expressing great interest in the work, and suggesting another, who he thought would do it well. Very soon afterwards another request reached him from the same quarter;



but this time it was that he should accept a permanent appointment as professor there. His views on the subject are more fully expressed in a letter to Mr. Bonar, then Convener of the Colonial Committee.

To Rev. JOHN BONAR, Convener, Colonial Committee,
Free Church.

“GLASGOW, 13th Nov. 1846.

“MY DEAR BONAR,—My pen and ink seem by long habit to have become constituent parts of my thinking apparatus. I am scarcely capable of any sustained thought on a complicated subject, apart from the operation of speaking or writing it. Forth from the fountain the stream will not flow, if there be not an orifice in the shape of either pen or tongue through which the proceeds may escape. I am labouring painfully ever since I saw you anent this translation to Canada. I want some relief; hence this letter.

“I am still of the same opinion as when I saw you—against going to Canada; but the going to Canada won’t go out of my head. I bid it go away. It goes sulkily; and in half-an-hour I discover it is back again—entering always unperceived. It seems to have very appropriately adopted a back-wood custom; it just comes in and squats. My opinion is that the appointment by the Canadian Commission should not be transmitted to this Presbytery, and that if transmitted, it will just keep me and my

people fervescent for a month or two, and then leave us all where we were, and Toronto without a professor. At the same time, my mind seems brought over to that side by a very narrow balance of the scale—as narrow as grocers give when selling tea. And what has been cast in to make it weigh, I cannot undertake to tell. How much of my new house, and my relatives, and my dear good ladies in the congregation who ‘dawt’ me a little, and how much of the fear of pain personal to be endured in the separation,—how much of these ingredients go into the scale, and how much of them are genuine good articles, I cannot pretend to determine. All this makes me afraid to say to you, ‘Thou shalt not bring this matter forward.’ Of that you must judge for yourself.

“Of the three elements—(1) going to Toronto, (2) leaving Scotland, (3) separation from the congregation—I think I could do the first easily, the second with difficulty, the third not at all. This, however, must refer, I suppose, to my own feeling. I suppose, looking to the things themselves, apart from my personal likings, the order should just be inverted.”

Then follows a detailed list of reasons for and against, arranged under these three heads:—

“The conclusion of the whole matter is,—do not suppress the documents *because* I requested you to do so. If you see sufficient ground for quashing it,

well; but let these grounds be independent of my request to you."

Sufficient ground would seem to have been found, for the matter went no further.

Meanwhile the blessing of the Lord is attending his ministry at home in rich measure; but, instead of being the occasion of self-complacence and pride, this only humbles him the more in his own eyes. He does not begin to think his own strength is growing, but observes in adoring wonder how the Lord's strength is made perfect in his weakness.

DIARY.

"September 1846.—Several young persons under serious concern. Surely God is offering to do something for us. I have got into the way of thinking that success and revivals must happen in the hands of other more devoted and spiritually minded ministers. I have concluded tacitly that there will be little or no fruit seen under my ministry, because I know it to be so dead within, whatever appearance there may be sometimes of liveliness. But I must beware of this. It may please Him to work here, not because of aught good in my ministry, but, in spite of all its evil, to the praise of His own sovereign grace.

"Died on Tuesday, the 22nd, John Liddell, a young man, member of the church; departed in peace, for his eyes had seen the salvation of God. Quiet and reserved naturally; but great enlargement during the last ten days. Went to Bothwell

to visit him. He expressed very great joy at seeing me. Said to his sisters afterwards that he never so ardently desired to see the face of a man. He seemed to have derived much benefit from my public instructions ; and in his dying days got help, especially in the first visit at Bothwell. What I said to explain the freeness of pardon, the completeness of salvation, seemed to be the means of giving him much light. I record this for encouragement.

“Also to-day conversation with Mrs. Allan, another notable example held up to me that the Lord will not allow the imperfections of my ministry to hinder the power of His word. She is a burning light. The Lord keep her.

“I see I have committed two faults. 1st, I have not in a real and lively way lamented after success withheld. 2nd, I have not observed and acknowledged the success given. I must number up His mercies. I must not despise nor overlook anything that He hath wrought.”

In a marked way this spirit of humility strengthened his hands, and promoted the work of the Lord in his Session and Deacons' Court. He made himself not only as one of them, but as one of the least of them: never prominently advanced his own opinions, or insisted on his own plans; and in cases of difference of opinion, where no principle was involved, he was always the first to give way. Many of his old

office-bearers have since his death spoken of these meetings, and the spirit that characterised them. One of them writes:—

“The meetings of the Deacons’ Court were always very pleasant. No one ever tried to push his own opinions on the Court if they were not concurred in. A vote was never taken. Mr. Arnot always formed and stated his own judgment on the business that came up, but never insisted on his opinion being adopted if the members differed from him. An instance of this occurred when I first joined the Court, which fixed itself in my memory. Mr. Arnot proposed that the lower schoolroom should be divided into two, and seemed very desirous that the proposal should be adopted; but on its being objected to by some of the members, he at once withdrew it, though evidently disappointed. Some years afterwards, a similar proposal was made by one of the members, and, after some conversation, adopted. I was sitting at the table beside Mr. Arnot, and as the conversation went on, I whispered to him, ‘Didn’t you make that proposal long ago?’ He replied also in a whisper, ‘Whisht! whisht! not a word about that.’”

Such a spirit was infectious. Others caught the same tone, and the members of the Court were as brothers one with another. Another consequence was that they were noted in the city for their energy and Christian usefulness.

The following letter was addressed by Mr. Arnot, on behalf of the office-bearers, to one of their number about to go abroad on account of failing health.

TO JOHN HUTCHESON, ESQ.

“GLASGOW, 3d September 1846.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—At the ordinary meeting of the Deacons' Court this evening, after some conversation on your affliction, and the journey you have felt it your duty to undertake, it was resolved that we should make mention of you in our prayer together, and that I should write, in the name of all, to convey to you the expression of our sympathy.

“We endeavoured all in one to cast your care upon the Lord, and I feel there is scarcely any more that we can do. If we knew our privilege aright, to speak *for* you would be better than to speak *to* you. And yet there is something kindly and comforting in the sympathy of fellow-men, especially if they be fellow-believers. It is a something which we ought not to despise. The express command of God gives it a high place: ‘Bear ye one another’s burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ;’ ‘If one member suffers, all the members suffer with it.’ These, and many such, show that the Head counts much on the mutual love of the members.

“I sit with my pen in my hand over this sheet, and try to realise your position—to put myself in your place; but it will not do. It is only the shadow

of the grief that flits before my imagination, but the heavy substance lies on you. I can conceive how your own illness is like a sore that might for a time not be acutely painful; but the memory of your absent wife and children will tear it up and make it bleed. But, my dear sir, they that are whole need not a physician. To be 'whole' in body, and family, and business, does much to keep the heart whole when it should be broken; and the whole heart pants not for the physician's healing. I am persuaded that you can bear testimony to the praise of God, that He has wounded in order to heal; that the perishing of the outward man has been made the occasion of renewing somewhat the inner man. There is such a thing as rejoicing in tribulation; not only rejoicing in spite of the trouble, but even a joy because of the trouble. Not that the trouble is all joy, but it affords the opportunity of an enjoyment to which otherwise the soul would be a stranger. The casting of the soul on God in Christ, if it be really done, is more sweet in the time of trouble than in the time of prosperity. Surely it is when He has 'rejected your confidence,' that you may best feel the value of being *stayed* on Himself, if indeed your soul be resting there.

"At the same time, I think a poor invalid, looking unto Jesus, should not be cast down by the want of a happy frame. Knowing that in Christ all fulness dwells, let him strive to reach such a frame, but let him not make his hope dependent on reaching it.

‘Why art thou then cast down, oh my soul? I shall yet praise him.’ The infirmities of the body, and heavy cares pressing on an enfeebled mind, may for a long time cloud the believer’s perception of his interest in Christ, but they cannot destroy its existence. The rule is, continue looking unto Jesus; follow on to know the Lord. Even when you cannot joyfully say ‘the Lord is my portion,’ yet say your soul *will have no other*. ‘Whom have I *but thee?*’ is as safe a state, though not so joyful, as ‘*I have thee.*’

“And now, my dear sir, I commend you to God and the word of His grace. We shall make mention of you in our prayers on Sabbath. I did not expect to be able by writing to give you anything, but the mere fact that I do write in the name of myself and the brethren may be pleasing and profitable to you. The sympathy—surely it is worth giving, even when we have no more, for the *Lord commands us to give it.*

“Enclosed is a note to Mr. Nairn, which I forgot to give you before you left.—I am yours,

WILLIAM ARNOT.”

The next is a letter of kindly Christian advice and encouragement to a young man, the son of one of the elders, who had just left his father’s house to begin life in London.

TO MR. RALPH LANGLANDS.

"24th Sept. 1846.

"MY DEAR RALPH,—I write for the purpose of explaining to you how I came to leave London without calling. I think I am safe in saying it was the *power*, rather than the *will*, that was wanting. One day, when in the City, and having a little time on my hands, I intended to find you; but I could not remember Friday Street, though you had given me all London. Either I had not taken a note of it, or had afterwards lost it; then I found it necessary to come off suddenly, two days earlier than I had expected. Upon the whole, I found myself rather useless in London. The bewilderment of the place, and the great heat of the season, paralysed both body and mind of me. Thus much for apology.

"As I have some room in my sheet, let me remind you there is one thing needful, and that one all London cannot buy. You know this; I hope you *feel* it. I have some hope that you have found out your want, and are seeking to get it satisfied. *Seeking* is a blessed condition to be in. There are many precious promises in the Bible, attached to hungering, thirsting, longing, seeking, asking, striving, etc. If such be the attitude of your soul, you will not be left long in darkness. Remember, it must be an 'altogether' Christian, or none at all. An almost Christian is just *not a Christian*. You must venture

all on Christ. He must be your chosen portion. A partial surrender is more painful than a complete; and has this other disadvantage, *it is the loss of the soul*. How many who have enough of religion to embitter the joys of the world, have too little to secure the Christian's peace.

"The great thing is your personal self given over to a personal Christ. Do not aim to obtain *religion*; aim to obtain *Christ*. Don't look *to* the doctrines of the Gospel, look *through* them to Jesus. Perhaps you remember something of Mr. J. L., a member of our Church, the oldest son of a large family. He died on Tuesday, after what has latterly been a rapid decline. He was a clear-headed, warm-hearted youth. He had for several years been with considerable earnestness seeking the Lord; but during the last fortnight of his life a very great enlargement was given to him. He beheld for himself the glorious fulness of Christ. His mouth was opened (for hitherto he had been very reserved), and he spoke ardently the praises of the Lord. He overcame the fear of death and the cares of his worldly affairs. He told with great clearness and firmness of his peace in believing. The family, especially his mother and two sisters, although in a great measure dependent on him, lost sight of their grief in joy for the life of his soul. They are sorrowing, yet rejoicing. Now, my dear young friend, had your case and his been reversed—had you been taken and he left—would you have been ready? Surely we ought to

be in haste in this matter; to give all diligence to make our calling and election sure. Such an example is held out before us in great mercy to arouse and quicken.

“Had I met you at leisure in London, I would have taken the liberty of asking whether you had any thoughts of seeking admission to the Lord’s table: you went away from Glasgow without doing it. Right to keep away from the Lord’s table, if you had no good ground to hope that you had given yourself to the Lord, but not right to delay one hour that surrender to the Saviour. Do not wait till you be *good enough*. Be *found in Him*, and then, unworthy, go in the worth of the Lamb. Seek a minister who preaches Christ (not only makes sermons about Christianity), who humbles men and gives God all the glory. Seek under such a ministry union to the visible Church. Take these detached hints, and the Lord bless them to your soul. My former relation to you, and continued regard for you, give me a kind of right to address you freely; not to speak of the affection I bear to your father and mother.

“I wish I could get you introduced to some of the young men of Regent Square Church. Doubtless there are others that might be of equal value, but I had not an opportunity of becoming acquainted with others. There is one whom you might easily find out as a business neighbour, Mr. Webster, St. Paul’s Churchyard. He is a deacon in Regent Square.

“Mr. Leslie, it seems, was a teacher with me at St. Rollox; I remember him; give him my kind regards.—I am, yours,
WM. ARNOT.”

The following is to Mr. James Nisbet, publisher, London, then a leading elder in Regent Square Church (Dr. Hamilton's), in reply to a renewed request for help there. The tract to which it alludes, and which was shortly afterwards written, seems to have been Mr. Arnot's first attempt at a kind of work in which he became eminently successful:—

TO JAMES NISBET, ESQ.

“GLASGOW, 28th Nov. 1846.

“MY DEAR SIR.—I received your letter at the beginning of the week, but have not found leisure to answer it till now, at the end of it.

“The decision against the Church Building Society in the Court of Session has not the immediate effect of ejecting us from the church. It may be hung up for a long time to come. We feel the uncertainty of our tenure very uncomfortable. We have appointed a special meeting of the elders and deacons to consider the question of building a new church, irrespective of the plea now going on. Although the ultimate decision were favourable, it would still remain a question whether we could continue where we are; and there is no hope of anything but an unfavourable decision in the last resort.

“But alas! my poor services cannot be wanted here during the time the church is a-building. It would be more than ever necessary to keep near my poor flock; so I can see no prospect of any length of service in London for a long time to come. I am glad to hear you are to get Andrew Bonar for a few weeks. You do not say how stands the minister’s health; but I assume that it is improving. My own work goes on as usual. Some little encouragement. At least an open door every Sabbath. I still remember your family, and many other friends in London, with no small pleasure. I am quite willing to hope that I may some time hereafter enjoy another two or three weeks of London. . . .

“As to the tract I dare not speak. I fear I am not fitted for that sort of work. I have not been able even to try. I am certainly not an idle man. And yet I fear my exertions are not well directed, otherwise more would come out of them. . . .

“You say we are thickly set here—they are not too many. To-morrow, after preaching at home in the forenoon, I have to drive nine miles to assist at the Communion, and preach in the evening, preaching on Monday at another place.—Yours,

WM. ARNOT.”

DIARY.

“23d December 1846.—My dear wife to-day gave birth to a daughter. The Lord hath dealt bounti-

fully with us. I have sought to dedicate the infant to a covenant God. I think as yet my uppermost desire for her is that she may be a ransomed one, a child of God."

TO REV. JOHN MILNE, Perth.

"GLASGOW, 31st December 1846.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I suppose you have heard of the event in our family. Indeed now for the first time we feel we have the right to be called a family. . . .

"Now to the point. The plan belongs all to the better half—it would not have entered into my dull head. You come to Glasgow on the 17th of January to assist Brother Somerville at his Communion. I know it would be a privilege to you both to enjoy rest on the forenoon of that day, and hear the sermon; but if the call is sufficiently urgent, you will undertake some duty. You come to St. Peter's on the forenoon of that day; give the people a quiet little word, and *baptise our child*. My pen seems to shrink from writing it. The sound is so strange. Now just answer at your leisure. I shall not be anxious about it, for I think you cannot object.

"The baptism of my child may, if the Lord will, be good for me—may give a shock to this sluggish soul which it needs much—a something to arouse to spiritual life and consciousness."

The Free Church congregation in Montreal still continued to occupy a large corner in his heart, and his communications with its members were frequent and cordial. Some of them sought his advice when they were in difficulty as to the propriety of admitting as members and office-bearers of church men who trafficked in spirituous liquors. His answer is conveyed in a letter to Mr. Donald Fraser, now Dr. Fraser, of Marylebone Presbyterian Church, London.

“Although I very much sympathise with those who feel a difficulty in admitting one who traffics in spirits, I cannot go the length of making a rule that none such be admitted to the church. I cannot do this, simply because I cannot find a ground for it in Scripture. And woe to me if I *make a rule* which would keep out one of the generation of God’s children. If the members of session are induced to try every case on its own merits, without making a rule, they might yet get through all their difficulties. I think there would not be many cases in which they would differ in opinion if each case were tried on its own merits.”

In the spring of this year (1847) he was again compelled to weigh the opposing claims of his old sphere of labour and a new one. This time the call proposed was to a Professorship in the Presbyterian College in London. It had many attractions for him, and exercised his mind much for several months ere it was finally settled.

TO REV. JAMES HAMILTON.

“GLASGOW, 21st April 1847.

“MY DEAR HAMILTON,—I received your letter yesterday, and expected to send an acknowledgment in the evening; but a press of business supervened, and the post hour passed. Even now it must be an *acknowledgment* and not an *answer*. The matter of your communication is great. Perhaps I should consider it a wise Providence that prevented me from coming to Liverpool. It is well for me that the business of the Synod will be over before you can know anything of my mind at all. The matter is too great, and it has come too suddenly, for me to give any opinion. But, now that the Synod will have done what it is to do on the subject, I shall give you a hint or two just as they now occur to me.

“Observe, I do not speak of my own *disqualifications*,—that is your matter. The thought of that kind of work is very pleasant to me. I like to teach. I think I would greatly delight in teaching students. The prospect that it will afford of study and reading, before I am yet too old for profiting by it, is more attractive than I can tell. There would also be opportunities of preaching, which, instead of counting a burden, I hope I would find to be a necessary of life. But, tell me, surely there is some other reason than the ostensible one for *choosing me* to be Professor? Are not the Regent

Square people strong in the College Committee? and have they not an eye to a Professor who might do to be an assistant to their minister, seeing they need one at anyrate? I have an idea that there must be something in that direction. If they had been looking with a single eye to the Professor, I do not think they would have chosen me.

“As to the other side, the difficulties—*the one* grand difficulty is St. Peter’s congregation. If I had been unattached, or attached to a less important charge, I would have grasped at the proposal, and the church would have released me; but I confess it overwhelms me to look forward to the rupture of this bond. However, it cannot be worse than is occurring in almost every translation. It is not only the private and personal that I have to fear; it is the church—the Presbytery and the Assembly, if it should go there. I do not know the present state and future prospects of your College; but I fear that it will be difficult to make it weigh against my congregation in the balance of our church courts. You must observe that in Glasgow we are not (proportionally) very strong. We have a number of weak congregations, and they would be afraid to endanger one that is of considerable size.

“Another minor point is, our people are preparing to build a church and schools. We have the plans under consideration, and expect soon to begin. If we begin, I think I would be bound to them for a

while. I would feel it to be like a breach of contract to leave them after they had come under liabilities on the faith of my being among them.

“I need not proceed further with this balancing. I have some comfortable hope that I am willing to do in this matter what the Lord would have me to do, if I know His will. I shall just wait and watch for the marks of His goings. Upon the whole, while I have neither the materials nor the time for even an approach to making up my own mind, I confess that the intimation in your note has lodged itself deeper in my mind than anything of a similar kind since I began my work here. It has taken a great hold of me. I am afraid lest it be too pleasing. The whole matter must get time to settle; there is a great process of filtration necessary before we can see through so deep a question. It involves my life's destiny; it involves the work of the Lord, so far as it is committed to me. The question is—Having one life, and supposing it given to the Lord, how shall it be best laid out for Him? This is a great question, not to be rashly settled—not to be settled without prayer and watching.

“Now, although for my own sake I have no secrets to keep, I think I ought to enjoin you not to communicate this letter. I am not afraid of committing myself for fear of inconsistencies afterwards. If I do anything different from the above expression of my mind, it will be for a good reason. I have no wish, in any such case, to keep an open door for

myself. Honesty, I find, is not only the best policy; it is absolutely sufficient. But I would fear for the public cause. Possibly some things I say to you, who know me pretty well, might convey to others an impression that there is no ground for, and so lead to injury. I think you will agree with me that this letter is strictly private; and what you may say of my mind on the question should be just your own opinion, formed in the best way you could from whatever materials were before you. Farewell!

WM. ARNOT."

The following passage from a letter from Dr. Hamilton, will show the kind of pressure which was brought to bear on him on this subject.

"Surely, when you get to a standing-point high enough, and see the vastness of this opportunity, you will make up your mind so resolutely that no urgency will be able to detain you. Here it is. A vitalised Presbyterianism might under God be the present salvation of England. . . . There is a very considerable craving for Free Church preaching—a craving which a little more strength in our church, and a little less stiffness in our ministers, might convert into a perfect *rage*. But the power of our church, both to create and to meet this demand, resides in the College. I only repeat that it is a vitalised Presbyterianism—sound doctrine in warm English hearts, and from fluent English lips, guided by Scottish sense, and systematically propa

gated by Presbyterian organisation, which promises, in the hand of the quickening Spirit, to retrieve the interests of evangelical piety in England.

"Now, my dear Arnot, you have open eyes, and a fresh and active mind, and power of adapting to circumstances. If you were here, you would soon see how the land lies, and what the present exigencies of this England are, and you would train and instruct our students accordingly. . . .

"I know that you will not found a new school in theology; but I believe that you will put new life in the old one. And I firmly believe, if you come here in high heart and hope, and with a two years' stock of patience, that you will be blessed by God to render a most signal service to the Christianity of this empire.

"Send me a line, and if your path is not plain, I will try to come down; but oh, how thankful I would be to hear that your doubts were ended."

D I A R Y.

"May 22d, 1847.—My mind is much occupied at present with a proposal to remove to London. The Synod of the Presbyterian Church in England, at their meeting in April last in Sunderland, nominated me to the Chair of Systematic and Pastoral Theology in their College. I have had much correspondence and conference on the subject. There are many reasons in favour of going, and many for staying here. I feel the need of the

Lord's hand to lead me. I am not altogether without hope that He will point out His own way and enable me to follow it. It would be a great step to leave the ministry in this congregation, after having been in it eight years and a-half. The bond to them is very strong; and yet it is not to my mind certain or self-evident that I ought to refuse the call.

"At the same meeting of the English Presbyterian Synod that elected me to the professorship at home, William Burns, my fellow-student of old, the Lord's highly honoured servant, was nominated missionary to China. He has consented, and been designated to the work. He sails in a few days."

Although his own opinion was expressed strongly in favour of the translation, the Presbytery unanimously refused to put the call into his hands. At the time he was seriously disappointed, and expressed himself so to one of his elders on the way home from the meeting of Presbytery, saying that the congregation should not have opposed the call as they knew his every thought, and he had nothing new to give them.

TO REV. JAMES HAMILTON.

"GLASGOW, 25th June 1847.

"MY DEAR SIR—

" I write to you, and beg that you will communicate to other friends whatever is neces-

sary, as I cannot at present undertake to write more than one letter on the subject. My mind has been tossed a good deal of late, and most of all yesterday; it will need some time to rest and heal.

“The decision of the Presbytery was against the translation—unanimous apparently. I know at least of two who were on the other side, but who seem to have been quite thrown off their balance by the torrent of strong opposition that flowed continuous from a number of speakers. I cannot give you a full history, but shall state some leading points.

“My mind was made up so far in the morning as to determine to put the Presbytery between the alternative of *translating* or *referring to the Commission*. I suppose I must have spoken with some degree of confusion, but I know that the principal statements regarding my own mind were abundantly clear. I said the Assembly of our Church were cognisant of your College, and had passed a judgment of encouragement; that it would be inconsistent and unfair in us to refuse their call, on the ground that the College was not on a right footing. If we thought so, we ought as a Church to pass such a judgment, and withdraw our former approval. I stated that I felt the importance of England; we have no colony like England, etc. I confessed there were difficulties, but declared strongly that the reasons for the translation preponderated over those against it; that if called to give a judgment on the

question (supposing myself not a party) I would vote for it; that I had just the same grounds for coming to a judgment that I have on most other occasions, a balance of reasons; that I dreaded the responsibility of breaking connection with my present congregation, but dreaded more the responsibility of refusing the call. . . .

“I submit to the decision: I think it must be just the obstacle that I asked the Lord to provide and throw in my way, if He saw me moving in a direction that He did not approve. But I am made very sad about the discouragement to the brethren in England—I think not intended by the speakers—and yet the legitimate effect of their speeches.

“I do not know how it will be with my congregation. They are taking measures to assure me of a good reception; but they all know well that I declared my judgment in favour of leaving. I shall go to my work without any grudge. If they receive me well; if they do not, still well. In this matter I am determined to be happy. . . .

“You observe I am in a different position now. Even though my mind were much clearer than it is, it would be a violation of all Presbyterian propriety to leave my place against the strongly expressed opinion of the whole Presbytery. I do not see it likely that I shall ever leave Glasgow unless I become useless. I never get further in these matters than a balance of arguments and a preponderance on one side. I never get what

they call clearness. That is, no doubt and no difficulty. You know I must tell the truth. I cannot conceive it possible that I could ever reach that point of clearness as to leaving my congregation, until they make it *clear* that they wish to get rid of me. . . .

“Upon the whole, I am inclined to take the decision as the very design of the Lord for me, and for you too. It may have the effect either of getting you a better, or of setting you to the work of constructing your platform more systematically at the commencement.

“The Lord bless you all. I cannot say anything to encourage you ; I am in need of encouragement myself.—Yours,

WM. ARNOT.”

TO GEORGE BARBOUR, ESQ.

“GLASGOW, 28th June 1847.

“MY DEAR MR. BARBOUR,—

“. . . . You will be glad to know that I went to meet my people yesterday in great composure ; indeed I preached with much more ease than I am accustomed to do. I do not remember any period when I more enjoyed the ‘conscience void of offence.’ I held my head quite erect. The congregation know quite well that I expressed my judgment in favour of translation. They were amazed at the Presbytery coolly assuming that I had given no opinion. The subject of lecture, in the ordinary course (I have been going on without

an interval from the beginning of the epistle), was Romans xv. 17-24. On the 22nd verse, 'I have been much hindered from coming to you,' I told them plainly that I had some desire to go to London, the Rome of the modern world—the well-spring of influence for the earth—to cast in the salt at the fountain, in the hope that the issuing streams might refresh the most distant wastes—but that I had been hindered. I told them, too, 'it would be a better thing for you if your minister had such a love for the Lord as would make him willing on a day's warning to leave you, than that he should have such a love for you as would make him refuse the call of the Lord.' ”

D I A R Y.

“June 27, 1847.—Great events in one short month since last entry—the great event, the death of Dr. Chalmers. Great honour shown to him. Even in his death he has largely benefited the world. It must do good to the world to revere such a character. Sore bereavement to the Free Church.

“The question of the College in London in the meantime set at rest, and I remain in my present place.

“August 1, 1847.—This day finished a series of expositions on the Epistle to the Romans. It was begun 15th March 1846—about 55 lectures in all. It is a time much to be remembered in my ministry. For the first time, in this series, I ceased to write fully

out. Each lecture has four octavo pages allotted to it; generally these are closely studded with jottings of the matter, but the words are left to the extemporaneous expression. I have often found enlargement and pleasure in the exercise. But chiefly, the *whole*, the impression obtained and retained on my own mind of the connected whole of the epistle—the orderly unfolding of the mystery of godliness which it contains—this is much to be remembered.

“I am now going on with an afternoon course of sermons on doctrines according to the order of the Shorter Catechism.

TO MR. NISBET.

“18th August 1847.

“DEAR SIR,—Enclosed you will receive the MS. of a tract. I have kept at my desk to-day and finished it. Many a weary thought it has cost me,—not the writing of these pages, but just the general question what subject to take and how to begin. Many a sermon I took, and planned a tract out of its substance; but always lost conceit of it before I could begin to write. At last I fell upon the plan of writing on a subject altogether new to me, making the tract out of new cloth, instead of shaping it down out of an old sermon. The plan has succeeded to a nicety in one point—it has made me write speedily, and with some enjoyment too; but as to the character of the product, that it is a different question. If it is not suit-

able, send it back to me freely. I promise not to take it ill; indeed, I would not be discouraged though my first effort should fail to hit the mark. I would try again, and hope to succeed better next time."

D I A R Y.

"August 19, 1847.—I have been appointed by a Committee of the Commission to go to Ireland, to inquire into the condition of the people in certain districts, and preach. It is understood that, owing to the kindness of Protestants during their distress, the Papists in some places are better disposed to hear from a Protestant the preached Word."

TO HIS WIFE.

"BALLINA, 27th August 1847.

"MY DEAREST JANE,—

". . . I sallied forth, in all the comfort of *incognito*, to see what I could see. The only prominent buildings about the town—alas! for Ireland—are the poorshouse, the prison, and the barracks. These are large; all the rest are poor and mean. No object of peculiar interest arrested me till I came to a large open square, in the middle of which is the potato market. It is there that an Irishman's heart is; it is there that you see life in earnest among Irishmen. Two rude posts are set upright in the earth, about two yards distant from each other. A similar beam is laid across the top. From the middle of it is suspended a large huge iron scale beam;

beside it stands a man of authority, with his frieze coat all of one colour, and no holes in it, thus distinguished from the group of inferior beings over whom he presides. His office is to weigh all the potatoes. When a bargain is struck between a countryman and a townsman for the purchase of a stone of potatoes, this officer weighs them, and from his authority there is no appeal. It would never do to let the buyer and seller fight it out between themselves. There might occasionally be a repetition of the Kilkenny cat experience. Well, I walked round, and crept near, and looked, and listened. I cannot describe the scene, except by saying it was altogether Irish. Some poor creatures there were, looking on like myself, observing every sale that was effected, making remarks on the quality and the price, but never proposing to buy. When one went away with his stone or half-stone, these on-lookers just went over to some other parties that were making a bargain, watched its progress with interest, saw the weighing accomplished and the price paid, and looked about for another. I soon began to perceive the cause. They had nothing to buy withal; but they were there just feasting their eyes on the dear potato. (The poorest still get Government rations, but the Government only give 'committee' a parritch made of a mixture of rice and Indian corn; nothing so expensive as the potato—it is 8d. per stone.) I heard one woman in the *mêlée* saying to her neighbour, not in the way of complaint, but just

as information, that she had not had any potatoes in her own house this season yet. I felt a desire creeping up the inside of me to give the poor thing a few pratties; but a salutary fear accompanied the wish—a fear lest an embrace of love from twenty Irish-women all at once might be too much for my nerves. So I went to work cautiously. I whispered to the man of authority, asking him if he could undertake to give half-a-stone each to six of the poorest, without making much noise among the rest. He said he would. I gave him the order, prudently holding no communication with any but himself. In the first stages of the business, all things prospered. The six were selected from among the applicants. The three stones were weighed and poured on the ground in a heap. Then the man made a grand mistake. Had he taken the trouble of keeping them all at arm's length, and himself given each the proper share, they would all have respected his authority; but he called upon all the six to spread their aprons round, and begin to fill. The moment the creatures felt the potatoes with their own hands, a sort of frenzy seized upon them, and they all acted exactly as if the word of command had been, 'Go it; see who will catch most.' In a twinkling the heap disappeared; but, alas! there was no justice in the division. Some sharpers had lions' shares, and some old people had hardly any. Those who had a good booty took themselves off, and those who had few came round me, as also those who had not been in-

cluded in the six. One poor old man, whom the weigher first selected as the most needy of all, came and stretched his imploring hand to me with three little buttons of potatoes—all that had fallen to his share. Things were now looking serious. All business was suspended in the market. I stood in the centre, with as pretty a ring round me as you could desire to see. Those who were not poor and not asking anything, came forward deeply interested in the fate of the disappointed poor. At that moment the weigher handed to me, in pence, the sixpence surplus of the half-crown I had paid. I announced that I would devote the sixpence to make up the loss of those of the six who had been defrauded, and that I would do no more. I easily fixed on four, who, in different degrees, had suffered by the unequal division—that is, I could identify the faces; but how to distinguish the hands that belonged to these faces among the sheaf of arms and yellow hands that was presented to me—all the fingers sprawling signs of eloquent expostulation. I did the thing resolutely and leisurely: in each case tracing the arm that issued from the right person up to the hand at its extremity, and plumping the pence into the eager paw, which instinctively closed and disappeared, leaving me to select the next, and so on. I then announced so firmly that I would do no more, that scarcely any followed me when I took my leave. There is some sense of fair play among them. Think of the state of the people, when half-a-crown could

turn aside the market in the county town of a large county.

“Nor was this all. Some time after, and when I was emerging from the town on the way back, two men from the market, of the farmer class, came up to me very politely, telling me they were a deputation from the people in the market to learn my name, that they might do me sundry honours, and especially pray for me. I declined to give my name, but told them in general that I was from Scotland, and came to see what state they were in, and that we in Scotland cared for them in their sufferings. I learned from the men that the opinion in the market ran that I was a Government official—at the very least Her Majesty’s Commissioner for carrying out the provisions of the Drainage Act. . . .

“Here I have had long cracks with Scripture readers. I get interested in the work now. I am to go into harness to-morrow; and clear it is this Michael Brannigan is a rigid disciplinarian, and will keep us all at it so long as we are under his jurisdiction. . . . The Irish reader was at one of the places to-day where there is an industrial school. When he went to the door it was barricaded. He cried out he was a friend. ‘Who are you?’ ‘John Caldwell.’ ‘Come to the window.’ And only when they saw him they let him in. In this way they have kept out the priest these three days. He comes every day, and if they let him in he will whip the children out of the school. Just think of the

girls trembling within, and helping the mistress to hold the door, lest the tyrant should get his hands over them."

BALLINA, 30th August 1847.

" . . . Yesterday was a great day. The day was so great, and my present opportunity so small, that I ought not to attempt any details. I am convinced now that we are not here in vain. The devil is raging so violently, that there is no doubt at all he feels some of his works to be destroyed. At one of the two stations that I visited yesterday, the priest burst in on us while I was preaching to a crowded and attentive audience. His conduct baffles all description. It was a Protestant's house, and hired by Mr. Brannigan for regular Sabbath worship, and a school during the week. The owner of the house declared the priest an intruder, and ordered him out. He stalked through the house, and cracked his whip over the poor cowering creatures, and raged just as a Turkish pasha would over his slaves, whom he could order to be strangled with the bow-string. I held a debate with him a while, the particulars of which are instructive, and as they are not likely to fade from my memory, I reserve them for another time. You must not suppose I was in any danger. I had two sturdy Irish readers with me, and the people's affections all with me. They hate the priest cordially, but, poor creatures, they fear his whip. I think it probable,

when we get a consultation with the brethren, that we shall bring the fellow to justice for his crime, in order to show the poor people that they will be protected from him. I think he must have been from twenty minutes to half an hour in the house before we got quit of him. When he left, those who had run away returned, and we concluded the service. It was a most solemn scene. My heart was full—oppressed with the thought of the bondage in which the wicked one holds this land.

“At the other station in the afternoon all was quiet. The schism there is so great, both in numbers and weight, that the priest of the parish is obliged to content himself with denouncing from his pulpit those who attend the preaching. A large house was crowded, and some at the doors on either side. The most careful computation made them 130 of all classes, a considerable proportion of substantial men. A number of boys about fourteen were earnest listeners. I preached from John xiv. 6, with great freedom—with more of a heart-swelling happiness than I ever remember to have experienced before in the act of preaching; and oh, how they listened!”

“BELDERIG, CO. MAYO, 2d September 1847.

“. . . My paper is all done but one sheet. I must be sparing. A good night's rest—disturbed a little by the rain. It came a shower just as we were going to sleep, and the roof not being water tight, our host had to get up and

set buckets at the top of the bed to catch it. And these houses occupied by the coast-guard are palaces compared with the cabins of the country people. Oh, this land! I have just laid down my pen to go to the other room in the front of the house to see the boys getting their *stir-about*. Forty-five boys are now supping their Indian meal porridge before the window before going to school. There they sit on the ground in a drizzling rain, eating the only good meal they will get to-day. The sight is dreadful. It is famine still. The mass of the people are kept living still by charity. If it is withdrawn, they will die by thousands immediately; and for the winter the prospect is no better. The Government and Legislature have been blinded. It seems as if God had visited them with blindness, that His stroke might be felt unmitigated by this devoted land.

PARISH WORK—NOTE BY A MEMBER OF ST. PETER'S.

“Mr. Arnot was always interested in the spiritual welfare of his old parish, which after the Disruption continued to be the mission district of the congregation. I remember him telling one night, while we were still in Oswald Street, how the evening before he had gone down through it to see if he could get something to do. He came to Buchanan Court, Broomielaw; opposite the steam-boat wharf. It then contained a large number of small houses occupied by the very worst characters

in Glasgow. He thought of preaching in it from an outside stair; but when he saw the numbers of fierce-looking men and women at windows and doors, his heart failed him. Seeing some children playing on a barrow, he went forward and began to speak to them. Older persons drew near to hear what he was saying, and soon there was a considerable crowd around him, to whom he spoke of the one thing needful."

LETTER from MR. A. WARK, London.

"About two years after I joined St. Peter's, Mr. Arnot announced from the pulpit, that he would like those young men in the congregation who felt constrained to do anything for the cause of Christ, by visiting the poor or otherwise, to attend the prayer meeting in the following week. My conscience would not let me stay away. The text was Jer. xxxi. 34, 'And they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, 'Know the Lord,' &c.

"Mr. Arnot argued, so far as I remember, that until the prophecy shall have been fulfilled, it will be the duty of every Christian to be saying to his neighbour, 'Know the Lord.'

"In closing, he urged all to do a little, and spoke of the possibility of some young man present being able to do good to *one* lad in a district, perhaps a widow's son, who might be breaking away from his mother's control; but the visit of a Chris-

tian young man, himself away from father and mother, might save the lad when minister or missionary had failed.

“At the close of the meeting, Mr. Arnot requested those of us who could do anything to remain. A missionary society of some kind was agreed to be formed, called, I think, St. Peter’s Home Missionary Society. Mr. Arnot presided, and assisted in mapping out districts for those who were to visit. One was allotted to me. I had not spoken except to give my name when called for; but now I was getting afraid, and began to plead that I did not know how to visit. The meeting closed, however, and I was to be a visitor. Mr. Arnot came up to me and spoke encouragingly; took me by the hand and led me to the street, down Oswald Street, and along Broomielaw to Robertson Street, up a long dark court, where behind the houses fronting the street we found a second row. The bells were ringing ten o’clock; the moon at that moment shone out from behind a dark cloud. Mr. Arnot stood, and, still holding me by the hand, pointed to a great ‘land’ of houses which towered high above us. ‘Now, A., this will be your district.’ That was my first introduction to missionary work.”

About the same time the following address was drawn up by Mr. Arnot, and circulated in the district :—

“AN AFFECTIONATE ADDRESS FROM FREE ST PETER’S
CONGREGATION TO THOSE RESIDING IN ITS
NEIGHBOURHOOD.

‘Think on these things,’ Phil. iv. 8.

“DEAR FRIENDS,—In large cities like ours, people seem to know little, and care less, about their neighbours. You may live for years in one house, and not know the families on the same stair. This way of keeping at a distance may do well enough for the present world, but it does not suit those who are chiefly concerned about eternity. It is not like Christ. It is not like the disciples of Christ. As soon as a man has found out his own sin, and believed on Jesus for the saving of his soul, he begins to be concerned about his neighbours. He counts himself his brother’s keeper; and all within his reach are his brethren. When he has experienced Christ’s love to his own soul, he begins to love every one near him. Plucked as a brand from the burning himself, he has great compassion on those who are ready to perish. Although he sees them very hardened in their sins, he does not despise them, and he does not despair of them, for, before he obtained mercy, he was as bad as they.

“We have been meeting as a Christian Church for a number of years in the heart of this district. You are accustomed to hear our bell every Sabbath in your houses. We find it very good to go up to the house of God, and hear of the way of sal-

vation. We sometimes, while there, think with concern about those of our neighbours who are not hearing the joyful sound. In such a case, the Lord whom we serve would not be silent. He would not only weep over a wicked city; He would go in among its families and say, 'Except ye repent ye shall perish.' He has gone to heaven, but He has left it in charge to all His people to do His work—and His work is to invite every sinner to turn and live. We feel that we will be unfaithful to our Lord if we do not go into the houses of our neighbours and say, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' We cannot meet the Lord on the great day; if we have not tried to bring our fellow sinners with us to the Saviour.

"The minister is chiefly occupied with the congregation—most of it from other parts of the city—that worships in the church; but though he cannot do much personally, the congregation may do something for the district. What cannot be done by one, may be done by the united efforts of many. We would fain indulge the hope that this Church may be like a well of water, whence others as well as ourselves may be refreshed in this desert land. One missionary gives all his time to the work, and a considerable number, chiefly young men, devote a part of their time to the visitation of the families.

"Dear friends, we fondly hope you will take

our visits well. Be assured we are not setting ourselves up over you. Christ has taught us to count all men as brethren, and we fear that we have not closely walked in His way. We fear we have not sought out our neighbours and cherished their friendship as we ought to have done. For anything we know, there may be in some family a father who has long maintained a respectable character, but is now beginning to give way to temptation. He knows what is right, and at first feels some remorse on account of sin; but he has met with a long train of misfortunes; his temper has become soured; he is disheartened by long neglect—nobody cares for him; nobody looks near him. He is just on the point of giving up the struggle in despair, and plunging into vice. We would like to visit such a one; we would like to tell him in time that the wages of sin is eternal death—and tell him, too, about eternal life, the free gift of God through Jesus Christ. It may be that when he sees some one caring for him and his family—sympathising with his sorrows—not upbraiding him as an outcast, but counselling him as a brother, he may say to the tempter, ‘Get thee behind me, Satan.’ There may be some who, from the pressure of poverty at first, and other causes afterwards, have gradually fallen from the habit of attending Church, and then ceased to read the Bible and to pray! Our visits—our friendly conversation, may be the means of bringing to

their memory a former and better time, and re-kindling the long lost desire to go up to the house of God. There may be some who have fears about their own sin and a judgment to come, but who have never been clearly taught how mercy flows to sinners through the righteousness of Christ: it would be our delight to point out to them, in the Scriptures, the way of eternal life. There may be some, poor in this world, but rich in faith—hidden ones—children of a king, though disguised in rags: it would be a privilege to acknowledge them as brethren, and serve the Head by showing kindness to the members.

“And now, neighbours, since this little messenger has entered your houses, we should like that it should speak a plain word to you all. What is your soul’s state? Whither are you going? What will your end be? You know that you are sinners! that God the Judge is righteous! that sinners deserve to be cast into hell! but you have heard so much about Christ and mercy, that you are not much alarmed. You could scarcely say you are saved; but you have an idea that salvation is within your reach—that it is near and easy, and so you are kept quiet. Ah, friends, it is a dreadful thing when the very nearness of salvation just encourages you to remain unsaved. What though Christ be near, if you are not in Christ? If you are still in your sins—if you are not converted, what will it be to you that there was so much

said about mercy? It will make hell more bitter, the remembrance that mercy was so near, and that you despised it. We are not accusing you of any sins. We do not know your sins: the Lord only knows them. But we say, if you are living for the world, and not becoming new creatures in Christ, there is nothing but a breath between you and perdition.

“We do not need to come and tell you for the first time, that Christ, the Eternal Son of God, died for sinners, and now invites them to come to Him; now proclaims to them—‘Whosoever will, let him come.’ Probably you have all heard this before. We come to you repeating that blessed message, and adding to it another, namely, this—‘Although there is a great and a free salvation, yet if you *neglect* it you must perish.’

“We would like to go to heaven when we die—to go to heaven as sinners saved by the blood of Christ—to be monuments of God’s mercy for ever. But it is impossible for us to have that hope, without desiring, at the same time, that you, our neighbours, should go with us. We seek to do you a friend’s turn. We come to warn you. We come sounding an alarm among you, lest there should be some in a spiritual slumber. If you should die in sin, and lift up your eyes in torment, it would be too late to warn you then. Awake now. Now is the accepted time: to-morrow may be too late. What we fear most is, that you will

put off this warning as you have put off many others. We would not fear the greatness of your sins; for Christ saves to the uttermost. We would not fear for your want of learning and knowledge; for Christ is the light of the world, and the Spirit is sent to show Him unto us. We would not fear the greatness of your need; for we have a full Christ for empty sinners: but we fear you will just lay down this page, and let Christ alone till a more convenient season. We fear that same Jesus will have the old complaint to make of you.—‘Ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life.’ ”

“ ’Tis a point I long to know ;
Oft it gives me anxious thought—
Do I love the Lord or no ?
Am I His, or am I not ? ”

“ ST. PETER’S FREE CHURCH, OSWALD STREET,
July 1848. ”

About this time several different proposals were made to remove him from Glasgow, and each one was the occasion of considerable anxiety to him. He seems to have suspected, with how much ground we do not know, that his own estimate of his preaching, and his opinion that it was degenerating rather than improving, was in some measure shared by his congregation, or at least by individual members of it; and this led him to look more favourably on such invitations than otherwise he would have done. Alluding to this in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Drummond of Forgandenny, he says, “ If it had manifested itself by a falling off in

the attendance at worship, I think I would have been willing to accept any call that offered a fair field to the labourer during the remainder of his life; but as this is not the case, there is nothing pressing me to remove from this place. In these circumstances, I could only consent to remove if the call should seem to have a preponderating weight."

On the subject of faithfully weighing opposing claims, and being willing to go or stay, as seems to be God's will, he writes thus to Dr. Charles J. Brown:—

" In my younger years, I kept back from the Lord a part of myself and my services, and the keeping of it was torture. He *did blow* upon it. I would serve Christ; but I determined that it must be at home. I was sometimes afraid to go to a missionary meeting, lest I should be convinced that I ought to be a missionary. I have, in a great measure, got over that temptation now. Certainly not altogether by an increased willingness to be at the disposal of the Lord, but partly by observing, in the progress of life, that there is not so much difference between a home and foreign sphere as I had imagined. And now, when the foe is conquered, I find a second line of the enemy lying in reserve, and a new conflict as severe awaiting me. When old Adam no longer insists on keeping to himself wholly the choice of the bounds of habitation,—he has, indeed, let it go; but he continues to claim to himself the *credit*

before men of the disinterestedness,—will not be contented with the approval of Him who seeth in secret; but makes a great ado if the world will not give him a bond in full of all demands on that score.

“But I am not always gloomy. I have sometimes some gleams of comfort in ‘Thy will be done,’ ‘I being in the way the Lord led me.’ Kind regards to Mrs. Brown,—Yours,

WILLIAM ARNOT.”

DIARY.

“July 1848.—Since last entry the event that has come nearest my own heart is the death of my dear sister Margaret. She died suddenly. The illness lasted a few weeks, but her family were not alarmed till very near the end. I was absent in Liverpool when I heard of her illness. When I reached Glasgow, I found an intimation of her death. She died on 17th April 1848. She was a long-established Christian. She expected death herself, though her friends did not. She set her house in order, and, resigning herself to the Lord, died in peace.

“15th Oct. 1848.—This day I gave over my second child to God in baptism. Dr. Henderson came in after his own worship to conduct the baptismal service. Some glimpses of hope and joy in cleaving to the Lord for the infant. We called the child Margaret, the name of my mother. My mother was a disciple. Though she died when I was an infant,

I firmly believe I am enjoying to this hour the answer to her prayers. Her daughter, who had the same name, was also a disciple. Oh! that my little Margaret may be the possessor of a like precious faith. If she and I live together till she come to the years of understanding, I must tell her of her aunt and grandmother, and how she was named after them, in the hope and with the prayer that she might follow their footsteps over earth and into glory.

"About a fortnight ago I finished the visitation of the whole congregation within the year. This is a great comfort. Besides what word I was enabled to speak from time to time in the families, I have derived from it a certain standing and authority, which may give more effect to the public ministry.

"26th Nov. 1848.—In some respects the ministry is more hopeful at present. Considerable liberty generally in preaching. A few seem to have learned the way, and they have been at least *helped* by the Sabbath's ministry.

"The cholera is gradually spreading in the city. I experience at times a considerable degree of fear. I hope it has not been altogether profitless to my spiritual state. I have felt some glimpses of hope that Christ is mine; and that He will take away the terror of death when it is near. Those who die of cholera have a stormy passage over, but it is short. I do desire to be in such a state that I would calmly let my time lie in God's hands. How sweet to my soul it would be, and how glorifying

to God, if, in prospect of death, I could give up all cheerfully, and depart in peace. I fear if I were called to die now, I would bring shame upon my Lord by a slavish terror and a desperate cleaving to life. This is my present fear, but I know He is not wont to give dying grace till a dying hour. He knows it is not safe to trust me with a treasure which I do not immediately need. He knows it is necessary to keep me from hand to mouth.

"21st Sept. 1849.—The last winter was a dreary time in Glasgow. For several months the cholera ravaged the city. For a time every morning we heard of the death of some person we knew, and who had been well on the previous day. My health was very feeble. I now know that I had been labouring under a serious derangement of the stomach. I was very often sick, and exposed to painful apprehensions. I was in a poor shattered state, and very timid; and yet, surely the Lord blessed to me the fears and the weakness."

Two little manuals for Sabbath school teachers were published in the end of 1847—one a series of selected Scripture lessons for a period of three years, with explanatory notes, the other, entitled "Suggestions on Sabbath School Teaching in its Principles and Practice, addressed especially to Younger Teachers," contained the substance of a lecture addressed to the Sabbath School Union some time before, and was published at their request.

The following is by an old member of St. Peter's, of whose notes we have already made considerable use.

“When I became a teacher in 1845, they were in the last year of a three years' course of lessons prepared by Mr. Arnot, with notes for the teachers. I understood that Mr. Arnot had also met with the teachers once a week, and gone over the lessons more fully; but when I joined he was leaving on his first visit to America. He followed up these lessons by a very valuable lecture, delivered at the request of the Glasgow Sabbath School Union, a few days before leaving for America. It was published at request of the Union in 1847, under the title of ‘Suggestions on Sabbath School Teaching in its Principles and Practice, addressed specially to the Younger Teachers.’ Between the time of its delivery and publication in Glasgow, it was delivered and published in Montreal at the request of the Sabbath School Union there. The prefatory note to the copy I have is dated ‘Montreal, September 10th, 1845;’ and Mr. Arnot once showed me a copy published in an Australian periodical for the benefit of the teachers there. For many years St. Peter's Society put a copy of it into the hands of every teacher when admitted. A few years before Mr. Arnot left Glasgow he resumed the weekly meeting with the teachers for going over the lesson.

“For a number of years Mr. Arnot preached an annual sermon to the scholars. . . .

“Mr. Arnot frequently attended and took the chair at the monthly business meetings of the Sabbath School Society.

“The following copy memorandum will show the interest he took in the work, and his strong desire to assist in it. It is dated Tuesday, but I have jotted on the back of it, ‘September 1855.’

“‘Mr. Arnot cannot conveniently be present at the meeting this evening.

“‘1. In planning his work for the season, he is disposed to dedicate his class evening to the Sabbath school work, and the Sabbath school teachers present and prospective, if there is any opening for his services.

“‘2. Some *regular* and appointed visitation of the schools on the Sabbath would be a relief rather than a burden to him; inasmuch as when he visits a school, he either goes off again before the close, in order not to interfere with the superintendent, or conducts the exercise under more or less of the impression that he has permitted a preparation to be made, and then interfered with its outcome. One Sabbath a month—any one of the month—might be arranged, and this does not prevent something more, if it was found desirable.

“‘3. Mr. Arnot is most heartily willing that any arrangement agreeable to the parties may be made for the improvement of either the whole or any particular section of the teachers—the more of that the better. He thinks there can be no error in

excess—if only all understood each other and there be no rivalries—not even the appearance of it.

“ ‘ The above to be communicated either bodily or partly, or the sense of it, according as may appear best.’ ”

CHAPTER V.

ST. PETER'S congregation was not, like many others, ejected from their place of worship immediately at the Disruption. The church belonged to the Church Building Society, and continued, until the commencement of the year 1849, to be used by the Free Church congregation, they paying to the Society a yearly rent of £100. As early as in the beginning of 1847, however, the deacons' court had considered it advisable to procure a site, to be in readiness for a new church and schools, and to commence at once to build the schools. These schools were considered by the deacons' court to be "absolutely necessary, if the congregation is to do anything like the duty required of it for the spiritual good of the district." They were commenced first because the present congregational schools were admittedly the property of the Established Church, while there was still some doubt as to the possession of the church itself.

In February 1849, by a decision of the Court of Session, the congregation, along with others similarly situated, were formally ejected from their place of worship, which was declared to be the property of the Established Church.

Here is Mr. Arnot's account of the matter, in a letter to the *Montreal Witness*, dated 8th March 1849.

“There were in Glasgow and its neighbourhood some fourteen or fifteen new churches that the Free Church congregations continued to possess, believing that they had legal title to the property that had been built with their own money. While they kept possession, they raised an action to have the property divided on principles of equity; to get a decree from the Court that the churches might all be sold, and that Establishment and Free Church should get their money restored in proportion to their contributions. The case was decided about ten days ago in the House of Lords, and the decision gave all the churches exclusively to the Establishment. In consequence of the decision, thirteen congregations (twelve of them in Glasgow) took leave of their churches on Sabbath week. On Sabbath last these churches were all shut and silent, while the congregations found temporary accommodation elsewhere. Different people, of course, take different views of the merits; but the event has produced a con-

siderable impression on the city. The prevailing remark is: What is the Establishment to do with fourteen empty churches, besides those that they already have? Besides others long shut and going to ruin, two of them in Glasgow have this winter come to a dead stand. One of them is for sale, and one of the Free Church congregations is in terms with its managers for a temporary lease of the empty building. As to the Free Church congregations, they are proceeding briskly to the task of erecting new churches. But, meanwhile, it is a grief to all who love the Lord, to observe the scandal to religion that this whole action involves. The Establishment obviously have no use for the churches, yet they would not listen to an amicable compromise and division of the property. What is in the bond? what says the law? was their only answer.

“The Free Church people held a meeting on Thursday last in the City Hall. It would have been vastly curious to a foreigner to observe the defeated party in a great lawsuit meet in many thousands, and hold a jubilant assembly to tell of their loss. And in vain would he inquire, Where do the victors hold their meeting to glory in their success? No such meeting. There could not be anything like such a happy, harmonious meeting of the successful as there was of the defeated party. As a mark of the interest which the Free Church meeting excited, I may mention that the

newspaper that reported it sold to the amount of 1300 copies above its usual circulation."

DIARY.

"1849.—We were ejected from our church in the spring of this year. During the spring months we worshipped in the City Hall, Anderston congregation assembling with us. My strength, which had previously been reduced, was restored as if for the work. We had many hopeful meetings, among which the Communion Sabbath is to be remembered. During the summer we have occupied old Albion Chapel, but go back to the City Hall for the winter."

Meanwhile the work on the new church was proceeding vigorously, and it was ready for occupation by the following summer.

The following letters relate to the subject of toast-drinking at ordination dinners, a custom which he strenuously opposed whenever opportunity occurred. The first is to the editor of the *Montreal Witness*.

"GLASGOW, 2d June 1848.

"DEAR SIR,—

" One other point. Perhaps the most outrageous of all the habits connected with drinking, is toasting religious objects in meetings for religious purposes. . . . I am glad to say that dinners with drinking and toasts by Presbyters,

on the occasion of the induction of a minister, are going out of fashion. I have in my possession a letter written by a minister two years ago, in answer to an invitation to such a dinner given by the office-bearers of a congregation. I shall send you a copy, that you may make what use of it you like.

“‘27th Aprü 1846.

“‘My dear Sir,—I received on Saturday your kind note enclosing an invitation to the dinner to be given on occasion of the induction. Herewith I send the ticket, and herewith too my best thanks for your kind invitation.

“‘I think it is right to state that it is from public reasons that I decline to be present at the dinner. I strongly disapprove of induction dinners. I do not know how yours will be conducted. I can judge of them only by reports that I see in newspapers, and by those (only two, so far as I remember) that I have attended. One of these was on occasion of my own ordination. It made me very miserable. An evening of toast-drinking was very incongruous with my feelings at that time. I may be in error; I am open to conviction on the point; but I have come to the conclusion that the induction dinner is a wile of the devil, to get good men otherwise employed on that very evening of their life, when they would be most likely to do damage to his kingdom by

giving themselves to prayer. There is another reason that weighs heavily with me: the state of society, the prevalence of drunkenness, and the duty in these circumstances, lying with awful responsibility on the Church, to avoid not only the evil, but the *appearance* of evil. So strongly do I feel on this subject, that if I can get any opportunity, when the Presbytery are alone, I shall call the attention of the brethren to the subject, and state my views on it, especially requesting that those who may be present at the dinner, shall take care to make it evident that they are there only in their individual capacity. As I observe, it is quite common on these occasions to see an intimation in the newspapers to the effect that the congregation entertained the *Presbytery* to dinner. I hope this will be avoided. You will, of course, understand that all this is on public grounds, and that, with the utmost possible respect and esteem,—I am, yours.’

“The writer got a thump or two from various quarters for his incivility, but he bears the blows very cheerfully, seeing that though a number of ministers have been ordained and inducted by the same Presbytery since that date, he is not aware that in any of them has there been any toddy or wine to toast the minister success. This monstrous practice is decidedly on the wane.”

Though on the wane, the practice was by no

means yet abolished, and many more blows were given and received in the same cause. Probably a greater proportion of ministers and professing Christians would agree with him now than at that time.

TO REV. DR. M'FARLANE, Renfrew.

“GLASGOW, 15th December 1848.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I do not know whether you may have observed from the *Guardian* that I propose to introduce, in the Presbytery, the subject of drinking toasts on the occasion of induction or ordination of a minister. It is very difficult. Brethren have expressed very strong disapprobation of my notice. I hope, however, I shall be enabled to go on with it, for I never was more clearly convinced of a duty. Necessity was laid upon me by the publication of the proceedings at Chryston. I am constrained to advertise out, although there were no higher motive. Some brethren tell me that they think there should not be toasts on such occasions, but that I ought to have spoken of it privately. My justification is, that I have tried privately for a series of years, and in the course of them have met with some hard rebuffs; and, moreover, the injury is done publicly. It is reported, in our own friendly and faithful organ, all over the world, that the ‘Presbytery sat down to dinner’ immediately after the ordina-

tion, and that sixteen toasts went round. I cannot and will not lie under this, without making as public my disclaimer. And I still think it more respectful and brotherly to ask the brethren to consider the practice and abandon it, than to write a letter in the newspaper intimating that I disapproved of it, and shook off the responsibility from myself.

“But my object in writing to you is to say, that I remember the Synod passed a report or resolution in which ‘drinking customs’ are distinctly condemned, and to ask you if you can give me that report, or set me in the way of getting it.

“Is there any record of the manner of our fathers in the matter of ordination? or the date of the commencement of toasts, or the quarter whence they were imported? My excuse for troubling you is the greatness of the cause, in which I know you are deeply interested.—Yours,

WILLIAM ARNOT.”

We do not know whether the matter was, at this time, discussed in the Presbytery or not. If it was, not much was effected thereby; for he felt compelled to renew the subject a few years later, when the controversy which ensued was long and bitter, and left one at least of the combatants sore broken and wounded. A copy of a pamphlet published by Mr. Arnot in self-defence was found among his papers after his death, with the following note on the title-page: “Record of a great

conflict; not a conflict without but one within. It was easy to overcome my adversary, but hard to overcome myself." The last sentence of the introductory paragraph contains this expression: "It is easier to print precepts about temperance on the outside of a pamphlet, than to obey them in the inside of it."

The commencement, in the summer of 1849, of the Free Church Total Abstinence Society, under the zealous leadership of Mr. Douglas of Cupar-Fife, was hailed by Mr. Arnot as a step in the right direction; and he gave it, from the first, his hearty support and co-operation.

TO JOHN DOUGLAS, Esq., Cupar-Fife.

“GLASGOW, 23d June 1849.

“DEAR SIR,—I have now seen the resolutions in a printed form, and I hereby authorise you to adhibit my name to them, to be used for those preliminary purposes that were mentioned at the meeting. I have doubts on some of the points; but as the society is not yet definitely formed, and as I do approve of the resolutions in the main, I think it my duty at this stage of the proceedings to make that approval known.

“The *name* ‘Abstinence Society,’ and the use of total and totally in other parts, are some of the minor matters that I have a doubt upon. I shall hope, however, to be present when the society

is actually formed, and then either I may adopt the view of the brethren, or induce them to adopt mine. I have also a hesitation on a point which I know is considered vital. I mean the *totality* of the abstinence—not the name merely, but the *thing*. However, I do not press these, and I agree to the resolutions as a preliminary measure.—I am, yours,

WILLIAM ARNOT."

TO JOHN DOUGLAS, Esq.,
Secretary, Free Church Abstinence Society.

"GLASGOW, 29th October 1849.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I do not expect to be at the meeting in Edinburgh to-morrow; and as a small army like ours, with such a battle before us, cannot afford to want even a single rank and file at the muster, I think it my duty to send this my proxy, authorising you to give my vote for progress in the good cause. I do not think my presence would be of much use in a private meeting of friends for consultation on details; but I hope to be able, in due time, to take part in the labour. I send herewith the draft of the rules, which reached me this morning, with some notes on the margin, which you must take for what they are worth.

"The list of thirty-three ministers made my heart glad. I experienced something of the feeling of that ancient ship's company, who, when a ray of hope

beamed through a long night of doubt, 'thanked God and took courage.' I hope everything will continue to be done decently and in order. We must be unassailable, irreproachable, on every side. We must leave no loose joint in our harness at which the arrow of the enemy might penetrate and wound us. It is peculiarly necessary, in our place and with our difficulties, to be prudent and charitable. I don't mean to counsel *softness* in dealing with the abominations of drinking habits. I need not counsel what I am incapable of practising. I mean that we should depend on the sureness and sharpness of the edge rather than on the mere boisterousness of the blow. For my own part, I can give no quarter to the absurdities that still prevail in society in connection with strong drink; but I have seen so much of clinging to them among worthy people, that I have learned to look upon the subject with some degree of melancholy, and to fear lest my efforts should stir up their prejudice instead of turning them from their error.

"As to practical measures, I would have, among the first, a tract—brief, pungent, solemn, kind—addressed chiefly to ministers on the subject of *ordination toasts*; and, if possible, a copy put in the hands of every minister of the Free Church. Another of a similar character addressed to heads of families, with special reference to the practice of giving strong drink to domestics and workmen. A third addressed to young men, with the view of dis-

suading them from ever entering a public-house and sitting down to drink. So on with other branches. I think some good might be done by an abstinence sermon from a Free Church minister, and in a Free Church, on suitable occasions, in the various large towns. Such a thing would be new to the *most respectable* of our people, who seem to put temperance sermons in the next category to Chartist meetings.

“But I need not enter into particulars. I leave the arrangements to those who may be present at the meeting. I write for the purpose of taking my share of the honour and the danger of making the attempt.

“I should mention that I was confined during the sittings of the Synod, not able to attend any of its meetings, and so did nothing for the society.—
Yours, WILLIAM ARNOT.”

DIARY.

“28th December 1849.—Have read, during these few days, nearly the whole of the first volume of Dr. Chalmers’ ‘Memoir.’ Much to interest and instruct. In the time and manner of his conversion there is a manifest fitting of means to ends. He was being prepared as an instrument for the Master’s use. Feel rebuked, not only in the matter of study, but even more in the matter of prayer. Most marvellous, after all, to find that a man in whom the intellectual seemed so much to preponderate, was

so eminently a man of prayer. I find in his experience, his constitution, and temperament, more that coincides with my own than perhaps in any other biography. The mixture of modesty and secret love of praise seems often just a transcript from my own heart. I find I have the same dangerous enemy within, and, alas! evidently not the *praying always* wherewith he met and opposed it.

“26th January 1850.—Very prayerless in spirit. It is a dreadful thought, when one is at all quickened, to think that the Spirit of prayer may be grieved by neglect, and a man may kneel, and think, and strive, and yet be unable to pray. *Lord leave me not nor forsake me.*”

The great event of 1850 was the completion of the new church in Main Street. Mr. Arnot had watched the erection with much interest through all its stages, being almost daily on the spot. When the spire was nearly finished, he went to the top in the hoist used for raising the stones. He was pleased with everything about the new church except the pulpit, of which he said that the one thing he had asked of the architect was the one thing he did not get—namely, a low pulpit. The church was opened for public worship in May, Dr. Hamilton preaching the opening sermon.

“12th May 1850.—Still great numbers attending the worship in the City Hall. Some liberty in

preaching. Health good. Next Sabbath we expect to be our last in the hall. Our own church is to be ready on the 26th. James Hamilton to preach forenoon and evening. I desire to be glad and thankful. If I could get a whole day for meditation and humiliation and prayer, previous to opening, I would have some hope that through that means I would get a blessing from the Lord. I seem to want this very much. I begin to feel a deadness in preaching and other exercises, and I dread the increase of this as I increase in years. How good it is to be kept fresh and flourishing even in old age."

"24th June.—The church was opened, as intended, on the 26th May. Mr. Hamilton preached faithfully yet very sweetly on 'Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.' I preached in the afternoon on David's dancing before the Lord and Michal despising him. Mr. Hamilton in the evening on 'The kingdom of God is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.' Congregation very large all the day; and there is hope that it may not have been altogether unprofitable. The church is very beautiful and very comfortable. I have much cause for thankfulness that so convenient and commodious a temple has been reared. In many respects, the ejection has been ordered for good."

The following are some of the closing sentences of Dr. Hamilton's forenoon sermon.

“Sixteen years have now passed away since I worshipped in the congregations of Glasgow, and studied at its College. That interval has been long enough to scatter over the earth, or expatriate from their native planet, most of those who made the joy and the impulse of those remote and romantic years. And now, when, a stranger, I pace your street, my communings are mainly with Glasgow underground. . . . But amidst the many whose place knows them no more, it is a gladness to recognise, still fraught with youthful energy, and radiant with the light of departed days, the congenial pupil of Mylne and Sandford, the favourite of Macgill, the bosom friend, and alas! the biographer of Halley; and it is a comfort to think that amidst the early crush of youthful energy and ardour, there still remains to bless the Church and adorn his foster city, one representative of our Alma Mater in her palmyest growth. And still more cheering is it, knowing that his genial vigour, his ripe scholarship, his fresh and exhaustless fancy, his warm affection and manly prowess, have all been laid at the feet of Jesus, and to know that his theology, so massive and mature, his presentations of truth, so vivid and original, and his piety, so genuine and so wholesome, have gathered round him a congregation so large, so influential, so receptive of his ministry, so ready to second his labours of love.

“And now that the day has come when a new and stately sanctuary receives you, my eager fancy

would pourtray, and my fondest prayers would supplicate, a bright and blissful future. As companions in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, I know that the Free Church pastor and the Free Church flock are dearer to one another, than the minister and members whom an Established Church presbytery joined together twelve years ago. . . . May the Lord whom you seek, soon come to this temple, and signalise it by the consecration of his beauteous feet. Like the sparrow which hath already here found a house,¹ may many a loving worshipper here build his spirit's rest and here find his Sabbath home. May little histories soon begin to cluster round these pillars, and sacred endearments to line these pews; and when the raw aspect of this morning is succeeded by russet age—when the carved work crumbles and the iron columns bow, and when local courts decree the removal of the ruined and dangerous spire, may thousands come to view a sanctuary rich in holy traditions; and as they sketch its antiquated walls, may they rejoice to think that in thousands of memories its picture is already gone to heaven."

No doubt the new church gave a fresh impulse to the congregational work in all its departments. One of the first visible effects of this was the resuscitation of the Young Men's Society, which some

¹ A sparrow's nest was discovered in the spire before it was quite completed.

years before had ceased to exist. We give the account of its reconstruction, in the words of one of the young men who was present on the occasion.

"It was not until after the new church was opened in 1850, that Mr. Arnot was able to get another Young Men's Society instituted. He intimated a lecture to young men in the church. It was largely attended. At the close, he requested the young men of the congregation who were willing to join such a society, to adjourn to the session house. A great many did so; as many as quite filled the room. I have before me now a sheet of note-paper. On one page there is a rough jotting of the 'Name,' 'Constituents,' 'Objects,' 'Method' of the proposed society, and on the opposite page what seems to have been the leading thoughts in the address Mr. Arnot then delivered. The other side of the sheet is filled with the names and addresses of the young men who then intimated their willingness to become members; they number 48. It is all in Mr. Arnot's handwriting. A committee was appointed, who met next morning in Mr. Arnot's house at breakfast, when their work was talked over, and steps taken for drawing up the rules and setting the society agoing. The society thus instituted was long carried on with great zeal and vigour, and I believe is still in existence. Mr. Arnot not only delivered the lectures at the beginning of each session, but occasionally attended the meetings, and took the chair or read an essay

In the syllabus for 1851-2 (the first printed), I see his name down for an essay on 'Analogy,' which he read on the 7th November 1851. When the society began, one of the objects was mission work, which was carried on by the members personally and by a catechist whom they engaged. That work was soon afterwards merged in the congregational mission, which issued in the erection of Broomielaw Free Church."

In 1851 he published for the first time a volume of sermons. The contents of the book, and the circumstances in which it was written, are described in the following letter to Mr. Johnstone, publisher.

TO JOHN JOHNSTONE, ESQ.

"GLASGOW, 27th February 1851.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am at present on the very brink of the *Press*, and I wish to consult you before I finally determine.

"The following are the bibliopolic characteristics of the thing. *Matter* consists of seven sermons on money; money making; its use and abuse, etc., suggested by the mercantile condition of Glasgow in the autumn of last year, and applied without disguise to the present circumstances of society. I have often been privately requested to have them printed, and latterly the elders and deacons sent me a resolution to that effect. I have so far considered it as to revise the one half, so that in a

very brief space I could have the whole MS. ready.

As to *form*, it will be lectures each on a Scripture text, though embracing subjects and illustrations not very commonly meddled with in sermons; but it will be a treatise on a specific subject, with a unity running through it, and a title indicating its nature. Title not yet fixed; may be 'The Golden Image which the British Nation has set up,' or it may be something else. As to bulk, I think it will be equal to about 110 pages of Candlish on Genesis. The form and size I cannot judge of so much as you. I suppose it could be made neat, and yet the price be kept at a shilling or eighteen pence.

"Will you at your leisure give me your idea of it? The only stipulation I would make, is to retain the copyright in my own hand. It is not probable it would go farther, but I like to have it in my own power. In general, I would prefer the method of the publisher incurring all the outlay and risk of the edition; and that the size of the edition, the advertising, and the sale, should be his interest and regulated by him.—Yours,

WILLIAM ARNOT."

The title underwent many variations, but stood ultimately as follows:—"The Race for Riches, and some of the Pits into which the Runners fall: Six Lectures applying the Word of God to the Traffic of Men."

TO REV. GEORGE SMEATON.

“GLASGOW, 31st July 1851.

“AH! BROTHER—I know the thing. Blaikie had occasion to write, and he sent me a proof of the critique on my little book, intimating that it is of Auchterarder origin. Well, it is very kind; it is an *overflow* of fraternity. And yet I have some hope that it does not do me much harm. If I need *repression* on one side, I need also *encouragement*. If I were enabled to take from this and other notices the encouragement which I do need, leaving out the other thing which I do not need, it would all be well. I have plenty of material for repression, in the contact of God's Word with my wayward spirit.

“Well, such a thing is very kindly going about one's heart in this very buffetous world. I cannot restrain the impulse to transcribe a few sentences from a note of Brother James Hamilton to me, of 9th current. You must know that I did perpetrate a critique on James' Royal Preacher in last *F. C. Magazine*, which said James, from internal evidence, recognised and fathered upon me, whereupon he wrote: ‘Now that three weeks are past, I can venture to write to the reviewer of the Royal Preacher. Had I written sooner I should have disclaimed half the praise of that pleasant eulogy; and, though my self-love has not yet so enlarged its capacities as to swallow the whole, yet I have found out a use for it all. I say to myself, That dear kind Arnot

knows what I would like to do, and in his friendliness he thinks that I have already done it. He is very shrewd withal, and likely he sees better than myself what I might do, and he speaks of it as *un fait accompli*, so I must look on this article as a plan or portrait of what I ought to be, and take it as J. H.'s *vade mecum* in search of himself. Indeed, I deeply feel how short I come of what your partiality would represent; but still the qualities which you ascribe to me are exactly those which I would like to have; and the warmth of brotherly kindness which inspired that paper brought the tears into my eyes.' I have copied so large an extract, because the circumstances are really similar, and the voice from Regent Square, with a very few changes, might be the echo of my own sentiments. In respect of *venturing* words and things in sermons, the matter may be thus declined—Positive, Auchterarder; Comparative, St. Peter's; Superlative, Regent's Square. James ventures things that, from my point of view, are just a little venturesome; but to other people's view are awfully odd. I venture what to ordinary observation is considerably out of step. And so my view point is, I know, more favourable to James' peculiarities than most other people's; hence a sort of apologetic tone in what I said of him. But you are really very generous; you do not even give the subdued censure of apology for some things which can scarcely comport with your own idea of the due gravity.

“Your independent idea is good, especially in its application to Vaud and America. I mean independent of anything in my book. And one thing you are right in. I had as much of a glimpse of the single eye in preaching these sermons as on any other occasion I have had. The delivery of them cost me several sore wrenchings of spirit, and consequent perspirations of body. The day after the one on Dishonesty, a gentleman came to tell me that he approved of it; that his mind did not resent it. He did this to relieve me, for he thought I must suffer from the apprehension of offence. I have been vastly encouraged by finding that some eminent disciples of Christ, mighty in prayer, have thought it useful, and are circulating it among young men. It soothes my poor heart amazingly to find some of those who get near not despising my outer circle labours. My family are to come up from the coast to-day. Love to Mrs. Smeaton.—Yours,

WILLIAM ARNOT.”

DIARY.

“15th Aug.—The Sermons on Money were published in the end of May. The first edition of one thousand was sold out within two months, and a second thousand printed, with several typographical errors corrected. Several very encouraging circumstances have been reported to me in connection with the book. I ought to be thankful and hopeful, and to trust that the Lord may use me for His

work 'He does not break the bruised reed.' Alas! I am not in the best sense a bruised reed. I am weak enough, and timid; but yet not humble.

"Another thing has just occurred, tending to encourage me to labour for my Lord. I have received a request from the Young Men's Christian Association of London, to prepare an address for circulation among the young men of London at the New Year. I think I shall try it.

Four months after, he writes: "I prepared, in the end of November, an address to young men for the Young Men's Christian Association in London. Its title is 'The Foe and the Fight; or the dangers and defences of youth.' It has already been circulated in very large numbers. Sometimes I can hope a little for it. If I could remember to pray for it frequently, I would be able to hope more. It does not soar high in doctrinal matters; but I think it puts a plain case in regard to some of the snares to which youth are exposed."

This was his first introduction to the London Young Men's Christian Association. He had much intercourse with them after that, and was always glad to have an opportunity of meeting with them. The tract written then was several times republished both in this country and America, and was afterwards included in the first volume of the Lectures in Proverbs. He was at this time giving these lectures to his congregation on the Sabbath fore-

noons, though they were not published until several years later. Here is a note from his diary regarding another of them.

“To-day visited Anne Duncan, a servant. She told me that her brother, about a month ago, invited her to go on a certain evening to the theatre. She did not wish to go, but had not courage to refuse him, and made a sort of half promise. Meantime the Sabbath came, and the text was, ‘If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.’ It went to her heart. She hastened to her brother, and boldly said she would not go. This is encouragement to me in regard to my expositions on the Proverbs.”

“10th Nov. 1851.—Yesterday, a great event in my house, a birth and a death. The infant was born at six a.m., and lived till about half-past eight. She never opened her eyes on our world at all. She only breathed awhile, and then ceased to breathe. There was none of the appearance of dying; we never felt that we had her; and yet it was death. The whole matter of the soul’s entrance into its tabernacle is a mystery, and I am content to let it lie a mystery in our Father’s hands. He has made plain to us one part of it. He will take care of His own part. The first death in my family, the Lord has made one of the gentlest possible cases. We must yield to His gentle teaching and training. We must be ready; perhaps He may try us with a harder case next time. Thy will and Thy time, Lord. I certainly do

not feel willing. I think I shall be made submissive to God; but I know that He must supply me.

“17th November.—I have this week received letters from John Milne, of Perth; Robert Macdonald, Blairgowrie; and James Hamilton, of London. Not many can count such a trio of brothers. I acknowledge these friendships as the good gift of God.”

The next letter is addressed to one of these valued friends, Mr. Milne, of Perth, then mourning the loss of his wife and infant child.

“GLASGOW, 14th September 1852.

“MY DEAR BROTHER MILNE,—I made no reply to your little note, heavily laden round the margin with its symbol of grief, and more heavily laden inside with its tale of bereavement. My silence did not, I think, spring from any remarkable defect in the region of brotherly love. The ailment is sensibly situated in the higher sphere. In the writings of Paul, *‘faith in the Lord Jesus, AND love to all the saints,’* constitute a well understood and oft-recurring sequence. It is a straitening about that upper spring of faith that makes the streams of love fail in their channels. One who is dry about the heart, had better let a brother alone when his grief is great. Perhaps you would check me at that word. Perhaps you have as much joy in the Lord now as you had at any former period of your life. It may be; probably it is so; but it

is not the less true that your grief is great. When a joy of the Lord imparted to a mourner becomes his strength in times of sorrow, the sorrow is not removed. There it is; let it abide: but a joy from the Lord comes in and dwells along with it in the same bosom. The visitants to the Saviour's sepulchre departed with *fear and great joy*. Two weights hang on the two extremities of a line or rod; poise each other as to their effects; produce the equilibrium,—but both are there. So with the grief; it is substantially and in its own nature there, even when the consolations of God are great.

“One part of the spirit of adoption, I would say, is to grieve over the loss of treasures once possessed, or rejoice in their restoration; letting nature's sorrow and joy act, without imagining that God will be angry. The slight deviations of planets from their path, by reason of the passage of other large planets near them, does not derange the system; it only shows off its glorious unity. So long as its circling is round the central sun, God, the Creator, sees well pleased these minute divergences of the planets, which go to *prove* the supremacy of the sun's attraction. And I believe God our Father is not displeased with the tears and smiles of his dear children over the lesser things of time, as they are taken and bestowed, while the child abides in the spirit of adoption, and holds on by faith.

“My oldest girl has had a serious ailment in the form of a sore in the inside of her mouth, arising

originally from toothache, swollen cheek, and gnawing of the cheek between the teeth when swollen. At one period I was made to realise with considerable distinctness the possibility of a stroke,—a sharp one,—falling soon, and falling on a tender spot. When the symptoms began to improve, I felt my heart bounding with gladness. I checked myself as if this were wrong. A second thought came, and it seemed the spirit of bondage to refuse to rejoice in the continuance of the gift; as if God had implanted these parental affections, and given them a sweet object to satiate themselves on, and restored that object when it seemed ready to depart, and after all that He would be displeased if we should *enjoy His gift*. It is not the glad enjoyment of the gift that displeases Him, it is the rebellious departure from Himself. (The child is almost well again.) The same principle, I apprehend, applies to grief. . . .—Yours, in brotherly love,

WILLIAM ARNOT."

About this time another of his most intimate college friends was called away, the Rev. Mr. Morrison, of Port-Glasgow. In a letter to a mutual friend he says,—“Brother Morrison is over the stormy passage. In that view it has impressed itself upon my mind. Rest is sweet to the weary. That bent of mind which Paul had, having a *desire* to depart, is a precious thing for living, not to speak of dying with.”

DIARY.

“25th September 1852.—This day I have heard of the death of brother James Morrison of Port-Glasgow. He was one of my oldest friends as a student. He was always kind, and often profitable to me. He was the most faithful of all my friends in telling me my faults. He was a man of God, mighty in the Scriptures. The Scriptures were his great study from his youth; he lived upon the Word. Much pleasant intercourse have I had with him. I pray that his death may be made a quickening instrument to me.”

The following is the introductory page of a notebook, in which he recorded incidents regarding his children in their earliest years. It was commenced in 1852, and the entries are continued with more or less regularity until 1866. As the children grew older their names gradually disappear from its pages, the younger ones taking their places.

“At Glasgow, this third day of November 1852,—Whereas we, William and Jane Arnot, married on the 30th day of July 1844, have obtained of the Lord a heritage of three children—Jane, born 23d December 1846; Margaret, born 11th September 1848; and Robert, born 22d June 1850; and whereas there are many things emerging day by day in the development of their minds and characters which it is desirable to remember, for encouragement and

warning to them or to us, we have thought it right to set apart this little book for the purpose of recording such traits and incidents as may appear interesting or useful; especially recording the dates at which each child makes certain attainments, in order that we may be able to compare them with each other, and bring all to bear on their management and education in the future. We desire to record features and facts in all simplicity, both such as show good dispositions and such as show bad, that we may be quickened both in thankfulness to God and in faithfulness to the children."

From his public position, he was naturally well known to many who were unknown to him; and it was not an unfrequent occurrence for him to receive cordial, friendly letters from people who were personally strangers to him, but who had profited at some time by his ministry, either spoken or written. The following is his reply to a letter of this kind:—

TO MR. WILLIAM MURRAY, Alloa.

"GLASGOW, 21st December 1852.

"DEAR SIR,—I duly received your letter, and take advantage of the first moment of leisure to reply. Your communication has interested and gratified me much. You have touched two chords in my heart, that are, I think, always ready strung to receive the corresponding impression—home associations of

youth, and sympathy with working men. You could not have hit upon two themes so well calculated to arouse my sympathies as the home of childhood on the one hand, and on the other intellectual and moral life struggling under the pressure of toil. I cannot afford time at present to dilate on particulars, otherwise I could have told you how I filled a dung-cart in Dunning, and drove it home when I was fifteen years of age; and how between that and twenty my mind struggled to unfold itself, not indeed wearied and *deaved* by the shuttle, but weighed down by the spade and the scythe. I remember very well that I once preached in the Free Church in Alloa; but I could not have told the first sentence of the sermon. I recognise, however, the sentiment as mine when I see it. I noticed your contribution in the *Free Church Magazine*. As to meeting in this world; if we are both spared a little longer, I think that it is altogether likely. If I were in the neighbourhood, I think I would remember to ask for you. And if you were within reach of me, when I might be engaged in public duty, whether in Alloa or elsewhere, I hope you would come and introduce yourself. I send you a copy of "The Race," and also two other tracts of mine, which you probably have not seen.—Yours,

WILLIAM ARNOT."

A little book appeared in the end of this year, with the title, "The Drunkard's Progress; being

a panorama of the overland route from the Station at Drouth to the General Terminus in the Dead Sea, in a series of thirteen views, drawn and engraved by John Adam; the descriptions given by John Bunyan, junior." Few of Mr. Arnot's friends would have much difficulty in finding him out under the fictitious signature. Here is his own account of what he calls "a pleasant interlude in the way of impromptu book-making," written on the fly-leaf of a copy of the first edition.

"Late in the year 1852, my friend Mr. William Dickson, of Edinburgh, sent me proofs of twelve pictures representing various phases of drunkenness, informing me that they were the work and property of a deserving young man, who could not apply them to any purpose, unless some one should be found to supply descriptions, and so constitute a book. I looked at the pictures, and jotted down descriptions for two or three. I sent them to Mr. Dickson. He said they would do; and I executed the rest. When all were ready to be printed, the publishers wrote through to ask for a title. I sent the one which the book bears. Mr. Dickson afterwards objected to it, as containing a proportion of humour which might, in some minds, tend to turn aside the edge of its reproof. I assented to his criticism, and suggested another. But the publisher and Mr. Adam had already made up their minds that the title they had got would best take the public eye, and refused to change it; so it stands."

The copyright was afterwards purchased by the Glasgow Temperance League, and a large edition was brought out under their auspices.

“1st January 1853.—The year has glided past. It was charged full of mercies. It has left me still in God’s world and in God’s work. Praise for the past and faithful labour in the future would both be comely in my case. Diligence in the work, and readiness for the rest—these are the elements of a happy life. These dwell not in me—these good things. May they descend upon me in large measure from the Lord during this year, for the sake of the dear Redeemer!”

The next letter is addressed to his sister-in-law, a young wife and mother, who had gone abroad to seek health, but failing to find it, had now returned home, as it seemed, to die.

“GLASGOW, 10th May 1853.

“MY DEAR SISTER,—So you have landed on our own island-home again. Poor Lady Dalhousie was coming home too, and was, I suppose, in sight of land, when she was called home in another way. I have been informed that she believed in the Lord Jesus to the saving of the soul. It must be very terrible to depart unwilling to that undiscovered country; but it must be very joyous to step into ‘the rest that remaineth.’ I have often observed that the children of God’s family get dying grace only when the dying day draws near. My dear sister, there

are two things in my mind pretty well settled now ; and my anxieties circle mainly round the third. The first is, I believe you have been sovereignly touched, and taken into Christ as a branch in the vine, so that being in Him, though you should die, yet would you live. The second thing is, I believe your sojourn in the body now will not be long. And, as I do not fear for your soul's saving, and cannot expect your body's recovery, my concern lies here, that your peace may be like a river—that your sanctification may advance rapidly—that Christ may be glorified in your mortal body, both in life and in death. There are exhaustless stores in the covenant. The Lord lives to perfect strength in weakness. Over and above making you safe in Christ beyond death, He can make you triumph in Christ while it yet lies before you. I am very feeble. While I write these disjointed sentences, I tremble ; yet I know that there is all-sufficient grace in the Saviour of sinners, and with the trembling, I rejoice to bear testimony to the completeness of the salvation. One is ready to envy Paul that blessed '*strait*' that he was in when he had a desire to depart. Perhaps it was happier for him, and more honour to the Lord, that there was an equilibrium. Perhaps it was better so, than if all the pressure had been on either side. I know of certain weights in your case that lie on this side in life's scale—certain strong reasons on which you may look and say, '*To abide in the flesh is more needful*

for you. But there are weights—exceeding great and eternal—on the other side to counterbalance. If you are enabled *now to get these in*, so that your soul will not be racked by the strong affections of time, but brought into the sweet, happy balance, wherein to await the will of the Lord, it will be well. I think I should not write more at present, but I hope to take up the thread of it again.—Ever yours,
WILLIAM ARNOT.”

It was now ten years since the Disruption. The ranks of its leaders were already considerably thinned, and now another great man was about to pass away. Dr. Robert Gordon was the first minister of the Free High Church, Edinburgh, of which Mr. Arnot subsequently became the pastor.

TO REV. DR. CANDLISH.

“21st October 1853.

“MY DEAR SIR,—

“. . . . The accounts of Dr. Gordon which have reached us seem decisive. We are expecting to hear of the close. I have heard of some mothers strong in the faith, when bereaved of half their children, cheerfully counting still all the members of the ‘whole family,’ acknowledging, in passing, the Scriptural distinction, ‘*in heaven and in earth.*’ If we can so walk by faith as to consider the Free Church a whole family still, a goodly proportion of it already belongs to that higher class. In the sinking of heart under such bereavements, it would

be a great support if we could in faith fall into the habit of thinking that these have gone before to take possession. Another subordinate effect of bereavement, is to make those who remain cling the closer.—Yours affectionately,

WILLIAM ARNOT."

The following is to Dr. Hamilton, of a few days later date.

" . . . Dr. Gordon! How fixed and prominent a feature he was in one's mental landscape of the Free Church. My heart sinks somewhat under these strokes now. We are clearly past the crest of the wave, and gliding down. Those who are coming forward at one side are certainly not so tall as those who are going off at the other. Still, when we make allowances for youth, perhaps we should not despond. Some of those who lie on the level at present may some day, called forth by circumstances, emerge into eminence."

"23d October.—I saw Angus Kerr (one of the elders) on Friday evening. He is a dying man, and knows it. His latter end is peace. It was most affecting to me. He said, with great calmness and deliberation, as if bearing his dying testimony, that he had derived benefit to his soul from my ministry; especially, he remarked, that it helped him to conform more to the Spirit of Christ in his daily walk; also, he mentioned 'The Race for Riches' as having

been useful. He charged his wife, in my hearing, to continue with her children in St. Peter's."

REV. JAMES HAMILTON, D.D., London.

"GLASGOW, 21st November 1853.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—Here goes another note. We are passing station after station in the line of life, and we might at least hail each other now and then, as it were, out from the carriage window. I have finished my lecture on Proverbs xxix., being No. 74 of said lectures, and I think fixed my text for the sermon—Col. iii. 16. The reason why this text is chosen is something with which you have to do. These musical people in Edinburgh *asked* and *advertised* you for a lecture on the Psalms of David. In due course, and in natural order, they got your answer declining the task. They then traversed a long line of musico-poetical celebrities; but all these failed. Then at last, when the time was staring them in the face, they came to me. Right; for patriotism is largely developed in my cranium, though music is represented by a hollow. To join a forlorn hope, and throw my reputation in the breach, in order to carry comrades forward to victory—that 'ere is my forte. I was very near the point of consenting. But on searching my cerebral stores, I found none of that commodity at all, and I was not willing to sacrifice my reputation merely for the pleasure of the sacrifice, when clearly it

would have done no good to my friends. I offered to read your lecture, if you would write it, as I understood your objection was to the winter travelling. This idea, however, did not take well. I have declined for want of matter, and entire want of time to gather it. But the exercise of thinking about it has turned my attention to psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. I am clear for the hymns and spiritual songs being added to the old psalms. . . .

“This note is a pleasant interlude between my two discourses. I take great delight in writing. I should be thankful for this. My sermons are more fully written, and in far clearer characters, than they were long ago.—Ever yours, WM. ARNOT.”

DIARY.

“10th December.—Several events since last entry, but they are all overshadowed now by another, not in itself greater, but nearer to me. It is the death of my sister Mary. She was ailing a week; but she would not permit her friends to write to me till late on Tuesday evening, the 6th inst. I went immediately to Edinburgh on Wednesday afternoon when I received the letter; but she had departed in the morning at nine o'clock. She had slept from a very early hour in the morning, until she slept away. It is well. She has long been living as it were on her warning, counting that her days would be few; and her hope was fixed on the Saviour of sinners.

Not from any sudden expression at the end, but from her whole course for many years, I firmly believe she is safe over. Now only the oldest and the youngest of our family survive. Janet is the oldest, and I am the youngest. The three, who, having arrived at maturity, have been taken out from the middle, have all lived and died in faith and hope. It remains for the surviving extremities to look unto Jesus, and hold on to the end, that though we be a *broken family* on earth, we may be a whole family in heaven."

TO HIS SISTER.

"EDINBURGH, 7th Dec. 1853.

Wednesday Evening.

"MY DEAR JANET,—At Glasgow this afternoon at four o'clock we received a letter from Mrs. Morrison (Ann Bonar), intimating that Mary was ill, and requesting me to come. I left with the train at half-past five, and reached this about eight. Mrs. Morrison was at the station waiting for me. She told me that Mary was very ill, and soon after let me know that her illness was over. I am sorry that I have no way of making the intimation more gradual to you. I thought of sending a letter telling of her illness first, but this would cause too much delay; and it must be told now, that you and I are the only members of the family still on the journey. All the others are over; and, dear Janet, they are

over safe. We have great cause for glad gratitude that the three, Robert, Margaret, Mary, have departed in the clear hope of a blessed immortality. Many a mourner would think their sorrows turned into joy if they had this consolation."

TO THE PRESIDENT OF SABBATH SCHOOL UNION.

"GLASGOW, 10th December 1853.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I engaged through you to the Sabbath School Union to prepare an address to the scholars for the New Year; but I did not agree to be pounded as the material of a quack advertisement. Probably you have not even seen the thing to which I refer. It is in the *Scottish Guardian* of yesterday. I write to you, not to lay it in any measure to your charge, but to beg of you to protect me, that I may not be under the necessity of protecting myself by a counter advertisement. To me it appears altogether unfair on the part of the publishers to place me in such a position. I acquit them entirely of any design to do me a wrong. Indeed, judging from the tone and structure of the advertisement, it seems to have a single eye to the turning of a penny. I have been prevented from doing the work this week by family bereavement. To-day I bury my dead. I have my great weekly work on the morrow; and when I begin next week in weakness, I feel that these great swelling words about the power of my name will

be a sarcasm sounding in my ears. This is not mere displeasure; it is dread lest the Holy One be provoked to withhold the sufficient grace, and the book be dry as Ezekiel's valley.—I am, yours ever,
WILLIAM ARNOT."

The little book, which was written under the shadow of this great sorrow, was "The Voyage of Life," and perhaps nothing that he ever wrote has spread more widely or proved more useful. It passed through several editions in this country; was republished in America; and was translated into Welsh.

DIARY.

"1854.—12th January.—I have just risen from a considerable illness; three days in bed. I have not been so much confined for many years. There is a peculiarity in this illness, as a dispensation of the Lord to my soul, which I must carefully observe and remember. It was of a kind to give me the most solemn admonition that eternity is near, inasmuch as it came on precisely as fever comes; and fever I feel would be very serious for me, past the climax of life and of somewhat full habit. And yet, though so solemn in its intimation, it has been exceedingly gentle in its pressure. I perceive that the Father has been giving me the most serious lesson possible, with the least possible suffering to me. I trace His tender loving kindness in

this. He hath done all things well. He has not put me off with a slight lesson : not burdened me with a heavy disease.

“26th February.—On the 21st, lectured at Perth for a Temperance Reading Room. At the railway station a young woman met me with most affectionate recognition. Several months ago she came to my house a most wretched abandoned young woman. She confessed her whole course of wickedness, and said she wished to escape. Although I doubted much, I determined to try. I showed her some kindness, and sent her home to Perth to her mother. I wrote to a Christian lady in Perth about her. That lady has visited her ever since. Her report is most hopeful. The woman’s look is entirely changed. She is reclaimed from vice, and the lady hopes she is brought to the Saviour.

“The annual report of the London Young Men’s Christian Society contains a letter from a young man, who intimates that my little book, ‘The Foe and the Fight,’ was useful to him at the crisis of his conflict.”

In May of this year we find him again in London, preaching in Regent’s Square. His wife accompanied him on this occasion, while his sister Janet took charge of house and children at home. The following letter is to his second daughter, then a child of five.

“ LONDON, 4th May 1854.

“MY DEAR MARGARET,—You would learn from Jeannie’s letter that we had arrived safely at York. We went after breakfast to the cathedral there. It was open, and we walked all through it. It was the grandest church we ever saw. There was a religious service in it at ten o’clock. We stayed to hear it. They sing anthems and play on the organ. The music mamma greatly liked. Some boys were there, with white gowns over their clothes, who sung most sweetly. They also read chapters of the Bible, and some prayers out of a book.

“We went to the railway station at half-past twelve, and took our seats in the train for London. There were some heavy blasts of hail and rain; but the most of the day was sunny and fine. The chief difference between England and Scotland is in this—you can see farther away in England. There are very few hills. The country is level like the sea, and you can see many miles away.

“We reached London at eight o’clock on Tuesday evening. We got a cab to take us to this place. We are living in Dr. Hamilton’s house. Mrs. Hamilton is a lady something like mamma. She has three fine children—the youngest a baby like Willie—the next, a boy younger than Robert, but very much taller, and the oldest a girl about your own age. She speaks very beautifully. The speech of the English people is finer than ours in Scotland. On

Wednesday morning we went to see many fine pictures. Then we went to a very large meeting at Exeter Hall about Bibles for the Chinese. At night we went to hear a gentleman describe his adventures in climbing Mont Blanc, the highest of the Alps. He told many clever stories, and explained all the dangers of climbing up among the snow and ice.

“This morning we rose at our usual time; breakfasted at half-past eight; and mamma went to Exeter Hall, and heard some very good speeches about the London City Mission. I preached in Dr. Hamilton’s church at twelve; and we are now writing letters for home; after which I am to preach again in the evening.

“I expect to-morrow to go to the House of Parliament, where the laws are made, and where the rulers of the whole country hold their meetings.

“I forgot to tell you yesterday, when mamma and I were walking past the gate of the Queen’s palace, we saw a number of people. We asked the reason of the gathering, and were told that the Queen and her husband were coming from another palace. We waited and saw the Queen. She was in a very grand carriage. We were quite near, and saw her very well. The horses and the coachmen were very grand. I wish you had seen them.

“I expect some day to take mamma into the Queen’s palace at Windsor, and she will tell you about it when she comes home. I hope you will

not quarrel with Robert even once all the time we are away.

“Kindest love to aunt Janet and all the children.
Your Papa, WILLIAM ARNOT.”

The month of June was spent by the whole family at Lanark, and here Mr. Arnot found work lying to his hand.

TO REV. R. ELDER, Rothesay.

“GLASGOW, 25th July 1854.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I know the errors of many of the temperance advocates, for I have experienced them. I also see on the other side, among Christian men generally (indefinitely varied in degree in individuals), an opposition to intemperance and its causes lamentably inadequate and disproportionate to the magnitude of the evil. How far these two opposite excesses reciprocally produce and aggravate each other, I cannot determine; but in my middle position, I have my heart sorely broken by both

“At Lanark my spirit was so stirred within me at seeing the town so *given* to whisky, that I summoned a meeting by the bellman at the Cross on Saturday night, and stood on the steps of the Town Hall, within earshot of a magistrate’s tippling shop, and addressed a vast and attentive meeting. I

have good reason to believe it was not without good results. I am deeply convinced that the cause of religion is held down very low in Lanark by the multitude of spirit shops and quantity of drinking; and also that the ministers of Christ there would serve the Lord better, if more courageously and pointedly they should lift up their voice against it. . . . —Ever yours in affection,

WILLIAM ARNOT."

TO REV. SAMUEL MILLER.

"GLASGOW, 3d August 1854.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It has occurred to me that in your Highland home anything new from the Low Country will be interesting, and I enclose my last work. You are not obliged to read it, far less to praise it. It was written at Lanark. I have begun another, more directly touching the present political aspect of the question in relation to the publicans. If I succeed, it will probably be prudent to publish it in a different form, and anonymously. Also the League here has purchased the "Drunkard's Progress" from Adams, and intend to bring it out at sixpence, with the benefit of their machinery for circulation. They have put it into my hands to be retouched. So you see I get employment in that department; and I rejoice in it. I feel as a soldier feels when he is sent against the strongest and most threatening post of the enemy.

I feel that it is the work of the Lord, and if I labour in the Lord, it will be well."

DIARY.

"30th July.—I experience an increasing zeal against the temptations to drink. I hope it is a jealousy for God's honour, and my brother's good. I pray that it may be kept in proper bounds, and wisely directed."

CHAPTER VI.

DURING all his long ministry in Glasgow, there are few striking events to be recorded, few great changes to mark the progress of the years. To use his own words in describing a similar period in the life of Dr. Hamilton:¹ "Where there are no battles, the history of a country is brief and dull; but great is the happiness and progress of the people. It is the same with the work and sphere of a Christian minister, when he is faithful and his flock affectionate. The minister, loving and beloved, is felt everywhere as a rallying point and centre of attraction. The beneficent machinery goes smoothly round, Christian charity lubricating every wheel; and precisely because everything is going on well, there is not much for the historian to tell."

The two following letters will show the kind of work which occupied his leisure hours.

¹ Life of Hamilton, p. 349.

TO THOMAS NELSON AND SONS.

“GLASGOW, 1st February 1855.

“GENTLEMEN,—I duly received your note regarding a new series of tracts. My mind rather lies to that. I would like to undertake, I could see the way to a scrap of leisure. But surely the proposed bulk is too diminutive. Three pages like the hymn would be a very small amount of matter. I would like to see something of the size you intend. Could you give a sight of a page precisely the same as your intended tract. I might find it impossible to do anything to satisfy myself in such limited space. I would then be able to answer you. You might also say when you would like them. The subjects *Workmen, Sailors, Servants*, have attractions for me. I would suggest one for *Emigrants*. I feel the want of such a tract to put into the hands of emigrants. I had one in a former Free Church series, entitled the *Sea*, which I used, as long as it lasted, but it is out now.—Yours,

WILLIAM ARNOT.”

TO DR. HAMILTON.

“GLASGOW, 8th February 1855.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I duly received your letter of the 5th, with its pecuniary enclosure. Partly because I hoped to be able to suggest something

which might do for *Excelsior*,¹ and partly because I had not a receipt stamp in the house, the answer has been postponed till now. I believe it is a general rule now for publishers to pay all, and so relieve themselves of sundry inconveniences; but I do marvel how they can pay for the literature when they can sell so much paper for 5d.

“The post will hand you, along with this, a *Scottish Review*, and in it there is a paper on the ‘Public House,’ which I hereby recommend you to read. It is not long, and it will let you see the kind of thing I am fit for. My line lies in the *sturdy* department of literature. I do not say my *subjects* are confined to the pot-house, but my *methods* are somewhat of the ploughman cast. English drawing-rooms are not the arena best fitted for showing off my beauties. I do think that I am so Scotch that even in what I write there is a fitness for the north, and unfitness for the soft, sunny south. However, at any time when you really want it, I can and will, on very short warning, give you a little touch, with a moral in it, like the two papers already given. As to any other kind of theme, ‘I ’spects I’ve growed’ too rough in these northern latitudes for the rules you have laid down.”

Calls for public work had, during the winter, been so many and so urgent, that he began to feel his pastoral work in danger of being neglected. Ac-

¹ A periodical then edited by Dr. Hamilton.

cordingly we find him winding up all his miscellaneous engagements, and making arrangements for giving his strength during the remainder of the season to his congregational duties. He cannot choose among the numerous applications, undertaking this one, and refusing that. "Total abstinence" he finds the only practicable rule. So for the next few months the entries in his journal and letter-book refer exclusively to congregational and private matters. Much attention is given to the affairs of the congregational and mission schools connected with the church, involving a considerable amount of correspondence. Then comes a warm letter of sympathy to his friend James Hamilton, on the occasion of his mother's death. Then a long letter to an early friend, who was now by illness laid aside from all active work, sympathising with him in his enforced idleness, and giving such details of his own busy life as may serve to interest and amuse the invalid. "It is hard," he says, "in this bustling scene to keep the heart's loyalty constant to the King and His kingdom; and perhaps you could tell me it is hard also in retirement. I am old enough to know this, at least, that it is not 'lo! here,' or 'lo! there,' if the kingdom be not within you." Next a kind farewell letter to a young man connected with the congregation, going abroad. Then notes of an arrangement with his remaining relatives, whereby an old aunt, "the last remnant of the former generation," was to be made comfortable, and "her

path smoothed in old age." And all this time he is true to his resolution of avoiding all miscellaneous engagements, although letters and deputations come so thickly that it involves some labour to refuse them.

June and July, the holiday months in Glasgow, were spent this year at Dunblane, where his sister Janet was now living. For many years her house was the summer retreat for the family during at least one month, the second being generally spent somewhere at the seaside. During this time, however, Mr. Arnot frequently went to Glasgow on the Sabbath, preached to his people, and returned to Dunblane in the beginning of the week. On his return home, he again threw himself with all his strength into his congregational work; not, indeed, continuing the practice of that total abstinence from public work which he found necessary in the spring, but entering sparingly into it, "maintaining an attitude of defence against all solicitations." Especially over the Sabbaths was he jealously watchful.

TO REV. LEWIS IRVING.

"GLASGOW, 26th November 1855.

"MY DEAR SIR,—

" . . . Perhaps it is a weakness, perhaps a virtue, perhaps a mixture of both, but at all events it is the fact that few things prevail to take me a day from my public ministry here. It is the great

door which God has opened to me, compared to which all others are small, and I feel bound to occupy it while I am able. I have been only one day and a half absent since the beginning of August, and the day was the necessary repayment of sacramental assistance. Kindest regards to all your family.—Ever yours affectionately,

WILLIAM ARNOT."

And is this not the result and the reward of such anxious, faithful labour in his own corner of the vineyard?

DIARY.

"23d October 1855.—A greater number than usual have applied for admission to the communion for the first time. About 38 applicants; and about 34 or 35 will be admitted. There are many of them hopeful. I have had three meetings with them on Sabbath evenings, which have been to me refreshing and encouraging."

The next entry bears the same date.

"The series of sermons that I have preached since the beginning of August, is more elaborate than usual. I hope they have more substance to them. I have, of late, enjoyed considerable pleasure in John. It is a great privilege to preach to a large assembly the Word of the Lord so close to His person."

“30th October 1855.—The Communion season has passed. As usual, with much deadness, I have experienced here and there some good. In conversing with the communicants before the time, and in hearing the sermon of Islay Burns on Sabbath evening, I obtained some sensible benefit. I desire to recognise it as my business to please God and do His work. One good of having been permitted to live so long is, I have had better opportunity of weighing other things than younger people; the world has not so much brightness as it seemed to have in younger years. I think I can more clearly perceive now, that God’s service in the world is the only thing that makes the world of any worth.

“I have before me now the easy task of visiting three districts of the congregation, which I hope to complete in November. Then I shall have visited the whole within a year, and have the three winter months, December, January, and February without any heavy visiting. I think my method of visiting shortly, and, as it were, cursorily, has many advantages. I have gotten good, and probably given it; and I feel that the method is capable of yet more. I hope to get more good of the winter months in other work, when I have not the duty of congregational visiting lying heavy on my mind.”

“13th Dec. 1855.—I finished the visitation of the congregation early in this month. I began it in February. It is the first time that I have visited the whole within a year. I should here set up the

memorial, 'Hitherto the Lord hath helped me.' I have at present many sick. I have also a considerable list of young men and new comers, with whom I must busy myself in the winter months.

"I have written a New Year's tract for the Temperance League, and a tract for female servants, for Nelsons, Edinburgh. Of reading, there has not been much of late; but my studies for the preaching have been more careful. The practice of reading the sermons in the afternoon, begun with a view to the hearing in the church, has had a beneficial effect on the preparation. It is more full and exact, and less is left to be extemporised at the moment.

"The children are in good health, all. I record my thankfulness to our Father in heaven. I greatly enjoy my family; I try to keep in mind that I hold them from Him, as I do the daily bread."

"26th Dec.—Within a few days many ailments and many deaths among my dear people. Let me mark this; I desire to learn. One thing I need. Through the backsliding of my own heart, and the great bustle of public work in which I am engaged, I am falling into coldness and formality. I pray that this may be an occasion of reviving. I was led last night to resolve that whenever I finish the Gospel of John—one lecture,—I shall try a short series on the 12th chapter of Hebrews. I am not fit to deal with affliction. It is therefore suitable that I set myself down as a learner before the Word of the Lord."

TO FRIENDS WHO HAD LOST A LITTLE CHILD.

"GLASGOW, 1st December 1855.

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

" A family of little children is a great gift, and an exquisite enjoyment; but it constitutes a tender place about a parent, on which he is constantly liable to receive a blow. One who has that tender place himself can better *suffer with* those who are smitten. How hard it is,—how much grace it needs, to steer in the middle between two extremes; to enjoy the children on the one hand without slavish apprehension, and yet on the other hand to continue mindful that we have no sure hold of them even for a day. We would need to give them up as it were every day to God; and receive them as we receive our food, not as a permanent store, but for the day; and give them over and get them back to-morrow for another day."

TO HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, THEN NEWLY MARRIED.

"25th December 1855.

"MY DEAR,—I was obliged to go out in the evening yesterday, and could not enclose a note with Jane's, and to-day a new topic has come to fill my heart and my letter. The sweetest, heavenliest union in the Lord that I ever witnessed, has turned out to be too sweet for any of

God's children to be allowed to enjoy long on the earth. The bond is broken, and my poor dear brother is left alone again. I went out last night after tea and saw him. This was four hours after her departure. He was as might have been expected, alternately, as is right, appearing the great Christian and the fond husband—calmly justifying God's dealings, and at intervals breaking into great fits of sobbing, as the memory of her in some new aspect suddenly ran through his heart.

“Oh, my dear sister and brother, I do not desire to mar your conjugal joy as human beings. Our Father in heaven does not deny you the joy; but I warn you, to strive from the first to let your union be in the Lord. I do not hold up for that end the dread of separation, but the contrary. To be given over to enjoy a full cup of earthly pleasure, until it should gradually banish Christ; this would be the judgment stroke. Mark, I am not lecturing you from a chair of authority: on the contrary, if I had stumbled less, I would probably have said less of the stumbling-block to you. I can neither dwell on this theme nor introduce another. I wish you much joy in this first stage of your union. I wish that your joy may be holy and deep and enduring.—Your brother,

WILLIAM ARNOT.”

As usual at this season of the year, engagements, public and private, have become so numerous that

he has hardly an hour he can call his own. The following is in reply to an invitation which he would gladly have accepted.

TO REV. DR. HENDERSON.

“ 27 ELMBANK PLACE, *Monday, 24th December.*

“MY DEAR DR. HENDERSON,—Meeting of brethren! Alas! these things belong to an age gone by. I have just three engagements on Wednesday evening—(1) Dinner, from 6 to 8; (2) lecture (weekly) to my Sabbath school teachers, prelection on their lesson for next week, at 8.15; and (3) soiree in the mission district, Broomielaw, at 9.20.

“By a peculiar conjunction of circumstances, I am dragged to Greenock this evening, after giving Wednesday last week at a great sacrifice to public and private duty. I am a little confused and down-hearted, and yet not unhappy after all. It is good even for my health, I believe, to be driven round somewhat rapidly.—Yours,

WILLIAM ARNOT.”

TO REV. W. SCRYMGEOUR.

“ GLASGOW, *27th December, 1855.*

“MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your note, and I am very much interested in its statement. So much so, indeed, that I write this note, a single

affirmative among more negatives than I would like to tell you. In regard to the ravages of intemperance, we have need—*the Lord* has need—of many strong Christian testimonies; and alas! the majority of Christians in this country, eminent for attainments, stand aloof in jealous silence. I do not feel well to-day. I have an excess of labour at this season here; but I hope I may be somewhat easier at the end of January, and if the Lord is pleased to spare me and give me strength, I shall be glad to speak a word from Him and for Him against that wile of the devil, in Linlithgow, on the 31st. Announce it any way you like, as lecture or sermon, as you think may be best fitted to bring the people out, and I shall act accordingly. I shall come out in time for evening service, and expect to get back at nine.—Yours,

WILLIAM ARNOT."

A similar appeal from Greenock was declined, chiefly on the ground of his having lectured there recently on the same subject; but after stating this reason he gives another, which is worthy of consideration both from abstinence societies and from the class of ministers to whom he refers.

"Besides, whatever I could do on the evening of a Fast-day could be done by a minister who is not a member of any society, and should be done by him. I do not want it to be assumed that nobody but abstainers can do this. Other ministers ought to be asked to preach sermons specially against the

temptations and approaches to this terrible vice. I believe a great step would be gained, if those who are zealous in our societies would approach ministers not identified with the movement, and get them to throw themselves into it, as far as they see their way. It is a weakness when the people are left to think that only persons of extreme views meddle with the subject."

The work which he did in this department was undertaken from a strong sense of duty. Though he did not allow public opinion to influence him in the matter, he was by no means indifferent to it, and often keenly felt the position in which his advocacy of temperance principles placed him, both in society and among his brethren in the ministry. In a letter to a friend about this time he says:—"I have something to bear in connection with this, and I bear it willingly. I am counted a kind of out-of-the-way enthusiast, when I know that I am not. I know that my view of the case is more soberly just and true than that of my adversaries. But then, for the sake of the cause and my own power of helping it, I shrink from giving to those who watch for it any plausible ground of assault. I must not put it in the power of any to say that for that work I neglect my home duties."

DIARY.

"18th May 1856.—I have done a good deal of

work all the winter. Generally the lectures and sermons for Sabbath have been more thoroughly prepared than formerly. The practice of reading more has had a great effect on the method and degree of the preparation. In this respect it has been a decided benefit. I have done much in public meetings. In some of these I have had comfort, and seemed to have help, especially one great meeting, in defence of the Sabbath, in the City Hall. I have undertaken a literary labour for the kingdom of Christ, which promises fair—a paper every month, for a year, in the *Family Paper*—a new religious newspaper, which sells for a halfpenny. I have written six papers in the first five numbers. I have also written for the press a lecture on Christian Philanthropy, and a small tract on the ‘Right of every Man to the Sabbath.’”

“18th May 1856.—Again, at this date, I am involved in controversy on the management of the Sustentation Fund. I have distinct views on it, and strong convictions of their truth and importance. I stated my views at the Presbytery feebly and confusedly indeed, but entirely clear of anything offensive to any one; yet controversy, somewhat sharp, has grown out of it in private. How difficult it is to have different judgments on public questions, and keep all right with the personal friendships. It is too great a tumult in my mind. In the preparation for preaching yesterday, it was like the current of the Amazon crossing the Gulf

Stream. My great object should be to have truth held, and useful truth proclaimed, with the least possible offence, consistent with duty. May the Lord give me clearness, and deliver me from the bias of self-love! My real policy is to take the straight line—as straight as God would have it—whatever effect it should have on the side I have espoused. I hate twists in other people: I should search jealously for them in myself.”

“8th June.—Yesterday I preached at home all day with some measure of comfort. I have fairly commenced a new series of lectures on Exodus. I hope to get good from it, and get the people interested in the subject.

“In the evening yesterday, and this morning, I have read a large portion of the Memoir of Hedley Vicars. It is a wonderfully quickening example. I thank God for such a burning and shining light. I feel that to read it does me good. A wonderful way God has in working. The death of that young disciple was the means of setting his light on a candlestick, that it might shine across the Christian world.

“Arrangements have been made for a residence at Anstruther in July, in exchange with the minister there. I have great plans for study. I hope, if my health is spared, to do the chief part of the work of preparing lectures on the Proverbs for the press.”

“22d June.—This is Sabbath, and I am alone in the house with one servant. How silent is the dwelling! It suggests the thought to me, what if

the Lord who gave the children should take them away! I do not know how I could bear it. I certainly do not at present feel within me the vigour that could bear the stroke; but it is better that I do not. 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.' One thing is needful: if I am Christ's, all things are mine.

"I am allowing myself to get more into the concerns of presbyteries and assemblies. This is not, I think, to be regretted. My danger before lay in the line of retiring in disgust, because of certain very gross abuses by certain persons. Such a retirement, even when there was cause, was dangerous to my own spirit. It is more healthful to be in the place of duty, doing my best in every sphere to which the Lord has called me. I find it very hard to bear with the frailties of men. It is also difficult to know wherein I should faithfully denounce, and wherein I should wrap the mantle of charity round the failings of a brother. I would need wisdom from above. On the one hand I am afraid of peevish fault-finding, and on the other of indolent, unworthy, cowardly silence."

The month of July was spent by the whole family at Anstruther, the arrangement being an interchange both of houses and pulpits with Mr. Gregory, the Free Church minister there. A memorandum left in his study for Mr. Gregory's guidance, contains, after full information as to the church and the services, the following instruction:—

"The little oak-painted press in two halves;

fitting loose on each other, contains my MSS., and in case of accident is my chief valuable, to be rescued first." The same instruction was frequently given to servants or others left in charge when he was from home.

D I A R Y.

"11th August 1856.—On Friday, the 8th inst., we returned from Anstruther, whither we had gone with the whole household on the 8th July. We enjoyed it much in all respects. The change was complete. I had good opportunities of preaching every Sabbath, and yet was relieved from the mental labour of the preparation. Our habits of life were regular. I kept an exact register of the time of rising during all the thirty-one days, and the average was 6h. 55m. This is a decided improvement on my habits of former vacations. As to work, I partly revised and partly wrote 245 pages (print) of Proverbs for the press, and wrote the second paper on Rights of Man, for *Family Paper*. Also I revised and corrected Tract for Monthly Visitor, entitled 'Pleasures of Sin,' which Mr. Dickson had got printed direct from my Sermon in MS. During the same time I attended a committee meeting in Edinburgh; preached at Largo; lectured at Cupar, Pittenweem, and Anstruther on temperance. I have learned some lessons as to the best method of employing a vacation. I find that regular work for a portion of the day makes me enjoy recreation all

the more afterward. Generally, I sat at my desk from an early hour in the morning till two, and took exercise in the afternoon. I have now the prospect of a volume of 400 pages in October. It has sweetened my retirement to be entirely free from controversy and thoughts about controversy."

In addition to his private study while at Anstruther, he gave daily lessons in the rudiments of Latin to his two girls, the eldest of whom was at that time between nine and ten years of age. These lessons are distinctly remembered yet. No book was used, the different declensions being carefully written out in a large clear hand for them to learn by heart. Other memories of that holiday time rise in great distinctness as we write. The Crimean war was drawing to its close, and was the universal topic of conversation. Little ones, who had very dim notions of what wars and battles meant, were familiar with the hard-sounding names of Balaklava and Inkermann, and used them freely in their play. The manse garden was so near the sea, that there was a door in the wall opening directly on the shore; but the level of the garden was considerably higher than that of the beach, and no steps having been provided, the door was useless except for the purpose of throwing out rubbish from the garden. A great soft heap of weeds had accumulated below, and Mr. Arnot, impatient of the circuitous route which led from the

front of the house to the sea, soon got into the habit of leaping down from the garden door on to the weeds below. Finding the short cut convenient, he was desirous of extending its benefits to others, and also of having the use of it for his own ingress as well as egress. Setting his wits to work to extemporise a ladder, he soon found a great forked branch of a tree, blown down by some recent storm, which seemed as if made for his purpose. This he set up against the wall, making it fast below with heavy stones, and soon had both children and servants taught to make fearless and constant use of it.

During a similar pleasant holiday, the following year, at Aberdour, he read aloud to his children Longfellow's poem of *Hiawatha*. The peculiar rhythm of it took his fancy, and he would frequently improvise long screeds of mock heroic verse in imitation of it. Any little incident at home or in his walks furnished a subject, and he would proceed as uninterruptedly as if reciting from a book. If a rhyme was wanted, and did not immediately present itself, a word was coined to suit the emergency. Some of these lines still linger in the memories of his youthful and admiring audience.

The first volume of the *Lectures on Proverbs* was published in the autumn of this year. When it was nearly through the press, the publishers wrote asking a title. This was a point which he considered of some importance, and one which always cost him some time and trouble to decide; not from any lack

of ideas on the subject, but rather from their superabundance. For every book he wrote he had a list of titles, usually a dozen or more, any one of which would have been quite suitable; and the difficulty was to decide which of these was on the whole best.

TO THOMAS NELSON, ESQ.

“GLASGOW, 4th November 1856.

“MY DEAR SIR,—‘A title for the book!’ I have a back load of them, but I can’t determine which is best or worst. Here is a *selection* on this broad sheet.” (The ‘selection’ comprised a list of eighteen.)

“There they are, and I do not know how many more I can give you. I give them, without indicating a preference. If you, from the publisher’s viewpoint, see any of them better or worse than their neighbours, give me your suggestion. I do not say that I would absolutely submit, but it would weigh well with me. I shall give you a negative—a veto on any that I might myself prefer.

“It is difficult to get *proverbs* into the first line of the title—the handle by which people will hold it. It would be desirable; but the fact that my book is not a continuous exposition seems to forbid it. I want the exactest description of the book in the shortest form and most memorable words.”

DIARY.

“5th December.—The book was published on

Saturday last. Hitherto it seems well received. Its title—the one chosen by the publisher out of a great number which I sent to him—is ‘Laws from Heaven for Life on Earth: Illustrations of the Book of Proverbs.’ It has 430 pages, and is beautifully printed. I have some comfort in connection with it. The work was interesting to myself, and no burden. Nothing was neglected for it; and there was no late sitting. I hope it may spread, and pray for its success. It sets up the Lord’s word and way, and applies them without partiality to men. It is very pleasant to be employed in the work of righteousness in any department and to any extent.

“I have written a *third* New Year’s address on temperance, entitled ‘My Brother’s Keeper.’ This also I do as in the Lord’s sight, and have liberty in pleading with Him to bless it. I have been making some public efforts against the establishment of an immense dram-shop in Trongate, under the auspices of personages who are high in office. Courage on the one side and gentleness on the other! Lord, increase my faith! It is a noble opportunity, if I am enabled to keep old Adam down, and do righteously and charitably my very duty.

“Yesterday evening I attended a pretty large party in Mr. Nelson’s house, on the occasion of the induction of Andrew Bonar to the new church at Finnieston. The meeting was most refreshing. A mixture, wisely planned and well sustained, of general conversation in groups, and praise, reading

of Scripture, prayer, and address. Many were quietly remarking that it was more congruous with the occasion than a dinner and toasting. So good it was, that I wonder, both at myself and others, why it is so seldom experienced. It was like a company of Christians."

"10th January 1857 (Saturday).—Another memorable day! A daughter this morning at four o'clock. . . . 'She hath borne seven;' six are alive—four girls and two boys. Forget not all His benefits! My eldest girl, now fully ten, sat at the head of the table to-day at dinner, and poured out my tea this evening. Although she is still so much the child that her effort is very little help, yet her presence goes kindly about my heart. I have endeavoured to lay this youngest child on the Lord before birth, and to-day again after it. I am preparing to preach to-morrow on the spirit of adoption—a subject which I need certainly as much as my hearers. I find a strong tendency in me to grow formal by habit. I need new circumstances. This evening I was comfortable and free in family worship, partly because all had gone to bed except the nursery-maid, and the family prayer of *two* greatly interested me, while *ten* others were slumbering under the same roof."

TO H. HANDYSIDE, ESQ.

"GLASGOW, 3d April 1857.

"DEAR SIR,—I write in reply to your circular

regarding evangelistic operations for the summer. I have considered the matter carefully. I have been uneasy on that question for several years. In that department I have done next to nothing, and the applications from year to year become painful. They compel me to examine the case from the bottom, and here is the result:—

“1. I have on my hand more than an average share of miscellaneous public work, not connected with the Free Church.

“2. I have more than an average share of public (not committee or ecclesiastic) work within the Free Church—*e. g.*, between the last and next Assembly two whole Sabbaths at the opening of Free Churches in distant places, and two half ditto assisting at collections for debt on others.

“3. I have a mission church constituted, a sort of tender to the larger St. Peter's, in which I dispense the Lord's Supper twice a year, and of which in all other matters I must take some superintendence, preaching from time to time at the administration of baptisms.

“4. My local congregational charge here is of more than average bulk and importance—large and important in proportion to any mission sphere to which for some weeks I might be transferred.

“5. In this city, and with my work, a rest of at least four weeks is necessary every year for my health; and in simplest duty to my people I am

bound to take it (not necessarily rest from Sabbath preaching, but from week-day work).

“No one of these alone constitutes a bar; but altogether, in my judgment, they decide that I am not the person who should be nominated to that work. I would work as willingly in that department as in any other, if I could believe that I am required or permitted.—Yours,

WILLIAM ARNOT.”

DIARY.

“14th June 1857.—At the age of full forty-eight I enjoy all my powers. They seem to be at their best; but the time must be short. I must do now what my hand finds to do. After about a year and a half my life, if I live, will enter on the sixth decade—the Saturday of life’s week—the last full work day. How much I should do in what may remain of life! How much I might do if that other day be given me! The right attitude would be loving the work and loving also the prospect of rest.”

In September of this year he attended the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance at Berlin, this being his first taste of Continental travel, though in after years he took very frequent runs across the Channel. The second volume of the Proverbs was then passing through the press, and he worked hard at the proof sheets during the first stages of his journey, posting

them at Dover along with a letter to his wife. He is evidently in good spirits, and looking forward to the journey with much anticipation of enjoyment. The next report was from Brussels.

These letters, and indeed most of those written on his Continental journeys, are freely interspersed with pen-and-ink sketches, rough but vivid and characteristic, for the amusement and instruction of the children.

TO HIS WIFE.

“BRUSSELS, 1st September 1857.

“MY DEAR JANE,—I have halted at last. The whirl in which I have whirled since I left Glasgow yesterday, has been no common whirl. I have passed through three kingdoms in a little less than thirty-six hours, besides a night in bed in the capital of the world. I am very well, and fit for anything. I am not fatigued. A little hum in my head by the noise of the railway is all.

“I took my ticket at Glasgow through to London. The day was very fine, and all the objects pleasant. The harvest in such weather is a gladsome sight. The greater part of the crop had disappeared from the fields. So little time was given at the stations, that all the food I got was a single cup of tea and a penny roll in my hand at Stafford. When I reached London it was too late, and so I went to bed without supper. The hotel I tried was full, and they sent me over to a sort of boarding-house in Cheap-

side, where I found a very good room to sleep in, but a very indifferent breakfast this morning.

“On the way, and at night from 11 till 12, I worked at the proofs; then I went to bed, and rose at 5.30. To work again till half-past seven; breakfast, and off with the train for Dover at 8.15. Cloudy and showery till midday. Resumed the proofs and finished them in time. At Tunbridge left my seat, and found my way to the can in which the railway porters keep their paste; was in the act of brushing it on, when the alarm was given; bolted into the carriage, not, however, until I had secured my object. I addressed it to Edinburgh. Then I began to fear I could not get a letter for you from our own shores. As a last resource I proceeded to scribble in the train, and at Dover I entrusted your letter and Nelson’s package to a railway official, who said he would post them. I hope yours has come to hand. Lest any accident may have befallen it, I may repeat the two business injunctions. . . .

“The last stages of the English railway carried me over new ground. One agricultural feature that arrests a northman’s eye is the prevalence of the hop. It is physically a beautiful object, but the moral associations are not attractive to me. I would rather see a crop of potatoes. . . .

“Dover, to my eye, is quite enchanting. The sea is real there, as it is at Anstruther; none of your second-hand sea-water, one half sea, and the other half the suds of a great city. The harbour seems to

have been constructed without regard to expense. It is chiefly occupied by mail steamers, French and English; the intercourse is immense: we are adding every day to the strength of the barrier which keeps the two nations from fighting. Railways help in the blessed work of peacemaking. Already, at London, the ticket of the railway company is printed on both sides—French on one side and English on the other. If Jane had been with me, it would have served her for a first lesson in French.

“Considerable wind. Some spray came over us; but it was child’s play to my last passage from Edinburgh to Burntisland. We landed at Calais about one o’clock. The entrance to the harbour is constructed precisely like that of Leith, but not nearly so long. Fair and sunny when we got ashore. Very funny to see the *monsieurs* high and low, and hear their gibber. But the first glance gives impression, instant and indelible, that the labouring men at the harbour are a cleaner, and soberer, and happier race, than those who occupy a similar post at Leith or Greenock. You could not see one dirty, greasy fellow among them. You could comfortably sit down beside any one of them. I don’t certify their beauty; I speak only of their tidiness. There is not much difficulty; I looked how others did, and did the same thing, and ‘spak naething.’ At the railway and passport office, I merely announced nouns, and carefully eschewed the intricacies of the verb, with its potentials and

other moods, in which a stranger is apt to lose himself. I managed to get through my facings in time to give me fifteen minutes for dinner at the station; was extravagant therein, seeing that I got no dinner yesterday, and not a superfine breakfast to-day. Soup, and roast mutton, and *pommes de terre*. It cost me 2fr. 5c., somewhat about 1s. 8d.

“Off we go. The second-class carriage is all that is said of it. Our railway people are barbarians. They make the carriages torturously hard, of design to compel people by pains and penalties to pay for cushions. Off we go! and now for *parlez-vous*. It has a queer effect upon me. Every signboard and every placard on the streets is French. I understand everything I see, and very little of what I hear. However, I opened my ears well, and began to swallow a little. My mind kindled up into great intensity, and I thought all my thoughts in French. My first real speech however, happened thus—for there is nothing like giving the natural history of a thing. At Lille we change carriages, and march round to another platform. I was rounding the extremity of the journey, when some one laid his hand on me, saying, ‘Pretty traveller you, away without your hat.’ He was an Englishman who had been in the same carriage. My felt was on, and I forgot the genteel one. Back I ran at full speed; an official stopped me, gibbering a question with ‘*où, monsieur?*’ in it. Without slackening speed, I touched my head and sang out ‘*mon chapeau.*’ This

was instinctive; I hope the gender was correct. I got it. . . .

“One noble French countrywoman came in for a stage—like a farmer’s or a shopkeeper’s wife; fine specimen of feminine humanity; approaching rather a shade too much to the masculine in physical bulk, but quite gentle in manner. . . .

“In process of time we came to the frontier at a place called *Moucron*,—no town that I could see, except some hotels. We leave the carriage and march into the *salle de visite*. The luggage is ranged round a rectangular fortification of benches; the Belgian custom officers are inside; the passenger recognises his own luggage, opens it, gets it searched and chalked, and then it is taken back to the carriages. I marched into the interior with the officers, having espied my portmanteau there. ‘*Au dessus, monsieur,*’ said an authority—a *brief* one,—whereupon I leaped the barrier on the opposite side, and was sooner brought to action than if I had wriggled round legitimately. Getting my hands on my goods, I called out ‘*Ici, monsieur,*’ with a very *au fait* look, to the gentleman of the customs who was nearest, and the thing was done. I got off among the first. I got through the passport pen with equal facility by dint of monosyllabic speeches with no verbs. They take you from pen to pen, like sheep at the washing, and let you out at the last one when you are clean. . . .

“Nature is nature in France too. Thereof I ob-

served one proof. At a place called Turcoign, a little town a stage or two from Lille, I was looking from the window, and saw the passengers leaving the train. A family group took my eye. In it a girl, like Jane, was carrying a pretty large toy drum, very conspicuous in its colours and dress. Outside the gate of the station, peeping through the rails, were the portion of the family who had remained at home. Said little Jane, who had been at town, saw there the Willie of the house, and oh, how she ran forward, brandishing the drum over her head, her eyes gleaming with the joy of benevolence, and screaming "*à vous.*" No doubt he is a happy Willie this night because he has got it, and she is a happy Jane to-night because she brought it home and gave it. . . .

"There is a peculiar delight in boring your own way through new rock, without anybody to bore before you. Indeed, if it must be confessed, my chief pleasure here is to be *alone*. With an intimate and congenial friend, I would enjoy it most, but failing that, the next best is the charm of solitude. . . .

" *Wednesday, 2d.*

"I did all the preceding scrawl last night, and went to bed a few minutes after midnight. Slept very well, and rose at six to-day. Have dressed, and arranged all my affairs, and have remembered

you all. I find when I am so far away, I must say over all the names."

"BRUSSELS, 2d Sept. 1857.

"DEAREST JANE,—I begin to-night my second bulletin. The best of the day was spent on the field of Waterloo. I must not attempt a description. It would do no good; but I could, by aid of a plan, talk you into a good idea of the battle field now. One object arrested and impressed me greatly, all the more because I had never noticed any description of it—the forest of Soignies between Brussels and Waterloo. If I could have spared another day, I would have gone and spent it in that wood. It was quite a new scene to me. I do not know how many miles it stretches along the road, on one side only. It is all and only beech. The peculiarities are the closeness of the trees to each other, their straightness and height, and the deep dark sublime as you look into the heart of the wood. I must have seen as complete a darkness in a wood in America, but there, it was primeval; here the mark of man's hand was on it all. At some places a road is left, and the eye meets nothing till distance dims its sight along the tube. They are cutting it down by degrees. It is three miles farther from the battle field than it was in 1815. A tree is left here and there, and these are unique objects. Surely the wind is never very tempestuous in

this country, otherwise they would be blown down. There is one at a great distance from all others, on the summit of one of the gentle swells, which succeed each other like waves all over the country, and is a most conspicuous object for many miles of the way."

"COLOGNE, 3d Sept. 1857.

"I am writing in a spot which, for intrinsic beauty, and historic associations, has not many equals on the earth. The time is 10.30 P.M., the place, on the top of a huge palace, I suppose six or seven storeys in height, covered above, but open to the front, with plants like a greenhouse, overlooking the Rhine, which flows only a street breadth from the walls; and all in sweet calm moonlight. It is an exquisite *ensemble*. I am more affected than I had counted on by the sight of the Rhine. It makes me poetic, and I think something more. That river ran there the same when Cæsar was bridging it for his legions. How many generations have passed away, who were once busy on that river's bank. This is new to me. I have never before been at any place with which so great and so ancient associations are woven."

"STEAMER ON RHINE, 5th Sept. 1857.

". . . . As we were about to start from the pier at Coblenz to-day, I espied Mr. McGill with a chapeau precisely like my own. I ran up to him, crying out "*groschen*," which may be freely translated "*bawbees*,"—this being the word on our

tongues, the thought on our minds at the present time. I have mastered them now; but when you pass into another territory you have your lesson to begin again. Well, he has a U.P. minister from Liverpool with him, whom he met by accident somewhere, who speaks German—studied at Bonn. We have arranged to pass the Sabbath, some at Worms, some at Frankfort, and meet on Monday to travel all in company to Berlin, seeing many places of great Reformation interest on the way.”

“COLOGNE, *Friday Morning.*

“ We picked up two Evangelical Alliance men in the public room of the hotel last night at tea—Davis, the Secretary of the Religious Tract Society, and an English clergyman. I was immensely talkative, for which I ought to be ashamed of myself.

“When we came out of the train, and my mouth felt itself fairly opened, it was precisely like what Baron Munchausen’s must have been after the frost. I was sealed up by French and Flemish for two whole days, and when the thaw came, it came.”

FRANKFORT-ON-MAINE, *Monday Morning.*

“ Yesterday morning at nine went to a Lutheran Church. Very large, clumsy building—small congregation. An altar like the Popish Churches, and all the prayers from it—all from liturgy. Then the sermon from the pulpit *on the side* of the church. No person has a Bible in the

church except the minister. The people stand up while he is reading the text. Every one has a hymn book. I got one and found the place. In the last of three I got my finger in the loop and followed it. A good many of the words I understood. The music was grand. They beat us there. If that congregation had been as large as ours, I do not know what the music would have been. The organ here evidently does not prevent the people from singing. I did not get much edification from the sermon, you may well suppose; and yet it was good to be there. The music of the hymn is upon me yet. It was no theatrical display. A sober, earnest, exact German sound. It was like some carving on wood that you may have seen rough and strong, but correct, and the effect complete, although the strokes were few."

"MARBURG, 8th Sept. 1857.

". . . . At five yesterday went to the train for the north. Met in the station our old friends of the Rhine, Messrs. McGill and Graham. Agreed all, at my suggestion, to go only to Marburg for the night—six miles from Frankfort—arriving at 7.30. We had a delightful journey, and the evening here was by far the most cheerful and interesting that we have had on the Continent. Lovely moonlight. After a hearty tea, and a great deal of fun at it, we sallied forth under the moon in search of the picturesque.

“We met a band of students on the hill, and entered into conversation at great length, Mr Graham being spokesman. One of the group, after long German talk, came alongside and said something to me. I answered in Latin, “*Non intelligo linguam Germanicam.*” He replied promptly, “*Lingua Latina utamur.*” (“I don’t understand German.” “Let us use the Latin tongue.”) Here we had a new point of contact, and Mr. McGill and I held a long and animated conversation with the youth about the University, its curriculum, and its antiquities. We found it quite easy. The young man hesitated sometimes for a word, but not being shy, he always overcame it. He has promised to come at seven this morning, to conduct us over the castle and college. Our plan is to breakfast first, and then to go by train to Eisenbach at 9.18. So I must go and look after the tea.”

“BERLIN, 10th September 1857.

“At our journey’s end at last; all safe, and all in comfort. It is wonderful the ease with which such a journey can be performed. It is not much bodily fatigue; but at some of the stages there is a great Babel, and one needs to have all his wits about him. . . .

“I have got a private lodging. I have seen only the Frau. She and I had a German talk, which would have edified you, but her “man,” she tells me, can speak English, so I am well off. . . .

“This is a noble capital—more like a capital than London—great squares of palaces. The cabman pointed me out the palace preparing for our princess. It is being renewed from top to bottom.

“We have had an address from Dr. Krummacher, and the substance in English from Mr. Cairns. Then the grand German hymn singing. I shall bring home music, words, and all, and you must learn it.

“The day is very hot. I went out to the street behind the Church. A man was pumping water into dyeing tubs. I looked wistfully at the water and the well. Instantly a man came, saying he would go for a glass for me, and went towards a house; but before he entered, a pretty young woman, who had seen me from a window, came running out with a tumbler, and smiling like the spring upon me,—speaking English perfectly. It was a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple.”

“BERLIN, 11th September 1857.

“ The meetings of the Alliance are very large. There were no such meetings in Glasgow or in London. The opposition of leading ecclesiastics has directed much attention to it. Krummacher thundered nobly. It is refreshing to hear him crunching through the bones of a hard word. Especially John K-n-o-x, giving every letter all its power, no matter how many consonants may come together. The churches here are much larger than ours. They are temples, more like the old cathe-

drals. There is a place in the end for the prayers, and the pulpit is set up on one side, in front of the gallery. The church in which our meetings are held is like the City Hall of Glasgow, only the side galleries are much broader, and the architecture much more imposing. Chevalier Bunsen sits in a front seat of the gallery and listens to all. The King is coming to the forenoon meeting to-day, and we all go to Potsdam in the afternoon to visit him in the New Palace. He sends a special train for us at three o'clock. There will be a goodly company.

“The English held a meeting by themselves yesterday afternoon, on the question of religious liberty on the Continent. I did not count them, but it was a large meeting in a church. The most imposing fact in connection with the Conference is the *number* of the English. . . .

The objects on the way passed so quickly in succession that they drove each other out, and left always the tenants of my memory at any one time few and feeble. Precisely like they are to the bill-sticking process. In Berlin here, large circular wooden pillars are set up here and there in the streets for the purpose of receiving placards. I saw one man plaster nine or ten on a pillar all at one time, and they were all connected with theatres and concerts. It seems to be the rule that those who come first in the morning may cover all, but nobody may cover these till next day. Well, Marburg blotted out Frankfort, and Wartburg blotted out

Marburg, and Erfurt blotted out Wartburg: nor did the successive sights manifest the politeness of the bill-stickers, for they blotted out in the afternoon the characters that had been imprinted in the morning. Although the tablet be all dim at present, it may be that when it is dipped, like the photograph plates, into a fine strong preparation of love and home and rest, the images may come out again.

“We came along a very remarkable valley in Belgium, when we were approaching the borders of Prussia. It was narrow, and hilly, and woody, and beautiful, and twisty. The river had no objection to the serpentine turns, and none even to the turns much sharper than serpentine that frequently occurred. The river seemed to like the valley all the better for its tortuosity. It got sailing for its siller, and an opportunity of setting off its own beauty. But its modern neighbour, the railroad, is rather a straightforward character; and if you had seen the shifts to which the two were put to keep each other's temper. For a while railway walked or ran most lovingly along the river's bank, bending without the slightest objection with its large curves, and keeping most affectionately near. But suddenly the lady made a strong demand upon the gentleman's pliability and good nature. The demand was too great and good not to be granted. Off went he out of sight, and tore through a tunnel in the dark rather than court the eccentric lady's company. But ere you could say Jack Robinson, back they

were in each other's arms again. This game of Bo-peep between the river and the rail continued without interruption for several hours. It was like a pantomime,—subject, “The quarrels of lovers do not last long.” It kept the attention of the audience on the stretch till the curtain fell, and we were again bounding away over the prosaic plain.

“In Halle, yesterday, I saw a group which, in Glasgow, would have gathered a mob; and yet, in Halle, no human being but myself deigned to look at it—a little cart only sufficient to hold a calf; a calf standing upright in the cart, and looking round philosophically on the scene. Two wee doggies yoked in the cart, and drawing it merrily along the street. A lad was walking near in charge of the cavalcade.”

TO HERR GRIEX, Berlin.

“GLASGOW, 2d October 1857.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I should have written to you sooner; but much work was waiting for me when I came home. . . .

“I had a very pleasant journey on the night that I left you. One friend, a minister in this city, started with me, and never left me till we reached London. We were joined by two other friends, belonging to Edinburgh, at Hanover. We were in a carriage for those who do not smoke. We had plenty of room, and no tobacco. It was the pleasantest of all my

journeys in Germany. We travelled right on to Amsterdam, reaching it about two o'clock on Tuesday. We saw that fine city in the afternoon; the Hague and Leyden next day, and sailed from Rotterdam on Thursday, at eleven o'clock forenoon. We arrived by railway in London at five on Friday morning. From there I was alone. Started by express at nine on Friday morning, and arrived in Glasgow (more than 400 miles—100 of German miles) at nine o'clock the same evening. I was fatigued, but, after a day's rest, was able to preach at home twice on the Sabbath.

“Partly in a sermon, and partly in a week-day meeting, I have given my own people some account of the Conference at Berlin. I still hope it will be the means of good. It will help to make the Germans and British know each other; and when Christians try to meet each other in love, God will bless them.

“I thank you and your wife again for your great kindness to me, a stranger. I know you did not count it a trouble, but it was a good deal of trouble to you. Perhaps we may meet again yet in the world. I shall now read with greater interest whatever I see about the Christians in Prussia. I shall not forget to send the book as soon as I can. Kindest regards to your wife and your boy.—Yours,
WILLIAM ARNOT.”

CHAPTER VII.

DIARY.

12th November.

EBENEZER! Yesterday I sent off to the publisher the last portion of the second volume on the Proverbs. In the leisure scraps of six months the volume has been written; and although during the last four weeks I have felt somewhat wearied with the winter work begun and the book not out of my hands, I have enjoyed the effort intensely all through, and I think I have not injured myself.

“I have endeavoured to make the book a testimony for God’s righteousness in the world. I have striven to take men by guile in its style and illustrations, but to take them from the world to God by its truth. Lord forgive my sin in it, and accept the offering; and employ it as a vessel to spread Thy truth.

“I am sensible of relief when the work is over, and hope to employ the buoyancy to good purpose, partly in reading and partly in congregational work.

“I have obtained a precious benefit already from the book, in the formation and cultivation of indus-

trious habits. I seem to have acquired a greater power than I previously possessed, and the power may be available for other objects also."

"15th November.—Sabbath Evening.—Yesterday I prepared fully a discourse for the times on Haggai i. 7, 'Consider your ways;' and a sermon for children for the afternoon on 1 John iv. 11, 'Beloved, if God so loved,' etc. I intimated in the forenoon that the afternoon's discourse would be framed for children. I intend to try this now and then. The experiment to-day was hopeful. The privilege of preaching to such a congregation is very great. I delight in it. I still feel that I might do far more execution if I should exert all my faculties to the utmost, and lean on the Lord for power like a little child. That is the old rule, *pains and prayers*."

The book out of hands there is plenty of other work awaiting him. Several applications for help had reached him from Ireland, and he determined to give one week in November to overtake as many of these as possible. This was the first occasion on which he appeared publicly in the town of Belfast. He gave two lectures there and one in Londonderry within the week.

A congregation had by this time been organised in the mission district, and steps were being taken towards the building of a church. In the meantime, regular services were conducted by the missionary in the schoolroom, Mr Arnot occasionally preaching

and dispensing ordinances. When the church was built, a minister was settled, and the congregation placed on an independent footing, though it continued long to receive aid from St. Peter's.

A somewhat unfavourable review of the Lectures on Proverbs having appeared in an Edinburgh newspaper, Mr. Arnot writes "an epistle of condolence" to the publisher, Mr. Nelson. One thing which the critic had found fault with, was that Mr. Arnot treated the Proverbs from the point of view, not of a Hebrew, but of a Christian. Coming to this point in his letter, he says, "Ah! degenerate Mr. Arnot, why wast thou not a Hebrew, beard and all? Think of the enormity: to look on a book of Scripture from the view-point of a Christian. Please, sir critic, is not the Christian view-point a real view-point? And is not the view thence a view *to the point* in these days? And if Hebrew views be good, may not Christian views be tolerated also? I mount the Christian hill, and sketch the outspread landscape. Let another limner stand on the Hebrew hill, and transfer to his canvas another aspect of the many-sided scene. I show you a picture of Edinburgh from Mons Meg on the castle: you say, oh, it appears quite a different thing when seen from Arthur Seat. Does it, indeed? And does that throw any discredit on my picture?"

The first entry in the diary for 1858 is on the 14th February, a Sabbath evening. On many a Sabbath evening he took out his journal, and recorded in it

his own estimate and impression of his day's work with notes of his spiritual life and experience. A faithful record of success and failure, symptoms favourable and unfavourable; humble and self-condemning in tone, in regard to what seems amiss, thanking God and taking courage from what is good and hopeful.

"As I have often found on balancing before, there is much encouragement to trust in the Lord and labour for the people, but none for indolence. I am always scourged in some form for my neglect."

Among various temptations and hindrances enumerated, are "the cares of buying a new house and letting this one." The "new house" in Hamilton Park Terrace was bought before it was finished, and he took much pleasure in watching and superintending the final stages of the work; so much so, that he felt himself in danger of spending too much of his time and his thoughts upon it.

It was completed in June, when the family moved into it. Here is an interesting notice of the "fitting" from a letter to a friend soon after:—

". . . . We accomplished our fitting beautifully on the day after I left you. Four of the principal carriers of Glasgow sent each a waggon and a man, for love and not for money—all of their own accord, and all because I went to a great soiree which they got up for their carters last year, and made a speech to the poor fellows."

DIARY.

"21st August 1858.—Many great events since last

entry. I have been much employed in getting my new house prepared, and getting my family settled in it. 'This is not your rest,'—I shall try to remember that text. . . . The children are all well. They are in many things hopeful. They are to us a great delight. One thing I never forget, in prayer to thank God for them, and plead that they may be all the children of His family."

"16th September.—Last night before going to bed I finished reading the life of Frederick Perthes. It is a remarkably instructive book. I think it has left its impression deep upon me. It is a great character and a great life. The love and liberality of it are wonderful. The glimpses of the greater Germans of the age are very interesting. It has elevated my conception of the Germans. They really are abler thinkers than we."

"4th September.—I have much difficulty in dealing with applications for aid. They are for preaching, for young men's lectures, and temperance. It is difficult to balance, first, how much work I ought to undertake, having respect to my health; and second, how much I ought to give to public and distant work, having regard to my own responsibilities to my own congregation. Although it costs me a great deal of trouble, I ought most tenderly to watch against the spirit of complaint in myself; for thankfulness ought to fill me, that God gives me power and opportunity to do some-

thing. I know well that the trial would be far more severe if nobody should ask me to labour."

"28th September.—Last night I read with care and interest a chapter of Conybeare and Howson on Paul, and a lecture (III.) of Hugh Miller's "Testimony of the Rocks;" and this morning, chiefly in the open air, before breakfast, Lecture IV. of the same book. There is nothing external now to prevent me from reading systematically and pretty extensively. The one grand adversary is indolence within. I must endeavour to take advantage of favourable circumstances to begin and carry on good plans. I think a good method would be to devote the leisure portions of the early days of the week to general study; and to give Friday, from earliest morning till dinner-time, to the initiation, the providing for and starting, both discourses. Then the early evening of Friday, either out by invitation, or with some of my people in my own house, leaving one hour before going to bed for returning to the study for Sabbath; so as to be in a favourable position for giving Saturday with some momentum to the preparation for preaching on the morrow."

The Friday evenings during the winter season were very frequently spent in the manner indicated above, especially "with his people in his own house." Many who enjoyed these social meetings will now look back on them with pleasure. He

always strove to give to the conversation a profitable turn. The young men connected with his congregation, especially those whose homes were at a distance, he liked to gather round him, to give them a taste of family life, and, in familiar conversation, to offer them kindly sympathy and advice. When a young man himself, a solitary student in lodgings, he longed for such social intercourse, and felt the want of it; and now that he had a home and a family, he loved to extend his hospitality to those in similar circumstances. In a letter dated 1834, he writes:—"In preference to all other kinds of relaxation, commend me to a 'crack' on familiar terms in the bosom of a family where there are children of any age from twenty to six." The following letter from a young man to his sister, describing an evening spent in Mr. Arnot's house in 1858, shows that his efforts in this direction were appreciated. No doubt there are many who could give similar testimony.

" . . . We had tea, and then a talk. Mr. Arnot was very humorous, abounding in anecdote; he is very approachable and anxious about 'young men in lodgings' away from home. He is afraid we may feel relief in being away out of sight of our parents. He said 'I have brought the children in. I want you to feel as if you were at home. I think it is good for young men in lodgings to get a sight of a family now and again.' Then came his illustrations and warnings, advice, and

counsel; every little incident turned to good account. One young man brought a letter from his minister, and Mr. Arnot read it and said, ‘How anxious your late minister seems to be about you. I recollect when we went to and from school, we had to go alongside of the river Earn a good part of the way. There was a ford where carts passed through, and we sometimes waded through it. It was deep in some places and shallow in others, and in some places there was a strong current, which made it very dangerous. However, we did not go in one by one: we took each other’s hands, and did not go into the deep all at once, and in that way we assisted each other over. If we had let go our hold, in all probability we would have been carried down the stream. Now, young men, here you are in a mighty stream. Some one is anxious about you. If you go into the deep all at once and alone, you may be carried down, but if you have some one by the hand, you may manage to get through it. Remember, the current is strong, and this minister is anxious that this young man should know some one, an elder or myself, just as it were to get him by the hand. No man has strength of himself to resist temptations, and we all need to be watchful and prayerful.’ That is a specimen of the practical dealing we had. He recommended us all to have some study in hand; one language, or another, drawing or something to overcome; some difficulty to master. There is great

pleasure in overcoming difficulties, and the tempter will not assail us so often. . . . After more than an hour's conversation, we had books and pictures to examine. Then we had family worship, and as it was later than the children usually sit, he said, 'Now, my dears, we are going to have worship, and you can either stay or go away, just as you please.' They all remained, and the servants came in. We sang that psalm, 'Hold up my goings, Lord me guide,' etc., Mrs. Arnot leading the tune, and she did it well. Then we had part of a chapter and united in prayer. It was an appropriate prayer. He prayed that though of different families on earth, we might all be of the family of God. We are by nature outside, but there is a door opened, and a way unto the Father through Christ. He presented each of us with a copy of the 'Foe and the Fight,' and we left at ten minutes to ten o'clock; and I must say it was a pleasant and a profitable meeting to me. . . . Really it is taking us by the hand while in the stream."

As usual at this season of the year, solicitations, for public work became so numerous, that he had to make a stand and refuse all for a time. In one letter he says:—"I am working out all my old engagements and refusing to take on others. I intend to begin my congregational visiting immediately, and hold on for the winter." In another:—"I am like a poor man with some benevolence in his heart, and many calling upon him

for alms. He cannot give what he has not; but he grieves because he has not to give. If there were fourteen days in my week, and a hundred weeks in my year, I would find work to fill them; and, alas! it is a sensible item of my work at present to write notes saying that I cannot work."

TO HIS SISTER.

"GLASGOW, 20th December 1858.

"MY DEAR JANET,—Here is the first forenoon of leisure for a long time, and I take the opportunity of sending a note. I have had a very great crowd of work of late, but have been wonderfully well. I am glad, however, that the worst of it is past, and now I can overtake all without a sense of burden.

"I shall tell you the history of yesterday. I sat at this desk with the gas light in the morning, and through the day till it was lighted again. Till half-past two I was occupied writing a paper to start a new *Christian Treasury*, which came in a great hurry, and must be ready on the New Year. Andrew Cameron, the editor of the old *Treasury*, has separated from Johnston, his publisher, and begins a new one with the Nelsons. I finished and sent it off to Edinburgh in time to be delivered there yesterday evening. I suppose it is printed now. Then preparation for three meetings. Started at five o'clock — walked to church — taught a class in the church from six to seven. Then the

weekly meeting in the church from 7.30 to 8.30. Then taught the assembled Sabbath school teachers their lesson for next Sabbath. Conversed in the intervals with six persons, one by one, who called on various business, and home in the omnibus at 10.30. Capital sleep, and strong to-day.

“On Sabbath last I completed twenty years of my ministry in St. Peter’s. The text in the afternoon was Acts xxviii. 15, ‘Whom, when Paul saw, he thanked God and took courage.’ I am sure it was a suitable text for me. I do not know anybody in all the world who has greater cause for thankfulness than I have.”

TO THE REV. ANDREW CAMERON.

“23d December 1858.

“ Into two days, last week, I crowded the following items, to wit, Diet of Worship at Thanksgiving for Harvest, with relative preparation—a Committee on Congregational Schools—a Congregational Class—a Session Meeting—visitation, by appointment, of thirteen families of congregation—and an article for a literary Quarterly. All were begun and ended within forty-eight hours, and full nights’ sleep beside.”

The Glasgow branch of the Free Church Temperance Society, from which, on account of the manner in which it was conducted, he had felt

himself compelled at an early stage to withdraw, had some time before this ceased to exist, and an attempt was now being made, chiefly at his instigation, to revive it on a new basis. A public meeting was to be held in the City Hall to start the movement, and Professor Miller and Dr. Guthrie were invited and urged to come and assist on the occasion.

TO THE REV. DR. GUTHRIE.

“GLASGOW, 24th December 1853.

“MY DEAR DR. GUTHRIE,—It is with more regret than I can confess that I find myself writing a third letter to you on the same subject—it looks so like an attempt to hunt down. Yet on my part it is really the opposite. Last night we held a larger preliminary meeting, called by circular (copy enclosed). We found a unanimous desire to have a meeting, under cover of which we might proceed with more private, but widely extended efforts. There was also a tone of considerable hopefulness. Here is our peculiarity. We might have a large meeting, and a good exposition with our own men, and some help from other quarters; but if by your presence added we can bring our meeting up—which we certainly could—to the point at which, instead of canvassing for listeners, we should be in a position to *grant the favour of admission*—in that case we can command the attendance of a very large proportion of the

actual elders, deacons, and Sabbath school teachers of the Free Church. We have made arrangements for putting an invitation in their hands, and if we can have the tide up to the proper point, they will come in a body, and as Joseph Ady would say, 'they would hear of something to their advantage.' We shall have Mr. Playfair, a magistrate of the very highest social and Christian position, in the chair—a thing which we never could have reached before. We have at least nine ministers in the Presbytery; and almost one half of the students—twenty-two.

“When I intimated that I was not willing to write again, lest I should either compel you to come, when you could not afford it, or put you to the pain of refusing urgent requests, I found them bent on making up a deputation to go to Edinburgh. It was then that I volunteered to advertise you by letter of the state of the case, and so perhaps save you the more formidable operation.

“Wednesday the 2d February would suit us, but so bent are they upon doing it well, that if you could not then come, and could yet give another evening, they would endeavour to make arrangements accordingly. It would not be of the most laborious kind of effort. We shall have good support. Besides our own local talent, we have the promise of Dr. Wood of Dumfries, and perhaps we may also get Mr. Burns from Dundee. And you would not be kept till a late hour and a warm house.

“I think I have given the whole case. I think you acquit me of obstinacy. This letter, at least, was an attempt to save you from importunities.—
Yours,
WILLIAM ARNOT.”

DIARY.

“1st January 1859.—On last Sabbath I completed twenty years of my ministry. I was in much greater health and hope than I was at the close of the ten. On that occasion, at the close of 1848, I spoke very despondingly to the people, and thought that at the age of forty all the spring had left my system. On this occasion, so great has been the goodness of God to me, that I felt bound to select as the text, ‘Whom, when Paul saw, he thanked God and took courage.’ The exercise was comfortable, and perhaps useful. The congregation very large.”

“28th January.—Here I shall set down some notes of my occupation on Wednesday week in the vestry. I find that, incidentally and unexpectedly, a great benefit to the ministry has sprung from my residence at a distance from the church. It has led to appointments and announcements of certain days and hours when I sit in the vestry, for the express purpose of meeting any who desire to speak with me. Previously, incidental cases of encouragement had occurred; but on

that evening there was such a series that I was much interested, and beyond expression cheered. Five persons called in succession, and I shall jot their errands in the order of time.

“1st. W.—Young man; handsome; well connected; has been in business; successful, but in crash of last year has lost all he made, and is retiring,—not bankrupt, but penniless; prospects easy enough for the future, but cares not; is spiritually quickened; one thing needful; all else set aside.

“2d. Mrs. M‘C.—Old Christian friend; fruit shop; called to request me to visit a woman ill. Active managing woman; frequented her shop in the way of trade; observed that she disappeared, and a little girl came in her stead; asked the girl, and learned that the mother was ill; went to see her; found that she had fallen away from ordinances; found her anxious; wanted me to see her. Here is a genuine case of ‘Let him that heareth say come.’

“3d. J. G.—Fine youth; was accepted as a young communicant in October, but taken ill and left town before the time; now returned to town, and come to claim admission.

“4th. D. B.—Young man for certificate to go with his father and sister to Andrew Bonar’s; says more need of him in the new congregation; very affectionate and sensible. Same young man who was aroused when a boy by hearing me preach in Cardross long ago.

“5th. D. F., a mechanic, called to tell me that he

was arrested by a passage in the 'Voyage of Life,' which a year ago, in visiting his family, I had given to his little girl. It was the warning against drink; he had been gliding into it. His tale was most encouraging to me. How softened he was! His wife, a month before, told me how changed he was, and that the child's book had been the means of arresting him. The man intelligently and distinctly told me that, though he was not a drunkard, and was not so accounted, yet from drinking at times somewhat freely his mind was unfitted to take in or feel religious truth. He knew that now, by observing the greater tenderness and susceptibility of his mind since he had altogether abandoned the use of strong drink.

"Clearly I ought to cultivate this field. I must gently open facilities for my congregation to speak to me of their spiritual need or progress."

TO REV. MR. DRUMMOND, Forgandenny.

"13th January 1850.

"MY DEAR MR. DRUMMOND,—I write and post this note so that it will reach you on Hansel Monday morning. A book will be delivered at the same time, the finishing of my jottings on the Proverbs, which I neglected to send last year when it was published. It contains some local reminiscences, which, however, date higher up than your time. There is one, ch. xv. pp. 127, 128, which refers to Robert

Christie and James Cairns at the building of my father's house. It was when I was about six years old. I would like to know if James remembers it. I was lecturing to a Young Men's Association at Alexandria, Vale of Leven, on Thursday, and took the opportunity of making a pilgrimage to see James Paton, who was my fellow-apprentice at Freeland. I saw him at his work with great interest, and felt a slight touch of envy. He has a calmer life than I. However, I would not exchange—not for all the world. The feeling was a momentary touch of weariness. I had once some thoughts of going north about this time, but I have fallen through it. I was in the parish in the autumn. I had so many hours between a train at Perth and another at the Bridge of Earn. Beat up John Milne's quarters; he went over the hill with me to Mailer. Then I dallied about the water side, and in the garden at the Boat, getting apples from the trees that my brother and myself had planted. I would fain have gone round by the village to see you, but the time did not permit. I was obliged to make direct for Bridge of Earn by Gallowmoor."

He had long had a strong desire to visit Palestine, and now, for the first time, saw a possibility of realising it.

TO MR. NELSON.

" Palestine! I am brooding on the

scheme. I have spoken to Professor George Douglas here. He thinks it possible, and will cast it over. I suppose we must have two or three to go together. My present idea of time is 28th March, leaving full three months to the end of June. I shall be glad to hear your view on that point more definitely; for if I do it I would like to do it well, and I think I need not be very straitlaced with my congregation."

TO MR. SMEATON.

"GLASGOW, 29th January 1859.

"MY DEAR MR. SMEATON,—Here is a great point. I am brooding over an Oriental exploration this spring; have long brooded, but no power of hatching aught till now. Two elements favourable this year seem to turn the balance. *Primo*, have funds, which I never had before; *secundo*, the deacons propose to paint the church, which will account for five or six of the thirteen weeks which I suppose to be needful. After twenty years of a ministry in one place, I am clear on all grounds that such a relaxation is justifiable and needful. Nothing determined, however, as yet. But this present note is a retainer for you on Sabbath the 10th of April, to preside at the Communion for me, for I perceive that I must start a fortnight before it, if I go at all. . . . One thing will relieve you from this duty, and that is, go eastward with me."

The plan fell through, however, as did a similar one the following summer, and yet another some years later. The desire so often thwarted grew gradually weaker; and when the opportunity for distant travel came, it was towards the west and not the east that his steps were turned.

The following reply to a circular issued by the Edinburgh Sabbath School Union, may be interesting, as it deals with a subject, that of children's churches, on which much difference of opinion exists among Christian people.

"8th March 1859.

"In reference to your circular of 24th February, I answer—in *general*, that I have not much experience in the departments to which it refers, and I form the best judgment I can from a general knowledge of the case, without specific experience to guide me.

"Under this qualification, and in *particular*, I answer—

"1. Separate services are desirable for such children and youths, not as being in themselves or ultimately the best, but as the best immediately available, and as a medium between the present entire want of the Sabbath worship, and amalgamation with Christian congregations—not only a medium between the two extremes, but also a path over.

“2. Such services are practicable on the short but stern condition, ‘Where there is a will there is a way.’

“3. (1) How. Let Christian men of gifts and graces be told off from our congregations to do it by relays; others younger, beating the bush and bringing in the game. Four such men, for example, could maintain one such meeting, and yet be hearers during three-fourths of their Sabbaths or parts of Sabbaths. ‘It is more blessed to give than to receive.’ When men are educated up to a certain point, unless they begin to give off in kind, they will not even take in any more. Many such men may be found among us, who could do this kind of work better than ministers; while the ministers still could do their present work best; or, if not, they ought to be best. A little gentle limited application of the Free Trade element might be a useful stimulant. On the other hand, those who try to preach will find out the difficulties, and perhaps judge ministers, who really do their best, more leniently instead of more harshly.

“(2.) Where. In the first instance, it must be done, as our other mission work, in whatever halls or large schools may be available, during the day of the Sabbath; afterwards act according to circumstances.—Yours,

WILLIAM ARNOT.”

DIARY.

“10th March 1859.—In the interval some great

things. My wife has passed through a dangerous illness. . . .

"I felt that I was on the brink of deep waters. I did not know whether the Lord would lead me farther down, or lift me up again. It melted me. I felt my heart within me like water, at the thought of the bereavement. It was, I hope, profitable to me. One of my weakest sides is to satisfy myself with prosperity. Graciously God has been shaking my strong mountain. . . .

"I have suffered from inflammation of the eyes for a period of six weeks. By giving up all evening work, and taking active measures, I have got the inflammation now removed. They are well again. My work has been a good deal retarded.

"Have read two volumes of Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*. An iron and miry clay sort of work. Have written sermon in No. II. of *Family Treasury*, and lecture in reply to Mr. Stirling's pamphlet on Forbes Mackenzie's Act.

"NOTE.—29th December 1859.—Ailment in the eyes returned, and lasted in all thirteen weeks. Last fortnight entirely disabled, but by confinement I was soon relieved."

"23d August 1859.—We were in Lochranza, Arran, with the whole family, all the month of June, and in Yarrow, with the three elder children, during the greater part of July. The church was shut up for painting, and I had a more complete rest than usual. I preached more or less every

Sabbath in Arran, Campbeltown, Ochiltree, Yarrow, Selkirk, Galashiels, Glasgow, Dunoon. . . .

“A great spiritual awakening has spread over Ulster, and has within the last month appeared in several places in Glasgow and the west of Scotland. As has always happened in similar circumstances, two sets of experience have occurred. On the one hand, many have turned to the Lord, and many have been deeply solemnized. On the other hand, a prying curiosity has manifested itself, and shallow forward persons take advantage of the crisis to trade on revivals, at the risk of spoiling the delicate process by handling and public exposure.”

TO DR. HAMILTON.

“27th August 1859.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—It is long since I have exchanged word or writing with you. I have become drowsy at my study, and shall in the midst of it jot a few words to you by way of awakener, not to you, but to myself.

“I had full two months’ vacation—church shut up for painting. They have made me so grand that I feel like a bride in her new dress, and am afraid lest everybody be looking. I spent one half of my time at Arran, and one half at Yarrow, among the sheep. My literary labour was chiefly revising a dozen or so of my sermons, which are all more or less defective in first construction. I never had set

myself to do this before, and it is a certain pleasure to me to feel that I have a few which I have done as well as I can. . . . I have had a sort of tussle with the Secretary of the London Young Men about an Exeter Hall lecture. A sight of London again would not be unpleasant, but I have declined. I found myself engaged for two English journeys, Bradford and Liverpool, and could not think of a third, not to speak of having no lecture such as they would like, and no ability to make one, and no willingness to print one. I still please myself with the intention of going to Palestine. I was nearly off this spring. Stevenson of Ayr will go. We still talk of next spring. Will you go?"

The request for a lecture in Exeter Hall was renewed, and he ultimately agreed to it, going to London in December for the purpose. He stipulated, however, that it should not be published immediately, as he wished to get the use of it for several other places. Lectures such as these took time and strength to write, and he must have refused many more applications than he did had a new one been necessary for every occasion. He felt that, once printed, they were lost to him.

DIARY.

"25th September.—I visited Ireland to attend the Evangelical Alliance last week in Belfast, but also with some hope of seeing for myself something of

the revival. I attended and took part in the meetings of the Alliance on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. On Friday I went to Comber, a small town about six miles distant. There I visited five families where there were converts, and conversed freely with them. It was very instructive to me. I am cheered with the conviction that the work is of God, and very great. An increased expectation is apparent in Glasgow. A great awakening in the Wynd Church. One thing I have obtained—the help of elders and others in the congregational prayer meeting.”

The volume of sermons entitled ‘Roots and Fruits of the Christian Life,’ was published towards the close of this year. He hesitated much about bringing out another book of considerable size so soon after the two volumes on Proverbs, thinking that it would be intruding himself too much on public notice. On this ground he proposed at one time to publish this book anonymously. This feeling appears again in a letter to a London publisher, who suggested to him in the following spring to write a book on the cloud of witnesses in Hebrews xi. In his reply to this proposal, he says, “I lie under a queer sense of shame, not for anything I have written, but for the fact that I have offered four volumes in about three years to the public. I feel inclined to touch my hat to the world in general, and say I will not do it again. At the

same time, I am bound to say that I get a good deal of encouragement, some evidence that my labour is not in vain."

TO MR. T. NELSON.

"In my last I conceived fifteen times, and brought forth nothing to the point in the way of title for our embryo book. I think I have it now—got it in the Gardens to-day while I was enjoying my Saturday constitutional—

‘ROOTS AND FRUITS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.’

I would place first in the series a sermon on ‘Faith, Hope, and Love,’ which is so treated, that ‘Roots and Fruits,’ &c., would be its strictly appropriate title; while the terms would honestly and exactly express the general character of the whole. Indeed, I think a better title could not be found—I mean one that more definitely and truly described the article. One obvious, and, I confess, strong objection, is,—it jingles too much. And people might say it was chosen for its sound, which saying, however, would not be true, for it would be chosen for its sense.

“Others occurred; thus—

‘THE ANCHOR OF THE SOUL,’ &c.

In that case, of course, a sermon on that text would stand foremost.”

The sermon alluded to was not included in this series, and both it and the title were afterwards used for the smaller volume published after his death.

He was anxious that his own congregation, especially such of them as belonged to the working classes, should have an opportunity of purchasing his books considerably under their selling price. Though he failed to carry out his plan in its entirety, he arranged that all three volumes should be offered to the working people belonging to the congregation for a period of two months at the price of 4s.—the selling price of the “Proverbs” being 6s. 6d. each volume; that of “Roots and Fruits” 7s. 6d.

The following letter shows that these circumstances had suggested to him the idea of publishing a book specially for his own people, which, however, was never carried out.

The Edinburgh affair alluded to was a proposal to organise a regular congregation in the Free Church Assembly Hall, with Dr. Charles Brown and himself as colleague ministers. There was a good deal of correspondence and consultation about it privately for the next few months, and then the matter dropped.

TO MR. NELSON.

“GLASGOW, 8th November 1859.

“MY DEAR SIR,—This idea of yours has some life in it. It would not itself constitute a river; but

what single spring would? However, affluents and confluents are coming in on every side. Before your suggestion reached me, a thought in that direction was moving in my brain, begotten of the book-sellers, to the effect that my next book, if ever I should make another, should be written and printed in silence, not at the publishing season, but at another time—say August; that we should deliberately, and deliciously free from restraint, place a great stock in the session-house for all Saint Petreans without distinction, at prime cost; that thereafter we might advertise it for publication if we judged it worthy. Such is the origin of our river: the first affluent is your contribution, which diverts considerably the course of the stream. The next is (but we must number them for convenience of reference) (3), the former idea of sermons for young people, excluded from the large volume, with a possible prospect of occupying a small one. This germ, however, is altered and enlarged into a *booky*, denominated ‘The Church at Home; or the Church in the House,’ containing two or three discourses to children, one to servants, one on relations of brothers &c., and amounting to size of ‘Race for Riches.’ (4.) A letter from James Stevenson this morning says time is rolling on, and asks Palestine this coming spring, yea or nay, for we had some definite talk about it in July, and then postponed. This suggests a *time* and *occasion*: as it could not possibly be done for New Year, the very nick of time

would be on the eve of departure, if I go, with preface intimating that, like other soldiers having served twenty-one years, I want a clerical furlough. I suppose at the most it could be made neat (you acting as manufacturer, and enjoying the lawful profits of that department, but not those of publisher), five hundred for a shilling each. This would be only £25, which, of course, I could and would gladly expend. Perhaps the small edition might, however, increase the cost. But, on any event, on that side the matter is plain and easy. If all other things should suit, I certainly would not stick at the price of the fact.

“ You must not say anything of this. It is only a dream. I am writing for the purpose of letting out the thought which was knotting at my throat, and preventing me from some work which presses. I am writing on the supposition that the Edinburgh affair will not stir. If it should stir, and need to be considered more, I am not sure what effect it might have on the Eastern project—perhaps in favour, perhaps against it. Its details and actualities have not yet come close to my mind. The *vis inertiae* of human nature keeps the toil of the thing at arm’s length as long as it can; and meantime the distant general view seems to indicate on a balance a decided preponderance in favour of the *sit*, and against the *flit*.—Yours,

WILLIAM ARNOT.”

DIARY.

"29th December 1859.—The new volume of miscellaneous sermons, under the title 'Roots and Fruits of the Christian Life,' was published near the end of November. Some days ago the publisher reported that the 3000 printed at first will be all out of his hands this month, and that another edition of 2000 had been sent to press. This is a large measure of success in as far as the circulation goes. I am not able to entertain much hope of its usefulness in converting the careless; but it may be useful in instructing Christians.

"I paid a visit to London on the 13th inst. to lecture in the Young Men's Course at Exeter Hall. Subject—'The Earth, framed and furnished, as a Habitation for Man.' Was well received. It was not directly preaching the Gospel, and yet it was work on the Lord's side, in a department where it is needed.

"Of work for the press, besides the large volume, I have contributed of late—(1) a New Year's tract for the Temperance League, entitled 'Prayers and Pains;' (2) a paper in Transactions of Social Science on 'The Criminality of Drunkenness;' (3) 'Lecture for Young Men in London;' (4) a short paper for January number of *Family Treasury*, 'Grace and Peace; or, A Good New Year.'

"An application was made to me, in great simplicity of style, by a Welsh schoolmaster near Car-

narvon, for liberty to translate 'Voyage of Life' into Welsh. Also one from the Secretary of the American Tract Society for the tract 'The Foe and the Fight,' for republication in America, with both of which I, of course, cordially complied."

TO REV. MR. DRUMMOND, Forgandenny.

"6th February 1860.

"MY DEAR MR. DRUMMOND,—With this note you will receive five volumes, viz. :—

	Vols.
'Illustrations of the Proverbs of Solomon,'	2
'Roots and Fruits of the Christian Life,' .	1
'Memoir of James Halley,	1
'The Race for Riches,'	1

which please present from me to the Forgandenny Parish Library. Dear little, peaceful, Forgandenny, the home of my childhood and youth, the 'place of my fathers' sepulchres.' In these volumes readers of my own age, who have spent their life in the parish, may recognise scenes, incidents, and characters which were photographed on my memory in childhood, and have thence been transferred to the printed page. With best wishes for the success of the library, and the highest interests of its readers, I am, yours, &c.,

WILLIAM ARNOT."

While no man made less of social distinctions in

themselves, or honoured more equally all men, high and low, according to their character and talents, he was ready, in Paul's spirit of being all things to all men, to take advantage of these distinctions or prejudices where they could be of use in a good cause. He looked on a high social position as a talent to be used in the Lord's service, and urged those who possessed it to hold it and use it as such. The following letter to Dr. Close, then Dean of Carlisle, is an instance of this.

TO THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF CARLISLE.

“GLASGOW, *3d February 1860.*

“DEAR SIR,—The committee of the Free Church Temperance Society have requested me to communicate to you their earnest desire that you should give a lecture in Glasgow in the course of the present month or the first week of March. I shall state as shortly as I can the main points. While we work in perfect accord with other societies, we have access to persons in some quarters from which others are excluded in virtue of our express Christian basis. Our special object at present is to reach the West End classes of our vast city by a lecture in the Queen's Rooms, West End Park, to be given by one who, in addition to the ability which in every case is necessary, can, in the Lord's Providence, bring *also* a high social position as a talent into the service. I can well understand how you may be oppressed by

solicitations with which you are unable to comply. I submit our case to your consideration on the special ground that we have here a great, wealthy, and influential community, and that you possess that special requisite which, in addition to providing a suitable appeal, will bring out the class of persons who need to hear it."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE plans for Eastern travel having again been abandoned for want of company, he made up his mind to take a shorter journey on his own account. "I have never yet looked on the Alps," he writes to a friend, "and feel myself in consequence only a half educated man."

DIARY.

"27th May 1860.—Since the last date my work has been all going on as usual. At the Communion in April there were several vivid examples of the work of the Spirit in the young people whom I examined. I ought to acknowledge that there were marks of revival, silent but sure. I have been able to go through all my engagements this season without any interruption on the ground of health. To-day I preached both diets at home with a moderate measure of hopefulness and comfort—forenoon, on the parable of the enemy sowing tares; afternoon, on love the brotherhood. The prospect of setting

out to-morrow, with my wife, her sister, and other two young friends, for a tour of five or six weeks on the Continent, largely distracted me in the preparation for preaching; but I was not much troubled with it to-day, either in private or in public. When the new stream became strong it overbore the other. I take the excursion for mental relaxation, and for education. I need it, not for bodily health, but for refreshment and rest to my mind. I have prevailed upon my wife to go, thinking that she needs it too, after the continuous carefulness and fatigue of bringing up so far seven children. What I want now is to do this in simplicity, and in the spirit of adoption, not stealing it as a deliverance from the service of the Lord, but serving the Lord in it, and looking for His blessing on it, as a means of invigorating the ministry afterwards."

"12th Dec. 1860.—A long period, crowded with events, has elapsed since last entry in May. The journey then contemplated was accomplished in perfect safety. We were about six weeks absent. Our little girl, Helen, passed through a severe gastric fever during our absence, but she was far advanced in her recovery before our return. Since that date matters have been going on in their usual routine until Sabbath morning the 9th, when another boy came home. All was well then, and all well still, three days afterward. Another memorial; hitherto the Lord hath helped us."

Some days later he recurs again to the child's

illness above alluded to, and gives a fuller account of it, telling how they had received the first tidings of it at Geneva on the Saturday night, made preparations for a hurried journey home, and were just on the point of starting on Sabbath afternoon when other letters arrived: "They were of two days' later date. The child had got the turn, and was progressing favourably. Oh, what a reaction! It was then that the tears came; for I had wept none before. But tears of joy are very sweet. It was an intense joyfulness. I hope there was thankfulness to our Father in heaven."

TO DR. BUCHANAN.

"29th November 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Obviously a communication regarding the mysterious feeler which for some person or persons unknown, you put forth on Monday evening, would be most conveniently made *viva voce*. For that purpose I watched for an opportunity in Edinburgh, but failed to find one. So, here goes, on paper as nearly as possible what I would have said.

"I don't value—*sit venia verbo*—these D.D.s; certainly not from want of respect to the Doctors or the makers of doctors, but partly because, in my judgment, a want of discrimination has sometimes been manifested, chiefly, though not exclusively, in the Transatlantic articles; and perhaps also because of a certain constitutional tendency to simples in

my own personal tastes. I would not do a rude thing in any case, but I would contrive some means by which I would escape the necessity of wearing the decoration. Consequently, as prevention is better than cure, it will be more agreeable for all parties if nothing more is done. This is my present judgment; at some future time, if I should possess less of the grace of pride, and more of the grace of humility, I might perhaps be willing to accept the suggested honour.—I am, yours,

W. ARNOT."

It was matter of surprise to many that Mr. Arnot remained all his life without the degree of D.D., and some of his friends, who were not fully aware of his sentiments on that subject, were inclined to blame the senate of the University of Glasgow for omitting to confer that honour upon him. The fact seems to have been that at this time it was proposed in the senate, and cordially agreed to, that the degree should be conferred on Mr. Arnot; but owing to reports of his opinions which had reached some of their number, Dr. Buchanan was requested to sound him as to his willingness to receive it before proceeding further. The above is his reply, which effectually put a stop to the whole matter.

Though the following letters belong to a much later date, they will most conveniently find a place here, and so have done with this subject, which is in itself of little importance, and would not have

been introduced here but for the fact that both his own action in the matter and that of his Alma Mater have in various quarters been misunderstood and misrepresented.

“UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,
WASHINGTON SQUARE.

“JOHN C. GREEN, *President*.

“REV. HOWARD CROSBY, D.D., *Chancellor*.

“WM. R. MARTIN, *Secretary*, 141 Broadway.

“NEW YORK, 13th October 1873.

“REV. WILLIAM ARNOT, D.D.

“SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that at a meeting of the Council of the University in May 1873, the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon you.

“A diploma is in preparation. and will, in a few days, be sent to you.—Yours very respectfully,

WM. R. MARTIN, *Secretary*.’

REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

“NEW YORK, 54 W. 36TH STREET,
18th October 1873.

“DEAR SIR.—Your letter regarding diploma was waiting me here on my return from Washington yesterday. I am on wing for Europe. Must sail to-day at three o'clock, and my answer must be brief.

“I must endeavour to make two things clear and sure, though it may seem difficult to *reconcile* them.

First, I shall entertain and express no sentiments but those of affection and high esteem for the University of New York and its members. I value very highly their favourable judgment; with my whole heart I reciprocate their kind regard. Nothing that I shall say or do will tend to depreciate the worth of their certificate. But, *second*, I do not consent to have my ordinary designation at home changed, and my precedence among my equals affected by their action in this country. I shall continue to assume, and to expect from others, my own old simple designation.

A hurried note now of partial explanation. Several special circumstances forbid my assumption of the title.

First.—The University of Glasgow, about fifteen years ago, sounded me on the subject, through an eminent personage, and received such a discouraging response, that the matter was carried no further. Many of my friends in Scotland know the circumstance, and believe that I declined the honour when offered by my own university.

Second.—I am minister of Free High Church in Edinburgh. A Dr. Arnot is minister of the High Church there, connected with the Establishment. As it is, my letters often go to him. The inconvenience would be increased if both were designated doctor.

Third.—The resolution of your council, as you intimate, was taken in May, while your letter of 13th curt. is the only intimation of the fact that I have received. Don't suppose that I mention the circumstance in order to blame you. Far from it; I

have enough to do with my own faults. My aim is to justify in your sight my own acts. Immediately before leaving home in August this year, I observed in one of our monthly religious journals an announcement that your university had conferred the degree on me. I believed that there was some mistake. The editor told me he had seen it long before in an American paper. As a considerable period had intervened, and I had never heard of it, and had never seen an American paper that contained the notice—although I have many kind correspondents here, who send me papers when anything interesting occurs—I suspected it was a blunder. I said nothing, however; but within a week after the notice was printed in Scotland, letters began to pour in decorated with D.D. Here I was placed in a difficulty. If this goes on unchecked for a few weeks, the name will be fixed, fixed on a false information, and I must walk through the world decked in plumes that are not my own.

On the eve of sailing for America, I sent a letter to the Scotch newspapers intimating that I had good grounds for believing that the rumour was unfounded, and requesting that my friends would continue to address me as before, and that whether the news should prove false or true. This resolution cannot now be changed. I think the best method is, let the diploma never issue, let the whole matter drop into silence.

I have written in haste, but I should have proved

untrue to my judgment and my affections alike, if I have said anything that seems to undervalue the honour which your university meant to confer, or to indicate any lack of sympathy on my part with the great work which it and kindred institutions are carrying on in this great country, which I see, and rejoice to see, will soon take the lead among the nations of the world.—Yours, in esteem and love,

WILLIAM ARNOT."

"W. R. Martin, Esq."

Those who enjoyed the papers for the young which he so frequently contributed to the pages of the *Family Treasury* in later years, will be interested in this note of his first effort in that line.

TO THE REV. ANDREW CAMERON.

"8th February 1861.

"Along with this I post the MS. of a children's sermon, addressing it to Hope Park. Its title is 'Roots of Bitterness; the Ailment and the Cure.' It is in some respects venturesome. It has no stories. It depends throughout on the use of one analogy. My vine clings to its trellis, and there are nothing but the two on the field. I have studied to avoid the ostentatious display of accommodation to children in form, and the intrusion secretly of thoughts and expressions really demanding maturity of mind. It is curious that this is the first sermon I

have ever *written* for children. I am somewhat apprehensive regarding my success. But even although this should in a measure fail, I would not despair of succeeding better next time."

The year 1861 is remembered as a time of great spiritual awakening in Glasgow. It seemed to take its commencement in the meetings held by an American evangelist, Mr. E. P. Hammond, but soon spread wide and deep through all the congregations of the city. Special meetings were held nightly in the various churches for a week at a time, and the means used were largely blessed. Mr. Arnot from the first co-operated heartily with the leaders of the movement, and he had the great joy of seeing many fruits of the revival among his own flock.

DIARY.

"7th April 1861.—The quickening spirit is at work both in my family and in my congregation. To-day I enjoyed the preaching. The congregation very large, and hopefully solemnised. Subject, afternoon, Ps. xl. 1, 'I waited patiently for the Lord.' We have made arrangements for holding congregational meetings nightly for a week. Great inquiry throughout the city. We must watch whereunto the thing will grow. I hope that I am on the eve of an outpouring of the Spirit in large measure on my own dear people."

A fortnight later, after enumerating several hopeful

cases which had come under his own observation, he goes on to say: "These are not all. Decided revival has been and is within the borders of the congregation. The meetings have been very refreshing to many."

Again, on 14th May.—"Still a softening among the people, and more power with the word. On Thursday evening, last week, I resumed the weekly prayer meeting, for three weeks interrupted because of conjoint nightly meetings in other churches. It was large and soft; only an hour, and no inquiry meeting. I conducted it wholly myself. I was happy and hopeful all the time, and at the close."

A distinctive feature of the revival at this time was the extent to which it spread among the young. Special meetings for children were held nightly for many weeks in Free Anderston Church, the Rev. Mr. Somerville's, the area of the church being usually quite filled with children of various ages and from all ranks. Very many showed signs of deep impressions; and though in some, no doubt, it was a mere outward excitement which quickly passed away, in others the impression made was deep and lasting; and there are many now grown up and members of the church to whom the hours spent at these meetings are among the most precious memories of their childhood.

"Dec. 1861.—Spiritual work in the congregation

less public, and less demonstrative; but have reason to believe it does not cease."

In the autumn of this year he took another short run on the Continent, with the double object of taking his eldest daughter to school at Lausanne, and attending the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance at Geneva. We give from his journal the history of a Sabbath's rest and work on the way.

"BRIEG, *Sabbath*, 8th September 1861.

"I have this forenoon enjoyed opportunities of preaching on a small scale, which I did not expect. The man who drove me in a char-a-banc from Visp yesterday morning is still hanging on for a chance customer to carry in the direction of home—away eastward in the Bernese Oberland. He is an energetic fellow in his business. As we were coming towards Brieg yesterday, I requested him to keep a look-out among the hotels for me, and let me know if he found any return carriage for the Simplon, or any party that could take one into their carriage, or any party waiting like myself, with whom I might join in hiring. He readily consented. But after a little he broke silence again with an energetic jabber, ending with a repeated emphatic '*für mich*' (for me, in my interest). I did not take him up for a while, for at that time I was not aware of his circumstances. At last the light dawned upon me, and I drew it out clear bit by bit—that he expected

me, among the gentlemen at the *table d'hôte*, to keep a look-out for customers to him. I promised, and kept my word. Well, he was hanging on when I went out to-day. I asked him to sit down beside me outside, and took out my German Testament. He looked at it with great interest; and after I had read some portions to him, he said, 'It is a beautiful book; would that it were mine.' This moved me a good deal. I would fain have given the poor fellow the testament, but then I had not another, and could not have read a verse to any other person afterwards. He can read. He examined the title-page, and saw Martin Luther's name. He said they are not allowed to have Martin Luther's bible; the whole canton is Popish. I explained to him that it is God's word, and not Luther's. I read the Lord's Prayer and the Ave Maria, to let him see that it contains the same things as the Catholic bible. I was able also easily to tell him the grounds of salvation—that there is only one Mediator between God and man, the Son of God. Then a discussion followed regarding Mary. I pointed out to him that she could not hear prayer, for she is not God. He still repeated that devilish wile of Popery, 'She can intercede with her Son.' I told him that Christ loves us already, and loves to forgive—that He told His disciples to shut the door of their closet, and pray in secret; and that Mary, being a creature, could not hear. He shook me by the hand, looking solemnized and affectionate when I parted. . . .

“After that I walked up the hill on one side a considerable distance, striking off near the town from the public road into a narrow track. I soon came upon a considerable clump of houses, like a farm steading. At the door of the house sat one old man. I accosted him with a kindly good day, and sat down beside him. He looked very friendly, but hardly answered any of my remarks. After a few moments, I discovered a young man lying under the shade of a thick tree, right before the door, and within speaking distance. I gave him a nod and a good day, whereupon he rose and came forward. The conversation now became quite lively and intelligible. Then he told me that the old man was dull of hearing; this he did by way of explaining why he had told the man in a loud voice some things that I had said. I then spoke louder, and the old man joined. He asked if I spoke French. I told him my language was English. He asked if I came from France (the notion of the existence of England is somewhat cloudy. France seems nearer them; it touches their own country). I answered that I had come from England, and travelled through and through the kingdom of France. His next question was a poser—‘Did you travel on foot all the way?’ Of course, I informed him that I was indebted to the Eisenbahn and the locomotive. Speaking of the mountains, which seemed almost to overhang us, I told the young man that we, in Scotland, have mountains like these, but smaller;

that our mountains are like theirs as a child is like a man. Thereupon the young man kindled up into a most satisfied and patriotic glow, and told the deaf one in a loud voice, and in better phraseology than mine, what I had said. They then addressed several very pertinent questions about the products of my country. I now thought it time to table my testament. I read portions of it, and told them of the one Mediator. The youth at parting gave me a hearty shake, and ‘a good journey for to-morrow.’

“These people can read, but God’s word is kept out of their way. This is the condition of Popish Switzerland. The temporal government does its part in teaching all to read; the spiritual tyranny, serving its own master, takes care that they shall not have the Book of Salvation to read.

“As a testimony for the precious day of the Lord, I took care to tell those with whom I conversed, that I travel none to-day, because it is the Lord’s day. At the hotel I see this testimony is impressive. The men speak of it with approval—with wonder—and regret apparently that they cannot do likewise. The waiter has informed me that the gentleman and three ladies who arrived last night are English, and also rest in the hotel all day, because it is Sabbath. So in this one town two parties, consisting of five persons, bear witness by deeds to the authority and preciousness of the day of rest.

“If it depended on the inherent excellence of our service, I could not expect a blessing with this testi-

mony, for, alas! the force of habit and the weakness of faith together make me a good deal weary to-day. But still I shall expect a blessing for the Lord's sake, both to the people here and to myself. In many ways it may be a lesson to me. I may know myself better, and be upon my guard not to claim merit even for devotional liveliness and delight in the Sabbath at home. I owe it not to any advanced spiritual life in me, but to my circumstances and training—that is, to God's providence and God's grace."

DIARY.

"2d Feb. 1862.—I am at home on Sabbath—at home alone—too much oppressed with a cold to preach, or even go out. This is to me a strange experience. If my life is spared, I must lay my account with more frequent feebleness. I suspect I shall find it more difficult to learn to rest than I have found it to learn to labour."

"1st June 1862.—An event of some importance passed between 14th March and 14th April. I was invited by the promoters of Kelvinside Church to be their minister. My mind lay to it for some time, but the difficulties gradually increased, so that I found it necessary to decline.

"Another thing presses me at present. Mr. Rainy, of the High Church, Edinburgh, was, on Tuesday last, elected to the Chair of Church History in the Free Church College, and a strong rumour runs that the congregation will invite me to succeed

him. It was painful to go about the lobbies of the Assembly, so many persons spoke of it to me. I know not whether the proposal will ever be made, but my mind works away at the case in secret—if I should be invited, would I, should I, go? A change of scene and ministry would be very good for me; but Glasgow is not so well supplied as Edinburgh. On the other hand, as my mind is pretty clear that a change would be advantageous, no other suitable opportunity will probably occur. I must fall back on my old principle, that served me in good stead at the time of my marriage, ‘I being in the way, the Lord led me.’”

“11th Dec. 1862.—The affair of the High Church has exercised me, I hope profitably, and then passed away like a cloud.”

In the autumn of 1862 Mr. Arnot again supplied the pulpit of Regent Square Church, London, for four consecutive Sabbaths. On this occasion he was accompanied by his wife and two of his children, and they occupied Dr. Hamilton’s house in Euston Square, in the absence of the family. At the end of three weeks, Mrs. Arnot and the children returned home, leaving him to preach another Sabbath, and to meet his eldest daughter, who was then on her way home from Switzerland in charge of a friend. Disliking the prospect of a week alone in London, he thought of going across to Paris for a day or two, and had actually started, when the missing of a train

set him to reconsider his plans, and he determined to remain where he was. The letter in which he gives the history of this change of mind is very characteristic. The latter part is a good specimen of the kind of doggerel rhyme which, when he was in the mood for it, he would extemporise with great ease and rapidity, for the amusement of himself and his children and very intimate friends.

TO HIS WIFE.

"LONDON, *Tuesday Evening*,
"20th August 1862.

"DEAREST JANE,—It is now 8 P.M. I hope you are safely past Carstairs, with your sandwich-bag empty. Would you like to know my history since we parted in mighty Euston at ten to-day? After sundry switherations—*more meo solito*—let Bob translate if he can, and if he can't, be ashamed of himself—I started at 2.35, with two shirts on and some *whittles* in my pocket, bent on starting from Victoria for Dover by a train at three. Reached the station by omnibus exactly at 3.5. Walked about, then sat awhile, intending to go at 4.10; but at 3.45 I grew a wiser man, and jumped into an omnibus for Tottenham. Heat growing great, found that to flee to France would not rid me of myself, and that if this self be naughty, it will not be rectified by *parlez-vous*. Found also that I have much work before me, and that I have rested a good deal this summer

already. So I am here again, and have toiled diligently all the afternoon. Don't think now that I shall go to France at all, but promise nothing.

"Now, if I had caught the right train for Dover,
By this time I would have been far, far away ;
But I'm glad, since it is so, I didn't go over,
'Twas better, in every view, surely, to stay.
Six good days' work done,
While I am here alone,
Yield fruits more substantial
Than loitering in France ; ye all
At home will applaud my choice,
Though I can't hear your voice.

"Send me a letter to say if you better
Fared in the train, than when we in the main
Body started together, in hot dusty weather,
To visit the capital, bent keenly on it all.

"Give my love, give my best, to the birds in the nest—
The five youngest fledglings, the dear little hedgelings,
Who nestled at home, while we went to roam
In southern air, through the world's great fair.

"Tell them I'm coming back, though on another track ;
Say that I'm coming home, and coming not alone :
Through mountainous passes, on mules and on asses,
From Swissland a maiden is coming all laden
With love and with kisses for the dear little misses
That are shut in the ark at twelve Hamilton Park.

"Mamma brought them toys, in which they rejoice
Their sister and brother, as well as their mother,
Remembered their Willic, and Mary, and Nellie,
And Annie, and Johnny, the gentle and bonny,
The darling of all the house, greater and small,
But papa hopes to bring home another darling ;
May God safely send her, from all ill defend her,
By sea and by land, in his Fatherly hand,
A darling grown dearer, now that a nearer
Prospect of meeting her and fondly greeting her
Breaks like the sunrise on our long straining eyes."

"It will be joyful, very joyful when the scattered children meet again at home; but that joy, sweet though it be, is in some measure marred by the knowledge that it cannot last always. Let us all be children, elder and younger, of our heavenly Father's family; and so, when we meet in the many mansions of His home, we shall go no more out.—

Yours,

WILLIAM ARNOT."

TO DR. HANNA.

GLASGOW, 22d January 1863.

"MY DEAR DR. HANNA,—Ever since a proposal was made to me in the spring of last year by the people of Kelvinside, a series of nibblings has been carried on at my roots, with the view of ascertaining whether the tree might not even yet be transplanted. If I had proclaimed from the house-top that I would live and die with my beloved people, &c., &c., I would, of course, have been permitted to prosecute my work in obscurity and peace. But the proclamation would be untrue, and therefore I cannot make it. I do not know any minister in Scotland who has more cause to be contented than I have; and I am contented. My congregation is large, loving, and united. There never has been a jar in our courts or congregation. Nothing that has happened can affect me or my position here; because, publicly and privately,

for many years, I have made known my judgment, that what remains of my ministry would probably be fresher and more effective, both for myself and the church, if it were exercised in a new sphere. On that ground, I entertained and expressed an inclination to close with the invitation to Kelvin-side. My people resisted and overcame that inclination, mainly on the ground that the place was too near (exactly two miles), and would shatter St. Peter's. In their reasoning with me, they expressly intimated that they would not oppose a call to another place, if the place and call were worthy, and I should be inclined to accept it."

To Dr. HAMILTON.

GLASGOW, 18th February 1863.

"MY DEAR SIR,—

" . . . I have given you this history for the purpose of saying, in connection with it, two things. *First*—In all these I have done nothing in the initiative. When grave proposals are made, I gravely consider them. In all, I have decided on good grounds, and my decisions have, I think, been right. But (*second*), the great public do not discriminate nicely. They do things by slump. Hearing that a certain minister has been named two or three times in one year, with a view to translation, and that he still remains untranslated, they determine, by a short-cut style of reasoning,

that there must be something fickle about him. It is in view of this history that I am inclined to say, Let well alone. I am fully employed, encouraged, and happy.

"I suppose when you speak of a possible union in Regent Square, you have under the rose a possible eke of income to both, through James Nisbet, or similar channels. To this I would not object; and I would not shrink from risk in that direction. But as I hinted in my last, as long as both are able to preach twice every Sabbath, it would to the church appear strange that we should be reduced to half work. This objection seems very serious. If it were possible to have two kirks, the project might do; but I suppose that is impossible. The other suggestion is an interesting conception; but I fear it is only an idea. Had there been a church and a plain statement of its locality, its debts, its circumstances, sent to me, I could have given a categorical in seven days. On the other hand, there is no party who will put matters in that position, and then begin to look out for a minister, lest they should be refused by the one whom they think suitable, and driven down and down till they come to one who had nothing enticing at home.

"I see the fix, but I do not see the way out of it. My advice, therefore, is to do nothing. Not being able to strike out a bold positive line for doing much good, I take refuge in the other alter-

native—I adopt the method that will be sure to do no evil.

“Close it, unless you can send me any suggestion about the possibility or impossibility of two churches, joined like binary stars, to revolve round each other. Could we not propagate our kind in this form with less risk than by a separate institution?”

TO DR. HAMILTON.

“GLASGOW, 5th May 1863.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I am moved to indite a short epistle to you by two considerations.

“*First.* You intend to be at Stonehouse early in June: I hope to meet you there. But I write now to advise you to take up your abode with us while you may be in Glasgow, before or after your engagement at Stonehouse.

“*Second.* The notices of your college in Report of Synod call up some dreams. The ambition of M'Cosh, Cairns, and another, *added* to your present staff, seems Utopian. The expense, £1500 per annum, in addition to the present expenditure. It is not decorous for a man to recommend himself; but secretly, and in the circumstances, it is not sinful to dream that the collegiate of which you lately whispered might be possible there. You and I, if colleagues, might be professors too. Defect of learning on one side (my own) would, in my judg-

ment, be made up by the gain of having ministers to mould ministers. This is a great point, which all our colleges ignore. I do not know how your course is distributed; but apologetics and New Testament exegesis, with some other fragments, might be undertaken by these two, and they would get it cheap—£150 or £200 a-year each! I could support the idea with many good arguments; but it is an idea only. Abstract it must remain, floating about like a ghost; concrete body for it is not in these times.—Yours,

WILLIAM ARNOT."

The proposal to call him to the Free High Church, Edinburgh, which had fallen through the previous year, on account of the strong opposition of a portion of the congregation, was now renewed, and caused him much anxiety and vexation before it was settled. The opposition was renewed and persisted in to such an extent, that he felt inclined over and over again to interpose, and authoritatively withdraw his name. But his strong principles on the subject of calls and ministerial work did not permit such a course. He kept silence till the matter came formally before him, and the decision then arrived at was in accordance with his sense of duty, and what he believed to be the leading of Providence, but directly opposed to his own inclinations at the time.

TO REV. DR. HAMILTON.

“GLASGOW, 7th August 1863.

“MY DEAR HAMILTON,—It is due to you, as you have long taken a friendly interest in my affairs, to let you know, which I hereby do, that it appears to be as good as settled that I go to Edinburgh after all. The crisis, as I understand the matter, was on Wednesday last, when I allowed my congregation to be summoned. Then was the time, if ever, to reject the call. I cannot trouble either myself or you with details. Suffice it to say, that my judgment formed itself suddenly at last. I was annoyed and wearied with the concern, and looked forward to the Presbytery here, if ever the ease should reach it, as my opportunity to clear out of the concern with some laudable indignation. But when I found that the opposition had announced itself over, and the call was good—238 members, there being only 410 sittings let—good, that is, proportionally,—the wind took me suddenly on another tack. On the main merits, apart from specialities, judgment would have gone in favour of removal; if the call is rejected, it must be rejected on the ground of the specialities, and these, as they have now come out, do not avail to reverse the decision which the merits bore. I was, ere I was aware, shut up by the stern logic of the case. And, lo! a tumult of commotion lies before me.

(Perhaps I have spoken too abstractly. I mean the row that these fellows kicked up, although touching one's pride painfully, is really not sufficient reason for reversing what, in absence of said row, would have been my judgment, and so in effect proclaiming to all such in future ages—only kick up a dust, and you will gain your point.) I hope I shall have pith to go rightly through. My judgment is, on the whole, pretty clear. You see I have been so vexed by these matters since Buchanan moved in the Kelvinside affair, eighteen months ago, that if I had rejected this, I must—for my own sake and my people's—have advertised all and sundry, there must be no more of this. But there is no formula for accomplishing that object, except the announcement, with or without the use of the handkerchief, that I shall lay my bones among my beloved people, etc. That ain't in my line.

“I hope to have September free, perhaps in the Highlands, perhaps in Germany. I am quite hopeful that, if my health is spared a while, with the relief which the change will afford, I may do some things which here I could not do. At all events, if I should not succeed in being more useful, I shall have encouraged somewhat the circulation of Free Church ministers, which is a thing much to be desired.

“We were a month at Port Bannatyne, and returned at the end of July. I suppose you will be in sight soon. Love to all the house.—Yours,

WILLIAM ARNOT.”

DIARY.

"23d August 1863, Sabbath evening.—I am very desolate to-day. I indicated on Thursday to the Presbytery my willingness to accept the call from Edinburgh, and they took the usual steps for severing my connection with St. Peter's. I have preached to my people all day for the last time as their minister. I am quite crushed."

TO DR. CHARLES BROWN.

"GLASGOW, 24th August 1863.

"MY DEAR DR. BROWN,—I was too busy on Saturday with my preparation for Sabbath to attend to correspondence; but this morning I hasten to acknowledge and reciprocate your kindness in both letters.

"In many features this case is peculiar. I am not able at present, however, to tell you at large how it has, in its various stages, presented itself to me. I have had much to bear in connection with it. Chiefly in restraining myself; for I have all along thought, and think still, that an injustice was done to me at an early stage, when a signed list of objections was given in and discussed in the Presbytery, and afterwards concealed from the public and from me. It has almost crushed me in the end, to find my judgment leading me to a conclusion which seems to humiliate me in the face of the church and

the world. However, when I took the step, I took it deliberately as the right one ; and although I am at present in almost complete darkness and desolation regarding it, I shall go forward, hoping that God our Father will either open up the path and shed light and hope on it, or alternatively make my stumbles the instruments of chastening me into conformity with the mind of Christ. I shall go forward, I mean, unless something occur to stop me ; and I confess that in the bitterness of my heart, yesterday, I cried to God to stop it. When you dig down with the intention of removing a tree—an old one—you generally find the roots are stronger and deeper than you expected. There is danger lest the tree die in your hands. Your city is thought beautiful ; oh ! if you knew what a dark repulsive shadow it throws across my heart at this hour ! I am not able to determine at present how much of this belongs to a grief that is natural and temporary. Perhaps in a week hence I shall be more able to judge. We must work our way to the knowledge of the Lord's will through fire and water. He does not give it by large letters on the sky which the indolent might read.—Yours,

WILLIAM ARNOT."

TO PROFESSOR MILLER.

"GLASGOW, 24th August 1863.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR,—You know the patient well. How did you divine the number, depth, and direc-

tion of the wounds that would this morning be gaping in my heart, needing an inpouring of the wine and oil by the friendly hand of a good Samaritan?

“Briefly, I took the main step deliberately as the right one,—shown to be right by a preponderance of reasons on that side; but all seemed dark yesterday. What if in self-seeking, self-indulgence, I am fleeing from work. The grosser forms of self-interest were not there. I neither gained money nor *éclat*; but may there not be cleaner and genteeler forms of the same principle creeping under the folds! I hope, however, that I shall again get my foot upon a firm place, and be able to go forward. My habits of study have greatly changed since about 1856; much more full and exact and careful. It is better so for my people; but it wearies and wastes me on the whole. It strongly took hold of me that I might make my work *better* for a few years with a *smaller* outlay in a new sphere; and that to refuse a lawful opportunity of making a change would in effect be to determine, that having five talents, I would only occupy three of them. Some sentences of the report were correct, but a great part was hopeless nonsense. . . . Your letter abundantly repaid your labour in the quantum of good it did. ‘More blessed to give,’ etc.—Yours,

WILLIAM ARNOT.”

TO MR. H. K. WOOD, Glasgow,
A Member of Free St. Peter's Session.

“EDINBURGH, 20th October 1863.

“MY DEAR MR. WOOD,—As I sat last night at the receipt of custom, in the tall vestry of the High Church, a young woman entered, looking not as a stranger, and presenting a certificate like the rest. I unfolded the document, and found the familiar St. Peter's formula, signed by George Edwards and Hugh Wood. The thing went to my heart like a shot. There stood Elizabeth Norval, whom I had baptised as an adult in St. Peter's, holding by the Lord stedfastly here among strangers, and glad to become one of the lambs of the flock again. A few minutes before, a tall and strong young man had come in and claimed recognition. His name is Clark; he was a member of St. Peter's while he resided at Partick; has been about two years in a responsible employment in Leith; and now, with an affection most encouraging to me, comes to be a member of the High Church, counting nothing on a two miles' journey. He is now well able to be of use to me. I have found it needful to let out a little in a letter, that I might not explode outright. Mention the matter, with my love, to your coadjutor, Mr. Edwards, and tell any brother who asks, that I do not forget you, and that you should not forget me. I expect both pleasure and profit out of this love for St. Peter's yet.—Yours,

WILLIAM ARNOT.”

CHAPTER IX.

ONCE fairly settled in Edinburgh, he soon began to feel at home there, and to enjoy his work. The congregation, whose ranks had been considerably thinned during the long vacancy, rapidly increased, till the church was completely filled. At first he gave himself exclusively to the work of his own ministry, avoiding all engagements of a more public kind in Edinburgh, though he occasionally attended a meeting elsewhere. During the first summer he prepared for the press his lectures on the Parables ; but, as he says himself, that was quite in the line of his ordinary work, and did not in the least tend to distract his mind. A few months after coming to Edinburgh, the family moved into a house in Morningside, which had been built for Dr. Chalmers, and in which he died. It stands in a garden of considerable size, and the possession for the first time of a garden which he could call his own was a great delight to Mr. Arnot, and seemed to bring back with redoubled strength those

memories of childhood and youth in which he always revelled.

DIARY.

“19th April 1864.—I have deserted this book during a period full of great events. We removed to Edinburgh on the 6th of October. I began my ministry on Sabbath, the 11th of that month. I have been close and busy ever since that date, with the exception of three weeks in January, during which I was wholly laid aside by severe inflammation in my right eye. Towards the end of January a daughter was born, whom we called Catherine Edina, in commemoration of our removal to this place. She was feeble from the first, and faded away in the end of March. It was a gentle, soft sorrow. We committed her confidently to the Lord our Redeemer. I am interested much in this feature of the Lord’s providence to us: the sparing of all the other children, while the one that we knew least, the one that we scarcely possessed, was taken away.

I am encouraged in my work, both public and private; most of all in my intercourse with the young communicants this spring.”

“Churchhill, 12th May 1864.—We removed a fortnight ago to this place. Our privileges here are very great. It is the best residence we ever enjoyed. We stand in awe before the goodness of God. I think I see on what side the danger presses. My earthly com-

forts are so many and sweet, that my soul will cleave to the dust, unless I watch unto prayer."

TO HIS SON AT SCHOOL.

"1 CHURCHHILL, EDINBURGH,
12th May 1864.

"MY DEAR BOY,—We were all happy to see your letter. I shall give you some account of matters at our new residence. We are all greatly pleased with it. The scope for play out of doors and within our own walls is delicious; we never enjoyed it before, and we value it all the more now. We have got croquet instruments, and the ground is capital for playing. We take a turn or two of it after dinner.

"I must tell you of a curious incident that happened yesterday. Our neighbour on the other side of the street keeps a terrier, and the dog comes often over to visit us with the children. Yesterday he was in the outhouse, engaged in a continual violent barking. I asked the children what it meant. They said the dog was fighting with a beast; not a rat, but a larger beast, and would not come away. I went in and found him in a corner, facing up and snarling at a hedgehog, kept at a respectable distance by hoggy's sharp bristles. I ordered him out; he refused to obey. I took a stick and gave him a blow; he showed fight, and made me stand back, for I did not think it expedient

to run the risk of having my leg torn by the little wretch. And although I should afterwards slay him in revenge, that would be small consolation for my bleeding shins. So I mounted on the top of a barrel, and belaboured doggy with a long, stout pole; he would not budge. He seemed to have made up his mind to die rather than abandon his prey. I gave it him as hard as I thought I could venture without damaging my neighbour's property. But he only bit the stick, and suffered, refusing to move. I then, like a wise general, changed my tactics. I called one of the servants, and requested her to bring me a bucket of water. Armed with this new weapon, I threw a hearty wave of it over dog and hedgehog together. All the terrier's courage fled; down went his tail between his legs, and he beat a hasty retreat from the premises. Your eldest sister, when the story was told at dinner, nearly fell off her chair with laughing. Little sister Helen then and there undertook to explain the case, as it had been told to her by a boy of her own age, owner and master of the terrier. She announced that Robert's dog had been fighting with a mushroom, and that a mushroom is an animal very like a bear. This nearly made us all tumble from our seats, mamma included. So there you have a bit of the yesterday's history of Churchhill. We all work a little in the garden, hoeing, weeding, etc. The fruit is promising well. It will be ripe when you come home."

In the summer of 1864 he again crossed to Germany for a tour of a few weeks, this time accompanied by his second daughter, whom he left at school in Frankfort. He had by this time picked up, chiefly by the ear, a considerable acquaintance with the German language, and took great pleasure both in reading and speaking it. He would rest for the night at a little village, which boasted of a single inn, rather than go on to a larger town, that he might feel himself entirely dependent on his own knowledge of the language, and also see more of the real ways and habits of the people. And he was never at a loss; if words would not come, signs were ready, and he always managed to make himself understood. The special interest of this journey, however, was a visit to the Rauhe Haus at Hamburgh, and a long interview with its venerable founder, Dr. Wichern. He was delighted with all he saw and heard, especially with the enthusiasm with which the good old doctor expounded his plans, and the good understanding which seemed to exist between him and the children under his care. From the oldest to the youngest all knew and loved him; every face brightened as he passed, and little ones would put themselves in his way to obtain a smile or a pat on the head. He brought away with him the hymn book (*Unsere Lieder*), which is not only used, but printed and published in the institution; and, during the next two or three years, translated many hymns from it. When his

daughter returned, after a winter's residence in Frankfort, she was able to read along with him, and even to assist him occasionally in getting at the exact meaning of a difficult passage; and many leisure hours were spent in this way. Sabbath evening, or Monday forenoon, when he was wearied and unfit for harder study, were generally the times chosen for such occupations.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

"1st Jan'y. 1866.

"MEINE GELIEBTE TOCHTER,—

" Aber—I cannot write with current pen in that ere tongue. I have done many translations from *Unsere Lieder* since I saw you, which I shall show you with much pleasure when you return, as I lack here sympathising spirits that are capable of appreciating literary talent.¹

"I had an evening sermon in the church last night, with a great black audience of men. Survey of the world on the old St. Peter's principle. 'Watchman, what of the night?'

"I shall, instead of writing more news, transcribe for aunt Mary one of my translations. Jeannie discovered, after it was done, a translation of the same hymn, with music, in *Service of Praise*, beginning, 'To the sky,' so you can find the music for it if you like. It is a bright, high-toned, jubilant sort of strain—

¹ At that time no other member of his family understood German.

“ Set me free ! set me free !
That my Saviour I may see ;
For my weary spirit longeth
Straight to join the crowd that throngeth
Round Him on yon glassy sea.

“ Sweetest light ! sweetest light !
Through the dark clouds shining bright ;
When shall life's bonds burst asunder,
That, with all the holy yonder,
I may stand before thy sight ?

“ Ravishing ! ravishing !
Are the praises angels sing !
Over hills and valleys soaring.
Had I wings, I'd stand adoring,
There this night our common King.

“ What surprise ! what surprise !
Waits in Zion my opening eyes ;
City this that hath foundations,
Blessed home of ransomed nations ;
There even now my treasure lies.

“ Paradise ! Paradise !
What an ecstasy is this !
Trees of life in glory gleaming,—
Heaven indeed, and not a dreaming.
Bring us, Lord, to Paradise.

On a visit to Berlin, some years later, he made the acquaintance of Herr Pastor Knak, the author of the above hymn, and found him an old man, with all the freshness and enthusiasm of youth, whose mind habitually dwelt more on heavenly than on earthly things. Their intercourse was much hindered by the imperfect knowledge which each possessed of the other's language ; still they found many points of contact, and parted more as old friends than as acquaintances of a few days.

We may give here one or two more of the translations done at this time, the first being the introduction to the collection from which they are taken.

“Once in the German countries folk were so rich in song,
That heart-warm music greeted you where’er you passed along ;
In song they wept, in song they cried, to God on high who saves,
At marriages they sang in choir, and by their open graves.
The country man behind his plough, the shepherd on the lea,
The maiden at her spinning-wheel, sang all right merrily.
When little children played, the ring to tiny music ran,
And stronger, louder notes arose from every labouring man.
By whom the music was composed, no one could understand ;
It sprang like blossoms from the earth, and passed from hand to
hand,
Till on a dark night lately, a robber, shrewd and deft
Forth from the people’s hearts and lips their sweet song-treasures
reft,
Leaving instead mere cunning, with envy gaunt combined,
And wild fantastic murmurings within an empty mind.
The people have been poisoned, the venom’s in their veins,
Their hearts are stunned, their lips are mute, they faint beneath
their pains.
Oh Lord ! to Thee melodious sounds the motion of the spheres,
The grasshopper and cricket make sweet music in Thine ears.
Think, then, on a bewitched race throughout our Fatherland,
And break the ban from off their hearts by Thine almighty hand.
In song all being jubilant before Thee, Lord, rejoice,
In song let all the Fatherland again lift up its voice !
Give us again our psalms, with their spirit-stirring glow—
Psalms which the devil can’t abide—psalms work the devil woe !”

The next is one of the national songs, many of which are included in a section of the collection alluded to. The last, like the first, is more strictly what we would call a hymn, though the Germans call all by the one name,—*Lieder*, distinguishing them by adjectives prefixed.

“Sat a band of German Princes,
Once at Worms, in Cæsar’s Hall,
Counting wealth and subjects, praising
Each his own land over all.

“Proudly spake the Prince of Sachsen :
My dominion and its worth !
Why, the mountains teem with silver,
I draw treasures from the earth.

“See my land’s exub’rant richness,
Said the Ruler of the Rhine :
Golden harvests in her valleys,
On her hill-slopes luscious wine.

“Pop’lous cities, well-stored cloisters,
Ludwig, Lord of Baiern cries ;
For my country over others,
Justly claim the foremost prize.

“Up spake Everard, the bearded,
Wertenberg’s loved chieftain then :
My land owns not mines nor cities,
Charged with myriads of men ;

“Yet it holds a hidden jewel,
This,—that whereso’er I tread,
On the breast of every subject,
I can safely lay my head.

“Then confessed the Lord of Sachsen,
Lord of Baiern, Lord of Rhine :
Bearded count, thou art the richest ;
Ours is dross, the gem is thine.”

“Rise up, yea, rise again thou must,
After a little rest, my dust :
Thee God, thy Maker gives,
Life that forever lives.
Hallelujah !

“To spring again in earth I’m sown,
And when the wide-spread harvest’s grown,
 The Master, wise and kind,
 Leaves not one sheep behind.
 Glory to God!

“Best day, day of supreme delight,
My Lord’s own day : when, through the night,
 By my Redeemer kept,
 I’ve safely, sweetly slept,
 Thou’lt waken me.

“As those that dream we’ll be ; for so,
Ransomed together we shall go
 With Jesus into peace,
 Where shall for ever cease,
 The pilgrim’s woe.

“The Christ, the mighty days-man then
Shall bring me close to God again,
 There reconciled, at rest,
 I’ll dwell among the blest,
 Beholding Him.”

TO REV. MR. MUNRO, of Rutherglen.

“EDINBURGH, 4th May 1865.

“MY DEAR BROTHER MUNRO,—Out of sight, not altogether out of mind! I set up before my face at this moment a brother with his hair not very short, and his cheeks not very ruddy, but with a twinkle in his eye still, indicating that hope burns in his heart. His hand well up now and then, when he has got something that needs to be said—and sundry other features, too numerous to be mentioned.

“Well, to the business. I have bethought me of sending you my last book, by way of brotherly remembrance. I have much enjoyed the work—all in the line of my ministry, except a few critical points, and the introduction. It has been well received, and I am not without hope that it may be useful perhaps a little longer than its author. It is a privilege to bear a hand in any department, especially in magnifying the very words of the Lord.

“Come you to Edinburgh at the Assembly! I would like to see your head in my pulpit here. If you can be in Edinburgh, give me a diet on Sabbath, 21st May. Failing that, you must keep watch, and let me know when you could be in these parts. I live in Dr. Chalmers’ house; when you come to visit me, you will see his study and the room he died in—his books, desk, etc., all standing as they were.

“I get the good of change; do as much work both of study and the activities, but with less oppression; and even change of air and scene is a relief. I am happy in Edinburgh, and yet I have not lost any interest in Glasgow. Open door, and work not unhopeful. Love to Mrs. Munro.—Yours,
W. ARNOT.”

DIARY.

“4th May 1865.—I have brought forth the book to read rather than to write, but let a note or two

go down—stepping stones of my history. Book on Parables well received,—comfortable hope that the work is not in vain. Yesterday an application reached me from Mr. Trail, Free Church minister of Boyndie, residing at Bristol at present, on behalf of a Christian lady interested in the Highlands, for permission to print as a fly-leaf, and also translate into Gaelic, the parable by the Red Indian, about the worm and the fire. Of course I gladly consent. It is interesting to me, that while I inserted it from memory, an old memory—probably heard it from Robert Kettle when I was a student—and inserted it directly for a literary object—specimen of a species of parable—in the introduction, it should be selected by an evangelistic Christian for the substantial spiritual lesson that it conveys.

“For about two months I have introduced a second prayer into the public worship, immediately before the sermon, making it bear always on the children in some aspect; and I believe both the congregation and myself profit by it. Also, for several months I have devoted the sermon on the afternoon of the first Sabbath of the month specifically to the young. At the beginning of last month it was previously intimated, and the congregation was sensibly larger than usual. I take this as an encouraging symptom, and shall endeavour to persevere.

“Very few applied as young communicants. Some very hopeful cases, however, among the few.

At the close of the communion last Sabbath, I made a more pointed address than usual to those who, being of full age, delay to come, not only to the Lord's table, but to the Lord. If I am spared till another communion, I shall watch for fruit."

The prayer for the children was thoroughly appreciated by his congregation, and is now, to many, one of the most tender memories of his ministry. Though now for the first time putting it by itself, and giving it a more prominent place, it was not at this late hour that he began to remember the children in his public prayers. Long before this, it was his constant habit to ask a blessing for "the little ones left at home, and those in charge of them."

"14th May.—The Assembly begins on Thursday, this week. I am a member, and hope to attend diligently. . . . The subject of additional hymns for public worship is attracting much attention at present. I greatly desire to get liberty and enlargement on this side; and I hope it will be attained soon."

He was greatly interested in the revision of the paraphrases, and tried himself to make new versions of several. The following specimens will show with what success.

PARA. xxxiv.—MATT. xi. 25th to the end.

“ I thank Thee, Father, Jesus said,
The Lord of earth and heaven—
That knowledge, hid from wise men, Thou
To little ones hast given.
So be it, oh, my Father ! still,
As ordered by Thy sovereign will.

“ All that He hath and is, on me
My Father hath bestowed ;
And none can fully know the Son
Except the Father, God.
None knows the Father save the Son
And they who with the Son are one.’

“ Come hither, ye who labour, lay
Your burden on my breast ;
Come, heavy-laden, unto me,
And I will give you rest.
Take up the yoke which I assign,
And let your footsteps follow mine.

“ Come, fear not ; you will find in me
A meek and lowly heart ;
And to your weary souls my grace
Shall blessed rest impart.
Come, for my yoke is easy ; come,
My burden is not burdensome.”

PARA. xli.—JOHN iii. 14-17.

“ As Moses the serpent erected on high,
That Israelites wounded might live, and not die ;
So Jesus was raised a ransom to give,
That sinners, believing, might see Him and live.

“ Jehovah so loved a lost world, that He gave
His only-begotten Son, sinners to save ;
That whoso believeth on Him might obtain
In life everlasting, unspeakable gain.

“ For, not to condemn, but to save a lost race,
Did God send His Son, the best gift of His grace ;
Through Him—the new way all the saved have trod—
A prodigal world may return unto God.”

On another subject, which for many years occupied much of the time and attention of successive Assemblies—that of union with other churches—Mr. Arnot felt, and was wont when he had opportunity, to express himself, strongly. None grieved more deeply than he over the dissensions and heart-burnings, the cooling of friendships, and the strife among brethren which its discussions caused; but being convinced that the end aimed at was not merely a thing permissible, but a clear and sacred duty, he would not listen to the arguments of those who were inclined to yield for the sake of peace. His nature was peace-loving, controversy of any kind was a positive pain to him; but, when he believed that duty demanded it, he would throw himself into it with all the talent and eloquence at his command—would speak his mind clearly and unhesitatingly, without thought of the consequences. “As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men,” was a precept he obeyed if ever a man did; but “first pure, then peaceable,” was a text much oftener on his lips. The ultimate failure of the negotiations was a deep disappointment to him.

DIARY.

“30th July 1865.—This is a difficult and important subject.¹ My private judgment has always been clear upon it. There may be in some, in many

¹ Speaking of a friend who had consulted him as to changing his place of worship.

church-goers, too light a disposition in regard to change. Those that have not a deep hold of the truth, may flit about all too easily from church to church; but I think that earnest Christians often allow the bond to a particular congregation to grow too strong. Not lightly, but prayerfully and cautiously, should a change be made; but my judgment is, that when a Christian man has made up his mind, either directly with a view to himself, or indirectly with a view to his children, that another ministry within reach would be more suitable, he ought to change. To refuse is to undervalue that peculiar goodness of the Lord, which lies in giving diversity of gifts in the ministry. This principle, of course, holds equally, whether its application take a family away from my ministry or bring one to it. But when it promises to take one away from the ministry of a brother and bring him to mine, there are many tender places which may very readily be hurt in the process."

"17th September 1865.—A member of the congregation, father of three children, died on Tuesday, 5th curt., in good hope. John Maitland died about the same time—an eminent Christian citizen, a personal friend, whom I esteemed and loved. Since that time, only three days ago, died suddenly his brother-in-law, John G. Wood, also an eminent Christian citizen and a personal friend. Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth!"

"30th November.—Have visited, since the Com.

munion in October, twelve of the eighteen districts. Have felt the fatigue less than usual; liked the work much, and obtained many opportunities of depositing a good seed of the Word. . . .

“I have undertaken to give a series, six or more, during the ensuing year, in the *Family Treasury*, entitled ‘The Lesser Parables of our Lord’—meaning by that expression the brief analogies that abound in His discourses, such as ‘Ye are the light of the world,’ ‘Ye are the salt of the earth,’ &c.

“1st Dec. 1865.—it is now more than two years since I settled in Edinburgh. I greatly enjoyed it as a residence from the first; and gradually I have fallen into my work, so that I am as much at home in it now as I was at Glasgow. . . .

“When we proposed, about a year ago, to pierce a window through into the quadrangle of the College, in order to admit light into the darkest part of the High Church, under the gallery, the authorities of the College with one consent opposed. Having the power in our own hands we treated them gently, and delayed a little; but quietly determined to take our own way. Lately, the deed was done, and with manifest success. It gave us light in the church, and harmonized perfectly with the architecture of the quadrangle. The first time I met Dr. Candlish, after the window was opened, he ran up to me, clapped me on the shoulder, and said, ‘I have come to read my recantation. The window does you much good and does us no harm.’ He spoke as

Principal representing the interests of the College, and frankly confessed that his fears had been unfounded. Such generosity is a characteristic of Dr. Candlish. It is beautiful and good."

"1st Jan. 1866.—Hitherto! Bless the Lord, oh my soul! All the family in good health. My sister, also well, is with us on a visit. Whole work proceeding hopefully. I gave a Sabbath last month, Dec. 17th, in Glasgow, in Mr. Howie's church, and was much interested in the progress of mission work in the eastern districts of the city. I have, of late, declined many pressing invitations to help brethren in various parts of England and Scotland. It is always painful to refuse; yet hitherto I have persuaded myself that my first duty is to remain very close at home, at least until the congregation be well consolidated. This, however, may be carried too far and too long. I must watch, lest I contract ungenerous habits."

"15th March.—During the winter I have not read much. The study for Sabbath and the active work of the week occupy me fully. But by giving more time to the preparation for Sabbath ministry, and also using the studies of former years, I believe my sermons and lectures are far better than they were in Glasgow."

"31st Dec. 1866.—Again I open this book with a heavy heart. Yesterday afternoon my sister passed gently, suddenly away. She has been with us since the 19th; was well and vigorous. Complained on Saturday night of pain in chest. We all believed it was caused by indigestion. Ill more or less all day

yesterday ; but skin cool and pulse steady. About half-past five my eldest daughter went up with tea for her, about five minutes after the servant had been in righting her pillows, and undertaking to sleep in her room all night. She thought her aunt was asleep, and sat down by the fire, making no noise for fear of disturbing her. Thinking she was waiting long, about fifteen or twenty minutes, I went up. By this time she was at the bedside feeling her aunt's hands and growing uneasy, but the light was dim, and the reality had not even suggested itself to her mind. When I approached and saw her position, I saw instantly that life was extinct.

“I am sad and desolate. She was, practically, all the mother I ever had. Now there is no one over me on earth. There is no one who knew me when I was a child. Oh, how lonely the world seems to one who is the last of his generation.

“My sister, like my father, was very reserved ; but I have long considered her a disciple of Christ. I believe she was one of the little ones ; very safe, though not very strong.”

In 1867, the Free Church for the first time sent a deputation to represent them at the Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. Dr. Guthrie, Principal Fairbairn, and the Rev. Mr. Wells, Glasgow, were the three appointed for this mission. Immediately on starting, however, Dr. Guthrie found that his health would not stand the sea voyage,

and he accordingly left the ship at Queenstown and returned home. Mr. Arnot was then requested to take his place in the deputation, and was much inclined to go, the more so that he was already considering an invitation to attend a Christian Convention at Montreal. But the time was short and the difficulties many, and he failed to get away at this time. The following letter announces his decision to one of his old friends in Montreal.

TO MR. DOUGALL, Editor of the *Montreal Witness*.

“EDINBURGH, April 22d, 1867.

“MY DEAR SIR,—After many ups and downs, the matter has been decided in the negative, at least for this season. While I was still considering the invitation from your Convention at Montreal, an appeal was suddenly made for a volunteer to take the vacant place of Dr. Guthrie in the deputation of our own church to the States. On one side this seemed to throw a great weight into the positive scale; there was the enticing opportunity of doing both works in one journey. But, in another view, this invitation increased the difficulty. It would have been necessary to leave home at latest on the 1st of May, and I could not count on being home till near the end of July. At that date society in Edinburgh dissolves into holiday for two months. It would thus have involved a separation between me and a large part of my congregation of five months' duration. I had made up my mind to accept the nomina-

tion from our own church, and also to accept your invitation, but it was with difficulty, and against almost equal reasons on the other side. When, therefore, a remonstrance reached me from the elders and deacons of my own congregation, that, in their judgment, the congregation had not been so long consolidated as to bear without injury a protracted absence, I was not able to make a fight for it, so I yielded. On one side it is a relief from the twenty days' of sea, and some hard work on the shore; but, on the other side, it is quite a disappointment that I have not obtained the privilege of meeting so many Christian brethren, and contributing what might lie in me to produce and maintain a thorough brotherly love between the Christians of the States and ourselves, and to produce and maintain sentiments of peace and goodwill between the two nations.

“As to quantity of gift for that or any other cause, alas! how little I can bring. But as to my own sentiments, nobody could be better fitted as a deputy to the North than myself. I am not in the position of siding with the winner after he has won. I was a fast friend of the North, in public and private, throughout their darkest days.

“It is with a species of sadness that I find myself writing that I shall not be with you. I have not been counted worthy of this honour and this work. I feel as one of those poor soldiers who abide by the staff, while the army goes to the high places of the

field. I believe no further attempt will be made on our part to send a deputy in place of Dr. Guthrie; we must be content with having sent two.

“Love to all.—Yours,

WILLIAM ARNOT.”

The next letters give some notes of a fortnight's work abroad, at the Paris Exhibition, and at Baden.

At the latter place he was in the employment of the Free Church Continental Committee, but his work in Paris was under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance, who had erected a chapel for daily services within the grounds of the International Exhibition.

“PARIS, 28th August 1867.

“. . . Arrived here and got tea. Baptist Noel is my predecessor. He is here to-night, but leaves to-morrow morning. I have had a chat with him to-night. He gives me no flattering account of the work in our department. Still, he says it was right to do it—to bear a certain testimony by doing it. The obstructions and difficulties are very many; many of them peculiar to the Salle Evangelique, as being within the precincts of the Exposition. You must pay your franc before you reach it. Those who pay the franc don't come for the preaching, and those who want preaching, get it nearer their several lodgings without paying the franc. I was not aware of these circumstances against the place of the Alliance when

I preferred it to the Free Church one. There is a coming and going, too, which, he tells me, is very adverse. All is difficulty, but I am warned, and shall endeavour to accommodate.”

“THURSDAY EVENING, 8 P.M.

“Have returned from the Exposition, and taken my solitary cup of tea with great comfort and quiet.

“First, our meetings—one at 12 noon—a little flock of English, with sprinklings of French; some remaining all the time, some coming and going. The young man—Independent student, born in the Mauritius, who is permanent *chargé d'affaires* for the Alliance here—speaks a little to the French people, and then I begin the English. I am not sure of the wisdom of this; I rather think it would be better to give English at its own time, and simply intimate to the French who stumble in, when their time will be. No less than four Englishmen voluntarily, on invitation, took part in the meeting—quite like a meeting at home.

“Evening at six. It is left to the minister, and we had a considerable number. Many of them seemed to be French or German, who knew a little of English and liked to hear it. I endeavoured to accommodate, speaking slow, and in a measured manner, as I like foreigners to speak to me. I hope to have courage and perseverance to hold on, now that I am here, at least till well over Sabbath.

"I walked about the greater part of the day in the Exposition.

"The thing that most interested me to-day was a full and beautiful model of the Suez Canal, and also a panorama of it, with a lecture in that loathsome language, not one word of which did I catch; but I made a thorough examination of the plan. The model showed Suez and Cairo and the railroad. There was another immense model at another place of the whole of Egypt. It is an exquisite thing, and goes far to vivify and rectify your ideas of that singular country. Egypt was my chief study to-day."

TO MRS. ARNOT.

"PARIS, 2d Sept. 1867.

"DEAREST,—Monday morning—all well; Saturday morning a heavy shower, but immediately bright again. Very hot yesterday. I went to the Tait-bout at 10.30, and remained till almost the close of the service. Mr. Fraser preached; and the congregation considerable—a very *manful* congregation. The psalm was just begun when I arrived, and so I never got word of Mr. Fraser. I shall probably meet him in the Exhibition.

"Our own service was maintained as usual. After we got the French away, and the door shut, we had a thoroughly attentive, though very small audience. The business comes quite natural to me. I fall in with the circumstances. In the

evening there was quite a crowd of French pressing around the door while we were singing, before beginning to preach. I let off an extemporaneous speech in French to the French people—amounting, however, to no more than an intimation that this is the English service, and that the French service will be at seven.

“Home is sweet from here; but there is nothing painful in its sweetness. I think the definite engagements, and something to do, go far to make me steady and content.”

TO MRS. ARNOT.

“BADEN, *Saturday, 7th September 1867.*

“DEAREST,—All well hitherto. When I posted my letter yesterday, my prevailing judgment was not to attempt to preach here. I continued to be of that opinion all the day. It was this morning when I awoke that my mind changed. I awoke of another mind. I need not detail the circumstances; but altogether I was very happy. I had much meditated on the extreme need of this place—on the smallness of my faith individually, and the Church’s faith collectively. I thought of Paul’s heart burning within him when he saw Athens mad on her idols; I thought my heart burned like his; but then not like his; for he threw himself upon them in the public square, regardless of polizei and commissariat—and got imprisoned therefor. This I had not courage to do, although there are plenty

of beautiful places under shade of trees where they congregate, and where I might reach at least the English portion of the crowd. I could not, and the public opinion of Christians—even true Christians—would not sustain me although I should.

“But to resume the narrative: After fully resolving to try on Sabbath evening, in spite of inconvenient hour, and dread of a cloudy afternoon, and dread of entire want of psalms, I continued ruminating, and soon struck off a new idea—why should I not preach on Monday at a convenient hour? The English and American here are as idle on Monday as on Sunday, and they may come, if they like—possibly some of them would. This plan greatly cheered me. I got up—wrote in my room an hour and a half—breakfasted, and sallied forth to business. Consulted first Herr Grossholz—he approves; next found out Dr. Wilhelme, the Protestant elder—he approves. Monday being the Grand Duke’s birthday, the Germans have worship in the morning at 9.30, but mine can be at 11.30—quite suitable. Next to the Buch druckerei, and get all arrangements made for bills for hotels and advertisement in the *Baden Blatt*—daily paper—published at noon; advertisement of my meeting will be in it to-day—both Sabbath’s and Monday’s meeting. On account of Duke’s birthday, a grand fire-work to-morrow evening by a skilful Frenchman; but as it cannot begin till dark, it cannot directly compete with me.

“Next to the beadle of the church—all right with him. Last to Fresherr von Göler (Scottice Gowler) Grossherzogor Stadtdirector. He very polite, and *alles recht* there too. Hitherto I have met no human being who knows me, or whom I know. I get directions from my landlord as to places and names. He speaks grandly for my purpose; I understand him right off, and never fail to find my place or my man! Indeed, I could find a place in a strange city by that man’s deutsch better than by the English of many people. He seizes the leading features, and cracks them sharp off in a memorable word. Do you know, a great deal of talent or lack of talent may be exhibited in telling a stranger his way.

“I am now as happy as the day is long. Nor does my peace depend on the magnitude of the forthcoming congregations. If three come, I shall not be disturbed; if none come, I shall still be easy. I have done what I could; and as soon as I could see my way to that, all difficulty was at an end.

“I hope, in any event, to bring home some information, that may be of use to the committee. I begin to get interested in the plan, and have some suggestions ready which would, I think, prove valuable for the future.

“I shall judge, by the experience of the next two days, whether I shall remain another week. If I find that there is very little opening, I shall leave this on Tuesday. Indeed, unless there be a considerable measure of success, I think it will be better

to make only the one trial, and so do nothing to hurt the prestige for another season, when the work might be begun under better auspices."

"BADEN, *Monday, 9th September 1867.*

"DEAREST,—Be content with a very small letter to-day, as I wish to go by train at 2.55 to Freiburg.

"I shall not return. I need not give you at present details; suffice it, that though my audiences were very small, they were full of interest. I do not know that ever any work of mine was valued more. I had much conversation with individuals afterwards. I have decided clearly that I should not stay."

DIARY.

"31st December 1867.—One entry more ere the year expire. How crowded are these last five months! I remained at home till the end of August. I then started on a continental excursion. Laboured one week in the 'Salle Evangelique' at the Exposition at Paris, in connection with the Evangelical Alliance. Not much work in English department, but great openings with the French. At the request of our Free Church Continental Committee, I went from Paris to Baden Baden. Most interesting opportunity of preaching Christ to a small company, and much communion afterwards.

"Returned to London and preached in Regent Square on the two last Sabbaths of September.

Saw dear James Hamilton on his sick-bed—death-bed.”

The great event of the year to him was the death above alluded to, of Dr. James Hamilton, “the dearest of all his early friends in the ministry.” The bereavement was a heavy one, for the two friends had been as brothers since their college days.

TO MRS. HAMILTON.

“EDINBURGH, 26th Nov. 1867.

“MY DEAR MRS. HAMILTON,—Since I was last in London I have been keeping company with you more than formerly. You have often had a place beside your husband in my prayer. I am accustomed to set the group before me in imagination. I employ a kind of sight that greatly helps my thoughts. Your countenances come easily up, and perfectly. But, alas! his comes up still among the the rest, the same that it was wont to be. This realising, imagining faculty of our mind leaps easily over the boundary—hardly recognises a boundary—and expatiates freely among the worthy who have gone away,—another help to our faith in our own immortality. His face and tones will abide with me now to the end, I think. Time has not space enough in which to rub them out.”

Soon afterwards he was asked to write the life of his friend, and he was engaged upon it for up-

wards of a year. It was, indeed, a labour of love, and, as he tells us himself, proved both pleasant and profitable to the writer.

The following extract is from a note-book entitled "Journal of Miscellaneous Events, Public and Private, by me, William Arnot," and distinguished from his more private diary by a note stating that "while some of its contents may be more, and some less suitable for publication, it contains nothing which need necessarily be kept secret."

"1st Jan. 1868.—It is two years since the date of last entry. I cannot now fill up the gaps, but I shall insert some items that loom largest in memory, until I bring it up to the present date; and then endeavour to keep up with times and events as they follow.

"For about a year, from June 1866 till June 1867, I was much occupied with the building of a house for my family. Having learned from the family of Miss Chalmers that she intended to resume her house in May 1867, I made arrangements for obtaining a feu, and building on the Merchiston grounds. I made the whole internal plan of the house myself, and gave my sketch to Mr. Raeburn, with instructions to propose an elevation, and to put the whole into shape for contract. We began the building in July 1866, and entered the house on 13th May 1867. It is most spacious and comfortable. . . .

“We spent a month at Tigh-na-bruaich, on the Kyles of Bute, in Aug. 1866. Very wet weather, but a great amount of exercise in boats on the Kyles.

“My chief literary work in 1866 was a series of papers in *Family Treasury*, with the general title, ‘The Lesser Parables of our Lord.’

“Occasional papers, also, in the *Sunday Magazine* during 1866-7, and one on the death of Dr. James Hamilton, in January 1868. An extraordinary concurrence of honour done to Hamilton’s memory. The memory of the just is indeed blessed.

“Our own congregation has increased and become more consolidated. Its contributions have of late shown a decided improvement. The mission and school work goes on with constancy and energy; and there is universal peace amongst us.

“The latest important event in my personal history has been a proposal to remove to London, to occupy beloved and lamented Hamilton’s place in Regent Square.

“Before his death, when it had become evident that in any event a successor must be obtained, a committee of seventy,—thirty-five office-bearers, with thirty-five from the congregation—agreed unanimously to request me to undertake the work before they should make inquiry in any other quarter. A deputation of two of their number, Messrs. Watson and Wark, accompanied by Mr. Hugh Mathieson, waited upon me accordingly here in

November. I considered the matter earnestly for eight days, and then intimated that I could not see my way to accept the call. Leading members of the Free Church gave judgment in favour of it; but, on a conjoined view of all the circumstances—my age, my family, my congregation, Edinburgh—I could not bring myself up to the point of incurring the responsibility of making the change. My present position of course got the benefit of the doubt.”

D I A R Y.

“Jan. 7, 1868.—A suggestion has been made to me from the deacons, that they would smooth my way to visit Palestine this spring. I have, however, discovered that Dr. Andrew Thomson has postponed his intended visit till the following year, when he expects to form a party. I suppose I must delay too, as I cannot go alone, and do not know of any other. But I am not very sanguine about it. A postponement with me may probably turn out an abandonment. I must, however, mark the suggestion and the hindrance that has occurred; perhaps I may be able afterwards to see more meaning in the whole.”

This is the last hint of any desire for eastern travel. The subject is not mentioned in the Diary again, and this failure seems to have caused less disappointment than the previous ones.

"31st October 1868.—A journey on the Continent this autumn, accompanied by my wife, the children being at the same time lodged at Aberdour. We went by London, Paris, &c., to Switzerland, thence over the Simplon, by Lake Maggiore to Milan. . . .

"Much negotiation while in London regarding a Memoir of James Hamilton. I have undertaken it, and the work is begun."

TO REV. DR. M'COSH,
On his Induction to the Principalship of the
Theological Faculty in Princeton University.

"EDINBURGH, 30th November 1868.

"MY DEAR BROTHER M'COSH,—I heartily congratulate you on your almost regal reception. It is quite refreshing to observe, in letters so large that he may run who reads them, that the American churches have received you with warm affection and distinguished honour.

"Mr. Cuyler, of New York, in a letter which I received on Saturday, speaks of the affair with enthusiasm.

"Our political wheel goes round grandly, and Scotland has done her duty well. On the question of the Irish Church, we give the Liberal party at least 50 to 10—perhaps, 53 to 7. We understand here that to uphold the Anglican hierarchy is not precisely equivalent to the maintaining of Protestantism. . . .

“We are endeavouring to gather materials for a memoir of James Hamilton. If, in the course of the winter, any fact, or document, or person come in your way, or into your mind, that might be or give some information useful, will you be so good as send it? We shall not print till spring.

“I hope and pray that you may be long spared to be one good tough strand of the cable, not submarine, that really binds the two nations together,—the bond of Christian brotherhood.—Yours,
W. ARNOT.”

TO REV. J. M. DUPONTEL DE LA HARPE.

“EDINBURGH, 4th March 1869.

“DEAR SIR,—I am much interested in your proposal to translate into French my book on the Proverbs of Solomon. As far as I know, it has not been translated hitherto.

“Considering its bulk, and the comparatively small number of French-speaking Protestants to whom you can look for a market, I should think it would be difficult to find a publisher to undertake it.

“If that difficulty should be found insuperable, it is open to consideration whether portions might not be omitted, so as to bring within a smaller bulk.

“If you see your way to undertake it, I shall do all I can to facilitate your labour.

“I suppose it probable that you are related to

Professor La Harpe, of Geneva, whom I had the pleasure of knowing.—Yours, &c.,

W. ARNOT."

DIARY.

"25th November 1869.—This afternoon I carried to the printers the last page of the memoir of beloved Hamilton. I have been for a year past intimately conversant with an eminent saint now in rest. The work has been heavy, but pleasant; and I hope will be profitable to myself and others. I have been obliged to consider a great mass of documents. This occupation has not sensibly interfered with my public work on Sabbath; but other things, especially visiting, have been much retarded. There is a continual reproof for me in the whole life of Hamilton—in the point of diligence in his work. It was more than diligence in his case. It was an eager, restless devotion that shortened his days. A medium between the slackness of my own life and the over eagerness of his would be the best."

CHAPTER X.

JOURNAL.

"17th February 1870.

"**T**WO days ago, Sir H. Moncreiff, our Moderator, on the part of the Assembly's Committee in charge, asked if I would consent to be nominated on the deputation from the Free Church to the United Assembly of the Presbyterian Churches in America, in May of this year. I have taken some days to consider it, but I rather incline to go. It is a great crisis for the Presbyterian Church throughout the world, and some good may result from our intercourse. It is an advantage that, as far as I am known in America, I am known as a sympathiser."

In April, accordingly, he set out for America, accompanied by his eldest daughter. Professor Blaikie, of the New College, Edinburgh, was his colleague on this occasion; and Mrs. Blaikie was also of the party. They were absent about three

months altogether, and visited many cities in the States and also in Canada.

In a letter to Mrs. Arnot, Dr. Blaikie says :—
“Mr. Arnot seemed to me to take more pleasure in American society, where form and ceremony are so little studied, than in similar company at home. The call for speeches, which is so frequent there, did not embarrass him, but was always responded to heartily and pleasantly; and I think that generally he was more happy in his off-hand little speeches than in some that were prepared more elaborately. . . .”

Mr. Arnot was well known in America by his books, and wherever he went this was apparent. The readers of these books seemed to know what manner of man he was, and their impressions formed from his writings seemed to be precisely met by what they found the living man to be. Extracts from his letter home will give a sufficient account of his journey and work in America.

“‘NEMESIS,’ AT SEA,
400 miles north-east of New York,
23d April 1870.

“DEAREST ALL AT HOME,—Hitherto our voyage has been so uneventful and prosaic, that although my energy had been greater than it was, I could not have imparted any interest to my letters—‘Story I had none to tell, Sir.’ But yesterday we were favoured with a phenomenon which it is not the fortune of everyone who crosses the

Atlantic to see—a thunder-storm, accompanied by a water-spout of great dimensions—only three or four miles distant, with all conditions most favourable for observing it.

“Late in the afternoon, with the sea smooth and the sky clear, a slight breeze blowing from the west, as I was pacing the lower deck, my attention was arrested by a very dark cloud right ahead at some distance. There was as yet a space, as it were, the height of one of our decks or stories, of dim light between the under side of the cloud and the horizon; but at one portion, about as broad as the height of that interval, the cloud came down and leant on the sea. As I continued gazing on the point, I observed it all intersected through and through with ribbons of lightning. Jeannie was on the upper deck within hail; I called her to come to the side, and directed her where to look. To the young Dutch lady who was with her, I pointed to the spot and said, ‘Donner und Blitzen,’ feeling sure that if this were not exactly Dutch, it must be very near it. I then ran to the cabin, and summoned the rest of the passengers. We all ascended to the upper deck, and took a good position.

“By this time the bit of cloud that had held communication with the sea had drawn itself up, and at another place the specific phenomena of the water-spout began to evolve themselves slowly.

“ . . . Voila. But you must not suppose that all these pillars stood before you, like a com-

pany of volunteers on their first drill. One at a time, if you please. Begin at the left hand and finish off at the right; and so you have the phenomena as they appeared to us in succession during a period, I should guess, of twelve or fifteen minutes; for I did not think of marking the time. The colour of my ink, as it now appears, is exactly the colour of the clouds, but it will lose most of its purple before it reach you.

“I know that we were within three or four miles of the object, for the dark cloud had not great lateral extent. We saw, as we approached it, clear sky on either side. Our course lay directly through the heart of it; and we were not longer in it than about fifteen minutes—that is, from the time that the ship plunged into the side of the black cloud mountain to the time that she emerged into light on the other side. I should have mentioned that, as we came very near, the water-spout, which was always to the left side of the cloud, and the left of our course, disappeared, and the clear space closed up, the cloud resting now all its length on the sea.

“Before we entered, and while we were in, there was a constant gleaming of lightning and discharge of thunder peals; such as we saw and heard in Canada. While we were in, the rain was most wonderful. Bucketfuls ceased to be a bold figure, and became a plain fact. Within the cloud the air was still. It was not in motion. A few minutes

after we emerged, a smart gale from the west suddenly began. As we were entering, men were sent in haste, rather too late, one to each mast to disentangle the lightning conducting wires, and throw their extremities into the sea.

“Such is the first act; the second, though in some respects grander, cannot so readily be either figured or described. When we got to the westward of the cloud, we found ourselves between two of the grandest and most intensely exhibited contrasts that I have ever observed in nature. In the west, the sun was setting in an exceeding great glory, the main field of the canvas blue sky, with plentiful clouds flung over it in all imaginable shapes and hues. Behind us in the east lay that thunder cloud; an inky mountain lying heavy on an inky sea; the two in one, without distinguishable boundary, constituting a blackness of darkness fitted to impress any human heart with silent awe.

“I think it was hardly possible, in the circumstances, that any one acquainted with the Bible, with the blessed hope which it reveals, could have stood as I did, between those two, and not thought, as I did, of the Redeemer on his throne; with a right and left side of the throne. But here thoughts spring up which can hardly be with propriety thrust into these flying leaves. It was sweet at the moment to feel that we had

passed through the cloud, and its thunders had not harmed us.—Adieu.

WILLIAM ARNOT."

" 'NEMESIS,' *Sabbath, 24th April 1870.*

". . . . During the night, fog; but water perfectly smooth; slowed to nine knots an hour, till four in the morning. Then out of fog and got a pilot.

"In the morning I enjoyed some pleasant communion in spirit with the congregation; at that time in the middle of forenoon worship.

"Day beautiful and bright; sea literally like glass; heavens cloudless; grand circular horizon; slight breeze that makes the air pleasant.

"An interesting phenomenon to-day. By arrangement with the captain, and according to the rule of the ship, Dr. Blaikie read the English service, and I was permitted to address the people in the saloon; as many as could be crowded in, cabin passengers, emigrants, ship's officers, and crew. We sang twice a hymn. Jeannie was leader. Did not I feel like Longfellow's blacksmith all over? From the circumstances, voyage nearly ended—beautiful day, all well, Sabbath, etc.—all who had any root of right in them were tenderly disposed, and the meeting was really joyful and devout. Many were weeping."

"NEW YORK, *Tuesday, 26th April.*

"I am like a prisoner that has got sixty days, and, lo! one of them is past."

"ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL, NEW YORK,
2d May 1870.

"Alas, the letters are meagre now. We are rather hard driven, but the weather is fine, finer than our climate affords at any season, warm and sunful, but with a gentle fresh breeze seeking through and keeping all moderate. . . .

"Yesterday, we both preached twice, and both addressed a great meeting in Dr. Hall's church in the evening.

"I was in Brick Church, Dr. Murray, forenoon; Madison Square, Dr. Adams, afternoon; and Dr. Hall's, evening. Large assemblies. I felt quite at home with them all.

". . . . To-day we have seen at great length two of the largest public schools in New York; a boys' (1500), and a girls' nearly as large. All the girls' teachers are women, and two-thirds of the boys'. It is beautiful to see bands, hundreds of big lads, marching and gesturing to the word of command given by a young lady.

"Smart girls, and competent, are the teachers. We were guided by an old friend, Holme. His wife and son guided our ladies to Ward Beecher's yesterday forenoon; they brought back an invitation from Beecher to me to preach in his church. Perhaps I may be able to accept it; I would like to.

"We have also gone through one of their crack dry-goods stores, and The Tombs, city prison. . . .

“Our visit promises to be really useful. This thought will help to balance the homeward yearning which already sets in strong, stronger than I care to express.”

“PHILADELPHIA, 6th May 1870.

“. . . . We came to Princeton on Tuesday forenoon. It is a greater college than I expected. Much enlarged since Dr. McCosh came. Fine new class rooms ready to be occupied. We attended worship at five in the chapel—students and professors. Then we were elected members of a certain mysterious literary society, and were duly initiated, both delivering inaugurals. Then the students’ own prayer meeting—three hundred in the chapel; both of us addressed them; tender and impressive meeting. Then a mob of ladies and gentlemen in the evening. Much talk all the evening, concluding with ice-cream. Two rooms, connected by folding doors, hold a multitude. It was like a public meeting.

“Wednesday morning, called and saw Dr. Hodge. Resolved, on seeing him, to dress more neatly when I sit in my study.”

“WASHINGTON, 7th May 1870.

“We have reached the capital in safety, and dined in grand style. Mr. Stuart has obtained passes for us all, with return, as far as this, and sent us to the

grandest hotel in Washington. He is an extraordinary man; the affection which he shows to me is quite touching. The progress that we made with him through Philadelphia for two days is altogether indescribable. He moves about like a king; nobody refuses him anything. He controls the highest, and speaks kindly to the lowest. This involves a *per contra*; for it is not to be expected that everybody will care so much for the Scotch deputation as he. He has us engaged both to preach here twice to-morrow. I do not yet know the churches."

"WASHINGTON, 12th May 1870.

". . . . We had a reunion in Dr. Hodge's house, at Richmond, on Tuesday evening. He is a gallant, soldierly-looking man. As soon as he saw me, he said, 'I have seen you before. I heard you preach to the soldiers in Montreal in 1845.' He was then a young man, at the beginning of his ministry. He repeated to me the opening thoughts and sentences of the sermon, almost word for word. . . .

"Many senators have spoken to us. We were admitted to the floor of both houses, and had much conversation with the members. The capitol is a grand and gracious structure, all white marble."

"Thursday.

"Last night a reunion in the house of a bookseller—Scotchman. They made speeches to and of us. We must reply. Though it was unexpected, we both acquitted ourselves respectably. This morning

a grand drive to high grounds in vicinity, and saw a deaf-mute college; great affair. Here we received addresses and made speeches. Then through grounds of soldiers' hospital and soldiers' cemetery, with huge panorama. Next through Patent Office; quadrupled since you were there; also Post Office.

"An interview with agent of land company, who wishes to frank us to Kansas, about 200 miles beyond the Missouri river, that we may see the land, and be able to give testimony regarding it for emigration. Could be done in our time; but think it not likely we shall undertake. Whether we undertake or not, it will not affect our time; for we must be in Toronto on Sabbath, 12th June, in any case. That is on our way back."

"BALTIMORE, *Monday, 16th May 1870.*

". . . . We both preached twice here yesterday. The day was the hottest we have yet experienced. It was not much inconvenience. In the morning a large church, large assembly, good air, and easy. Evening, Mr. Johnstone's (Reformed Presbyterian); very small but neat church; not crowded. It is most vexatious to see a handful of good men *testifying more Scotico* (after the fashion of Scotland) in a nutshell, and not touching the mighty stream of the world. A city of from three to four hundred thousand knows nothing of them, and their testimony for Rouse's Psalms and Drumclog for ever!

". . . . The real stress for me lies in the

portion between Toronto and New York for home. I think it is not likely I shall be diverted from my purpose of sailing on June 23d. I think by that time I shall have had enough of the heat and the toil, and shall long for the cool Atlantic. I have a secret suspicion that the rest of the party, who are all courageous now, will be of my opinion when the time comes. They do not yet know what the heat will be. I don't much dread it, except for present discomfort. I am not inclined to eat much in the heat, and I shall endeavour to shelter myself with my old umbrella from the sun."

"GETTYSBURG, 18th May 1870.

"This is a signalised and monumental spot of the Continent. We came out from Baltimore yesterday, Blaikie and I, leaving the ladies. Reached at one o'clock. Were received with wonderful affection and hospitality by Professor Stoever and his family. A college, and a theological seminary of the Lutheran Church. Considerable town—pleasant hill and valley—like a more luxurious edition of our land. But the great point of attraction was the battlefield. We drove round it fully, and got everything thoroughly explained. I shall not write an account of it. I have it in maps and letterpress, and these I can explain when I come. The most impressive thing to the eye was a portion of a wood, up the slope of a hill, blasted and bare—the trees, all killed with shot,

standing ragged and riddled and bare, while all the rest of the wood is green—where an assault was made on the Federal lines. The bodies of the Federal soldiers were all collected, and buried in a beautiful cemetery; the Confederates were laid in heaps, here and there, where they fell, with a mark cut in a tree, ‘81 *Rebs,*’ or, ‘53 on the right.’ The weeds and grass are rank over the pits, and in some the bones are protruding.

“In the corner of a field 181 Federals were buried in rows, and the bones afterwards removed to the cemetery; but every grave stood out like a mound of green through the rank growth of the clover on them. This was a touching sight. We thoroughly understood the three days’ battle. General Howard has the chief credit for the result, as he was on the spot and chose the ground before Meade came up. We heard Howard praying at the opening of his black college in Washington, his left coat sleeve wagging empty by his side. . . .

“The gentleman who brought us out from Baltimore, telegraphed from a station on the way that they might have a meeting in the evening. At eight, accordingly, we had a fine assembly—extemporised on half-a-day’s notice, in the Lutheran church. They cling round us with wonderful affection, and are much interested in our statements. We give them something of speech, but I never stop without giving them some preaching; it is the most useful, and perhaps as much relished as any-

thing else. The groups that surround us at the close are very warm in their sympathies."

From Philadelphia he writes about the General Assembly—the first of the United Church.

"19th May 1870.

" The Assembly was grand: 600 members. Methods different from ours; some worse, some better. Election of Moderator a more natural and real process. It was by acclamation, agreed privately a day or two before. No time to prepare speeches or order knee-breeches. Both articles accordingly were wanting, but they were not missed. The Assembly was more natural and more manly without them. All hitherto has been simple, short, and harmonious.

"Sermon was not a sermon, but a speech. It threw down in terse and forcible style all the subjects that must come before the Assembly, and so contributed to prepare the work.

"To-day or to-morrow we hope to hear the echo of our own first letters resounding from the walls of Merchiston Avenue across the Atlantic. We hear that Dr. Candlish is ill—not able to be in the Assembly. You will give us all the important news. I cannot write much until I hear from you again. We find it a relief to have a sort of home here again after our frequent movings.

"The Assembly becomes an intolerable fatigue, partly from the heat, partly from the quantity of

private talk that I am obliged to do. They are great introducers, handshakers, questioners. They meet at 9 to 1 and 3.30 to 5; no evening sederunt. Next week there will be public meetings every night. I must attend and help at a good many, but I can make each very small. The great reception in Music Hall has been fixed for Friday evening, 27th, so we cannot leave till then. We shall take the train westward, I think, the same night at midnight.

"I forget whether I mentioned that I get D.D. here universally. It comes in a rush, and there is no resisting it. I get quite used to it, and never take the least notice. Even those who know the fact are carried down in the flood. Here there is no such thing as a man approaching my age and position that is not D.D., and so the good people cannot call me anything else than Doctor; only the striplings here are simple 'misters.'

"I must own, however, that the reading of the lists of committees, &c., by the clerk, becomes very ludicrous, for every man named on any committee is D.D., and the clerk laboriously pronounces the two sacred letters after each name. I think from the preponderance of the title here it will, within a generation, come to be given to every minister at ordination, which would be a good solution. . . . I get much more recognition on account of the books than I expected. 'Roots and Fruits,' and 'Race for Riches,' were republished here. Hamilton's memoir is spreading now. This sheet must be

private, for much is about myself.—Great love and kisses to yourself and all the circle.—Yours,

W. ARNOT."

"PHILADELPHIA, 23^d May 1870.

". . . A great thunderstorm on the evening of Saturday; sublime affair; much rain. Providential for us, yesterday was cool, and we were enabled to go through our work without harm. I had very large assemblies—many ministers; great *levées* at the end. A good deal of fatigue in speaking to the people, who come up to shake hands, and tell what their connection is with Scotland. The errand of many is to tell what they have known of me, through the books here, or preaching at home. One woman's story last night was that the 'Laws from Heaven,' &c., is sore broken in the back, by much travel in her son's knapsack in the rocky mountains.

"It is now settled that we shall be heard on Wednesday evening; but it must be a small affair, as they do not begin till eight, and there is a host of us.

"There is now a conflict whether we shall wait for Mr. Stuart's grand full dress reception on Friday night. There will be 2000 of the *élite* of this great city. The loss of two days will cramp our western circuit; on the other side, Mr. Stuart will be grievously disappointed if we desert the diet; and it would be a loss to Jeannie to miss the sight. . .

“ Tuesday.

“I was at a temperance meeting in the early part of last evening; and we had a large evening party here. Anniversary of American Sunday School Union this evening in Academy of Music; place holds 5000. Speaker Colfax in chair. M’Cosh and myself, with sundry Americans, take some part.”

“ PHILADELPHIA, 27th May 1870.

“. . . . Now for sketch of our history since our last. On Tuesday we were at Mr. Patterson’s country seat. Very lovely; but I learned a lesson there. I would not like it so well as a similar place in our own climate. It was too warm, too tropical. The growth of vegetable life made human life diminutive. In our country vegetation is a sort of companion to us—a child, rather, that needs care, and it is pleasant to give it the care it needs; but here it is a great strong creature, that overshadows and overwhelms you.

“ Wednesday evening we were heard—Scotch and Irish, four in all, in Assembly. I was first—again gave no eloquence, but stated a number of facts in our own organisation and experience, such as I had observed they need to know. I made no perorations—no *praises* of America—a plain word that I thought of use. Blaikie and I had divided, and our themes were entirely distinct. He did very much as I did. We were well received, and heard with deference.”

“RAILWAY CARRIAGE, PITTSBURGH,
May 30, 1870.

“. . . . Preached yesterday; many Scotch people came round. One mother showed me a boy that I baptized in Glasgow. She was from Forgan-denny, and knew my father. Another told me I had visited her mother on her death-bed. Many mechanics here from our country.

“The U.P. Synod is in session here. They expect us all to-night; but considering that six speeches are one too many, I have bolted. We are now in motion, at 10.48—a moonlight flitting. This is my only course. I have frequently yielded to American persuasion against my own judgment, to my own too great fatigue, and this time I have concluded to take law in my own hand. They can do nothing when the nest is flown. Brother Blaikie will be quite sufficient to represent Scotland without me.”

“CHICAGO, *4th June 1870.*

“. . . . To-day I was sent to teach the lesson, Centurion's servant, to the Sabbath School teachers—weekly at noon on Saturday—more than two hundred—Dr. Paton and a number of ministers. Strange coincidence. I had to speak loud to cope with storm of thunder and rain. You remember Montreal twenty-five years ago.

“At Chicago we are more comfortable in some respects than we have ever been. As yet there has

been no oppressive heat here. The lake seems to keep this place always cooler. Besides, you can get not only cool, but *cold* water any time to wash with or bathe in. A tunnel runs out into the lake two miles. Then there is a stalk like a chimney that rises above the water. Water is allowed to enter it near the bottom, where it is always cold; it is pumped up on the margin of the lake for distribution. I have twice bathed. First time I put a little hot in; next took it cold, but it startled me. People here won't bathe in it cold; always put warm in. . . .

“Last night being our only evening, the sister of our hostess had a large party for us,—a reception, seventy people. We did not go till eight. From that hour till ten I stood in a crowd, and talked like a steam-engine to group after group, as Mr. Armour brought them to me. Jeannie was seldom in sight; but she carried on a parallel underplot, delighting them, as some of them frankly told me. Sometimes I was obliged to call her, to introduce her to my group. I thought once or twice, what would you have said or done had you been here? What could you have done but sail with the stream? You may not like to be lionessized; but here they would not consult your liking, but, incontinent, would make you a lioness. You must needs have shaken your mane, and roared once or twice for the pleasure of the company.”

“TORONTO, 11th June 1870.

“At Toronto there was another Union General Assembly, formed by the union of the two churches representing the Free and United Presbyterians in Scotland.

“. . . . The role was—two Americans, Blaikie and myself, received by the Assembly on Thursday evening; Irish and English on Friday; Americans short. Then Blaikie went in: he was very good. I entered the lists a little after nine, and was allowed full swing. Great audience. I gave them a touch at first on the political side: the States, the Fenians, and the home government. There is much excitement on these subjects. I had felt their pulse in private, and got on the right key. I gained a favourable hearing for all I had to say, and spoke quite freely. . . .

“Both of us spoke far freer and far better than in the American Assembly.”

“LAKE OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS,
14th June 1870.

“Here goes. We have just finished breakfast. We left Kingston at 5.30. It is a glorious morning; water like glass; islands as full and clear below water as above; some small lighthouses, square, and white and tapering, stand on their head in the water, and you can scarcely tell where the real water line is. We are rubbing close by a rocky island; you

could toss a biscuit on. I have seized the capstan as a writing table—a fine round table top—and I have a chair beside it, with its pillar between my legs. All the people round me thick, on stools and chairs, Yankees and Canadians, men and women—an agreeable company. Captain approaches me and informs me that this is Fiddler's Elbow; prettiest place of all. A duck, scared, scuds away swimming, leaving its diverging waves spreading out behind; but fearing that we are coming too near she dives, and we see her no more."

"MONTREAL, 18th June 1870.

". . . . For the most part I have enjoyed considerable liberty and hopefulness on the Sabbaths. I take delight in the opportunity of preaching the word in so many large cities of this continent,—New York, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Chicago, Toronto, Montreal, Brooklyn. It is like sailing over unknown seas, and planting the king's flag on every island. This is a progress that ought to lift up my life by one degree; a shade higher by this trip than otherwise its average could have been. It has two sides; labour, activity, which is very pleasant; and a certain gentle enduring, that is, the sense of exile. Wanting this slight admixture of something to be borne, perhaps the *pleasure* would have been too great. The sail so widely spread, and so well filled, might have been too much wanting the ballast; all is well.

"I cannot rightly get a grasp of you and your occupations on the Sabbath, because of the difference of longitude; ignorance, if I possessed it, would be bliss now. At present, for example, 9 a.m. (for the breakfast is rather late), you will be enjoying your lunch in the vestry, and, perhaps, comforting Mr. Dods with a cup of tea. It would be a simpler and less perplexed conception if I could think of your occupations as synchronous with ours. . . ."

MONTREAL, 19th June 1870.

". . . . Yesterday was very hot. At night in church it was much felt, by the congregation fully as much as by the minister. As we came home the lightning was very bright; we were obliged to shut our eyes and grope our way, the dazzling was so painful: thunder not very near. It continued with rain; cooler to-day. . . ."

"I have a design of starting this afternoon, by a very convenient route, lake Champlain by night, to Saratoga, partly to lengthen my time for things between this and New York, and partly to escape one of these receptions awaiting us in the house of a Mr. Robertson. Edmond and M'Leod are here; they will suffice as lions for one night."

SARATOGA, 23d June.

". . . . Last night a meeting in Presbyterian church; good meeting, and I enjoyed it mightily. We are here all right in a hotel whose dining-room

can dine 800 at once; other things to match. It is altogether gigantic."

"RUTLAND, 23d June 1870.

". . . . We slept in the great hotel—Congress Hall—last night. Had supper and breakfast in the 800 guest-power dining-room; and were bowed away from the pay-desk by the proprietor, with all our dollars in our pocket. The people at Saratoga have been very kind."

"BOSTON, Friday, 24th June 1870.

"Safe to Boston at nine to-day. Warm welcome from two Glasgow men,—one, Gilchrist, was of St. Peter's—steady, and thriving, and Christian. We are in the best of health. Ebenezer! A meeting to-night for me. Then we go at 8½ to-morrow A.M. by rail—due in New York about 6½ P.M. Cannot take night boat, because its trains start at 7. I send this on the chance of its reaching for Saturday's steamer. *A dieu*, that is, to God I commit thee, and me, and all ours. Love to all. W. ARNOT."

As will be seen from these letters, they met with great kindness and unbounded hospitality everywhere they went, and the whole party returned home with very warm hearts towards Americans in general, and specially towards their kind friends and entertainers, with many of whom a correspondence was kept up ever afterwards.

During Mr. Arnot's absence in America, the editorship of the *Family Treasury* became vacant, and the publishers (T. Nelson & Sons) made proposals to him, with a view to his undertaking the conduct of the magazine. On his return, it was definitely arranged that he should become editor, his duties to commence at the New Year. This involved, of course, a considerable amount of additional work, but it was of such an entirely different nature from his ordinary studies, that he found it rather an agreeable variety, and almost a relief, to turn from the one to the other. During the five years and a-half, over which his editorship extended, he continued to give it a considerable share of his time and attention, always writing himself at least one article, frequently two, for each number.

He was keenly interested in the progress of the war which at this time raged on the Continent. His sympathies were strongly roused on the side of the Germans, that being, from his view-point, the side of right and justice; yet in thinking and speaking of their opponents, compassion for their suffering was ever the pre-eminent feeling. He looked upon the state of religion and society in France, especially in Paris, as the great cause of all the evils which overwhelmed her. Writing to the Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in London, where he had been lately delivering a lecture, he says:—"It is pleasant to do work for your people. I thought much of Paris while I looked at your

meeting in the hall. If one such meeting had been *possible* in Paris, her present condition would have been *impossible*."

TO HIS SISTER-IN-LAW,
On the Loss of a Little Child.

10 MERCHISTON AVENUE, EDINBURGH,
14th September 1870.

"MY DEAR MRS. FLEMING,—I think of you from time to time, as I hear the lively tongue of my own little boy ringing through the house. About this period, when the first pain is past, and time begins to soothe, I believe the silence will sometimes affect you—you will miss the wonted voice. Possibly even the beauty of your new residence may be shaded somewhat by the cloud that has passed over your heart there. I sympathise with you both; and I write now, not that I have anything new to tell, but rather that I would just come gently forward when I see you sad, and speak with you a little.

"I have a very vivid remembrance of my first great bereavement—death of my only brother, when I was nineteen years of age; and I may mention one effect that it produced on me. It did not cloud my home—for I have always a fond clinging to the spot; but it threw a dark veil over the world in general, and taught me not to count it my home. It gave an impulse to the search for a better country, which, through all changes, has not even yet entirely lost

its force. More than one of your cords has snapped of late, and this last must have been the sharpest stroke. I pray that you may get grace to profit by the discipline, and get consolation under the pain. 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.' These touches must be meant as beckonings to come nearer and walk closer. Love to all.—Yours,

WILLIAM ARNOT."

DIARY.

"13th August 1871. — I have conducted the *Family Treasury* from the beginning of this year—a new interest. Though the work is considerable I enjoyed it. I ought not to retain long the full ministry and the *Treasury*. After a while, if I retain it, I should obtain a colleague in some form for the ministry. My sixty-third year is now running. Old age, I fear, tends to dry up the spiritual life; but the prayer, the old prayer, remains, even in old age, like the palm tree, etc. I cannot disguise it, should not disguise it. Old age is not so favourable to secret prayer, for example. I have seldom much enlargement, yet I am not altogether cast down. Perhaps it is not all declension. I sometimes feel as if there were a change to fewer words, shorter, assuming the child's place and acting on it.

"There is a story told, I think, of Bengel. When he was toiling at his desk, some one overheard him say, 'Lord, it is still on the old terms,' and with that he turned to his work again. Oh, for that kind of

brevity! I suppose there are really two kinds of brevity in prayer: one because you are far off, and one because you are far in."

The Continental journeys were now of almost annual occurrence. This year he visited a district (Saxony and Bohemia) which was entirely new to him. His letters, however, contain little description of scenery or architecture. They are for the most part mere jottings of his route, or questions and instructions as to home matters, interspersed with such little sketches from nature as the following:—

"Bohemia is somewhat more like home. My heart was set a beating yesterday by an incident that called up fifty years ago with a gush, like a scent or a tune of childhood. A boy was herding some cows in a meadow. One cow had got among the field of clover deep, and the urchin ran and drove her out. That was a photograph of me, but the picture wanted my father, with his lecture to show that it is better to watch and keep the cow from entering the clover field, than to drive her out after she is in."

CHAPTER XI.

TO GEO. H. STUART, ESQ., PHILADELPHIA.

“ EDINBURGH, 24th August 1872.

“MY DEAR MR. STUART,—‘Better late thrive than ne’er do well.’ I have long neglected my duty of writing to you. I think, however, from time to time about you and yours. It seems like a swift bright dream that whirling visit of eight weeks that my daughter and myself enjoyed in your country. I am still reaping fruits from it in a form that I could scarcely have expected. Many American men and women, the salt of the earth, I believe, in your continent, visit me. Some come to my house, and some come to the vestry of my church on Sabbath. They all come with frank affection to me, as one who ‘loveth their country.’ My whole family greatly enjoy these visits. There is never any shyness: we plunge into the middle of things in a moment. I was preaching on a Sabbath evening in Dublin, and a jolly minister from New York, of the Dutch Com-

munion, broke off from his party, who remained at the foot of the stairs, and came up into the pulpit to grasp my hand. It is no exaggeration to say that the coming and going of American Christian brothers and sisters has much enlivened our life this year in Edinburgh.

“The prospect of the Alabama settlement, too, has greatly elevated me. Both for the fact itself and its example to the world, I rejoice in it greatly.

“I begin to entertain seriously the possibility of visiting the States again in the fall of next year. Brother Schaff has me on his list for the Evangelical Alliance. If I come, I shall secure longer time than last, and my wife will come with me.

“I expect to have by that time two additional reasons for visiting America: two sons settled on its soil. I have one son in Boston (I think I have not mentioned this to you before) since the New Year, and the second has taken his passage to sail from Glasgow on Wednesday first.”

TO HIS SON.

“28th September 1872.

“MY DEAR WILLIE,—Your letter from New York arrived a few days ago, while I was on a journey in Sutherlandshire. It was very welcome. We knew from the published telegrams that the ‘Columbia’ arrived in New York on Tuesday.

“Your voyage was most eventful—two deaths self-inflicted, from a small company, and in a short

space of time. Your brother had an eventful voyage in a different way—danger of foundering in a storm. You can easily conceive that I think a good deal about you both, and often pray for you. Answers to prayer come in various and unexpected ways. I think I see marks of God's goings in both voyages. Each of you met with what should stir up your souls; and I shall hope that the solemn things you both saw on the great deep will be messengers of mercy to lead you to Christ. How helpless is a human being when he is given over to his own sin. That bottle of brandy, with which the young man murdered himself—the memory of it will, I hope, be blessed to give you a greater horror of all that leads to drunkenness. Read in Acts xxviii. how Paul threw off a viper that fastened on his hand. No doubt he shook it off with a shudder, as a creature that might next moment sting out his life. The memory of the voyage will perhaps contribute to give you a horror of the drunkard's cup and company. Safety lies in resisting the beginnings. . . .”

His two eldest sons were now engaged in business in the United States, and when he was invited to attend the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance at New York in the autumn of 1873, this was a considerable weight added to the scale in favour of accepting. The reasons on the other side, however, were so many and so strong, that, even in the face

of this, he had decided not to go. Strong pressure was brought to bear upon him in a personal interview by Mr. G. H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, and Dr. Hall, of New York, and their representations that the Scotch ministers who had been invited had, without exception, declined to come, and that Scotland would thus be virtually unrepresented at the meeting, sufficed to change his intention. He writes:—

“My difficulties remain; but, on discovering that nobody is going from Scotland, I am so much ashamed of my country, that I have concluded to cut the knots I cannot loose, and come.”

He left home in the middle of August, so as to have some time for travelling before the meetings of the Alliance, which were to be held early in October. On this occasion he traversed the Pacific Railway to San Francisco, and back, a great undertaking for one of his years, and alone; indeed, the result proved that it was too great. A serious illness detained him some days in Salt Lake City, and though he recovered, so as to be able to complete the journey, the fatigue of it more than balanced the pleasure, and the very recollection of it was never anything but dreary to him.

“SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,
10th Sept. 1873.

“ . . . I have been detained four days in this place by sickness—the diarrhoea that is almost uni-

versal among incomers in these high regions. . . . Here I found a most remarkable Timothy, in the person of a young Presbyterian minister, who has the 'Parables' and 'Life of Hamilton' on his shelf. He has done everything for me—devoted himself to me. Brought me a homœopathic to treat me, who announced that it was not good to subdue suddenly, and gave his drops accordingly. It did stop by degrees; but a bit was taken out of my time, and I had made up my mind to return homeward.

“. . . . This morning at breakfast the tide turned again. It had been flowing eastward for the last two days. Three angels stood up beside me as I sat solitary in a great room, meditating the *task* of taking some breakfast (plenty in the room, though I was solitary), three Independent ministers—Storr, of Brooklyn, Warren, San Francisco, and one belonging to Sacramento—noble and noble-looking men. I cannot now tell you all about their loving brotherly communication. If what I have printed should have done no more, it has gained me a good place in the hearts of many good men. Storr announced that they were to start this afternoon (3.45) for San Francisco, and that I must go with *them*. I pleaded recent illness and continued lack of appetite. He says, 'I have something to make you well.' He gave me his drops then and there, and the dose was immediately exhilarating. I took a bit of beef steak and some tea. I have since repeated the dose, and have now no nausea. Partly

my revived health, partly *such company*, and partly their information that in the slope of California, which we shall reach in thirty-six hours, it is the best season of the year—cool and healthful—I have as good as resolved to go with them.”

“OMAHA, WESTERN BANK OF MISSOURI RIVER,
EASTERN TERMINUS OF PACIFIC RAILWAY,
Sabbath, 21st September 1873.

“Here beginneth, after a long blank, the historic series of notules,—because here and now such series becometh possible again.

“The rush and rattle have been, I hope, in a large measure thrown behind me. I feel here as if I were reasonably near home. Yesterday at two we arrived here, having started from San Francisco on Tuesday morning at seven. The fatigue was not great, but it was *long*. We slept pretty well, lolled and chatted and walked about by turns during the day. . . .

“Mr. T. induced me to call on a Presbyterian minister last night, and I have consented to preach this evening. This place is quiet and pleasant; large straggling embryo city, the Missouri sweeping semicircularly round it, entertaining hopes of vast destinies in the near future. The grand want of America is repose. Perhaps the multitudinous judgments of God, covering the land like the waves of the sea, and springing all directly from the restless pride and covetousness of an ungodly

people, may some day prevail to give the nation pause, to compel it to take breath and take its bearings. The text for the time in America is: 'Be still, and know that I am God.'

"I love our own land as a home, for this among other reasons, that it is *a little one*. I have long believed that the human family have a much more comfortable home on this planet than they could have had on, say Jupiter or any of the huger lumps. On the same principle, a country of limited dimensions is better than a continent.

"26th September.

" I have been thinking of you in your particular grief at present, on account of not hearing from me. I have been praying for you, in particular that your longing for good news from this far country may draw down cold waters to your thirsty soul from a better source, so that in seeking to entertain me in your heart you may 'entertain angels unawares.'

"The New York meetings are near, and I am now able for them. So of three great aims we shall probably gain two,—the sight of the boys, and the Christian meetings at New York. My sight of the continent has been partially marred, but we can surmount that loss."

"NEW YORK, 1st October 1873.

" Grand drive through the park yes-

terday afternoon. Trees and grass very green still. All fresh and fascinating.

“ A considerable menagerie in the corner of the park. Plenty of noble bears—a sea lion, who kept up a constant melancholy cry in his pond, where he had hardly room to turn his huge bulk—lions, as usual, wonderfully quiet and dignified. How sublimely indifferent the brute is to all the hubbub of monkeys, and elephants, and women, and children below. Several of them lay with their backs to us, slumberously looking with half closed eyes on the setting sun through windows in the back of their cage.

“Another menagerie I visited with less profit in the evening—a reception of all foreign men at Dr. Schaff’s. A mob as usual, in the midst of which I stood and bawled till I was out of breath, and then sought a seat in a corner.

“The Government schools should endow a lion’s den in every village, and make it incumbent on Young America to stand half-an-hour every day in front of the royal brute to learn repose and dignity. How grand and solid the mien of the beast — how like a mountain ; how small and frisky the men—how like a potash bottle always going off!

“ I go out to make all my calls to-day. I shall then endeavour to give a good deal of attention to the meetings. I hope a little, but have anxiety about any fruit. We need to go to this city

and continue there ten days, and *make gain* in our profession; for we are poor and times are hard.

“7th October.

“The meetings and work of the Alliance made their mark deep and broad in New York, and throughout the States. I feared at first that when the novelty was over, the sessions would be neglected. But this anticipation was signally reversed. The interest grew like the swelling of a stream up to the last. At first, two sessions were held simultaneously in separate but contiguous halls or churches; then three, and latterly four, or even five. All were filled, and the audience was uniformly grave and attentive. No restlessness, no weariness, no interruptions. The audience always behaved better than I have ever seen audiences behaving in our own country. . . .

“On Sabbath, I had a full day. Preached in Dr. Rogers (Dutch Reformed) in the morning—Communion Sabbath. Vast church like a cathedral, with great painted windows. Grand audience crowded everywhere. ‘To me to live is Christ,’ etc. Also gave address at Communion table. At two dined with Alexander Stewart close by; got a rest half-an-hour on a sofa. Then to Dr. Hall’s Church: Communion there too; but interval, and Communion alone in the afternoon. Officiating ministers—Dr. Hall in the middle, Bishop of Kentucky on his left, and myself on his right. Dr. Hall, introductory

part and distributing bread. Then address by the Bishop, distributing the cup. I confess to a thrill of joy as I received the cup from his hands—a symptom of approaches of disciples to each other through or over the ridiculous barriers that have been set up, and that have kept brothers from embracing for ages. . . . I then gave the concluding address from the pulpit. Church grand and full, and, I think, somewhat tender.

“Then tea at Dr. Hall’s. At 6.30, off to Steinway Hall, one of five places open that evening for close of Alliance. Grand meeting—in good state of mind—by far the best meeting for me, for there were not many speakers. I was called early, and was not limited as to time. . . . I was free to speak to the people, as ready to depart on the morrow; and if I did not prolong my speech till midnight, I at least prolonged it sufficiently to put in a good deal of the gospel of our Lord and Saviour in a form adapted to the farewell and the Sabbath

“Left that hall immediately and went to Academy of Music; largest place and chief meeting of the Alliance. Alas! I am bound to confess it was grievously mismanaged. The arrangement was a long array of five-minutes’ speeches from all the nationalities. At a meeting held on Saturday afternoon to arrange, I made an effort to change the plan. I suggested that in the vast hall—a theatre with pit and three galleries—the Germans, French, Dutch, &c., speaking broken English, could not be

heard or understood; that men called to speak for their nation must necessarily introduce what was below the Sabbath evening, and below the appetite and expectation of the audience. . . . But the scheme was all cut and dry, and must stand.

“When I entered the hall, the sight was grand and solemnizing beyond description. In the audience always there was something that surprised and arrested me. There was a sedate, contented, yet animated and expectant sea of human countenances. Complete silence and gravity over all the vast area. . . .

“I was soon called. *Five minutes* was the announced rule. I confess to a great grief in being prevented from letting out my heart to that assembly. As it was, I was determined to introduce no small talk about Scotland and America. I attempted to put in a portion of what I had spoken half-an-hour before; but the matter was large and the hole small, and I failed to get it pushed through—failed altogether. . . .

“Last of all, Dr. Adams prayed, and that brought us back on a sudden from earth to heaven. I was sitting next him, and enjoyed the privilege of holding the prophet’s staff. He gave it to me to keep till he was done. . . .

“But notwithstanding individual portions-coarse and knotty, the web of the meetings, on the whole, was of grand and goodly texture. The general impression was deep; and we all hope that something

has been done for the kingdom of our Lord in the world."

TO GEORGE H. STUART, ESQ.

"EDINBURGH, 3d December 1873.

"MY DEAR MR. STUART,—I ought to have reported progress sooner. I sailed from New York in the steamer 'Baltic' on Saturday, 18th October, and arrived in Liverpool on Tuesday, 28th. An exquisite passage; it could not have been better in July. We had nine or ten Alliance men, and the company was very pleasant. I found all well at home.

"At Queenstown, on Monday night, Irish newspapers came on board. I was listlessly glancing over paragraphs in one of them, when my eye fell on one of two and a-half lines—thus: 'At the funeral of Dr. Candlish, yesterday, in Edinburgh, the procession was nearly a mile long.' It blinded me like a flash of lightning in my face. It was the first intimation to me of our great bereavement. Edinburgh seems naked and empty since.

"Many beautiful things are told of his faith, and love, and child-like demeanour towards the close. I must tell you a thing that he said of myself, that I count a very precious legacy. I tell it word for word, as reported to me by Dr. Benjamin Bell, his medical attendant, who heard it, and by Mrs. Candlish.

"His mind was wandering; he thought he was in some meeting of Presbytery or Assembly. Suddenly and sharply, after a pause, he said, 'That's Arnot; I

want to hear what he is saying.' I should explain that for years past he has suffered from deafness, and that he is in the habit, in the Assembly, of bolting over from side to side of the house, and sitting close to the person who is speaking. His son took occasion to say, 'Do you love Arnot?' His reply I give you *literatim*, although it is not very consistent with modesty for me to tell it. 'Love him? who would not love Arnot? I love him as a brother.' These words have distilled like oil to soothe other rufflings ever since, all the more that they were spoken while the intellect was beclouded, and judgment not sitting on watch to restrain the expression of the heart's thoughts.

"We are sore broken. Guthrie and Candlish removed in one year; and we are ashamed before all the church throughout the world, that we had not grace to go through with the union after labouring on it for ten years. I suspect the failure must be attributed to that old root of bitterness, 'ye are yet carnal.'"

Many of Mr. Arnot's friends on both sides of the question believed that now, as he was growing older, his zeal for the temperance cause was on the wane. This was by no means the case; his opinions on the subject remained unchanged to the end, and as it was one which he himself considered of great importance, the following letter, in reply to a remonstrance addressed to him, is inserted, for the

purpose of explaining his true position with regard to it at this period.

“5th July 1873.

“DEAR SIR,—You must not expect a detailed reply—I have so many letters to write.

“I have been accustomed all my days to much misconstruction and misrepresentations, both by abstainers and drinkers. I cannot have abandoned abstinence principles, for I never held any. My *principle* always was temperance; and, as a means, one means of helping it, I *practised* abstinence for somewhere about twenty-five years.

“Some years ago I was so much vexed by taunts—well founded, I fear—that men, whose names stood with mine on published documents as abstainers, took drink as freely as other people, that I determined, about a couple of years ago, to cease to make public *profession* in association with others of abstinence. I would not walk through Coventry any more.

“I work as eagerly as ever against the drink traffic and the drinking customs. I hope to do so to the end. But although my actual drinking is at present almost nothing, and even that little would probably be accounted by most people not an intoxicating drink at all, and probably will be less—indeed, it is at present, and likely will be, total abstinence, as understood by any society that I was ever connected with—I think it better that a man

on the verge of sixty-five should keep his name out of paraded lists of abstainers, than expose himself to the sneer of adversaries, if he should at any time need stimulants.

“I don’t, alas! expect to satisfy zealous abstainers; but I would put myself to some trouble to avoid being a stumbling-block to young men. I retain all my former opinions about drinking; and do all I can by my life to enforce them.—Yours,

WILLIAM ARNOT.”

Towards the close of the year 1873, the two American evangelists, Messrs. Moody and Sankey paid their first visit to Edinburgh. Reports of their labours in other places had preceded them, and they were eagerly welcomed on their arrival. Christians of all denominations looked forward to their visit with hopeful, prayerful anticipation. And the result was far beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. It pleased the Lord, in answer to the prayers of His people, to pour out a very rich blessing over the city and over all the country in connection with the labours of these strangers. Their meetings in Edinburgh were largely attended from the very first, and increased, till the Free Church Assembly Hall could not contain the half of those who came together, two and three times a-day, to hear the Gospel proclaimed. One remarkable feature of the movement was the quietness and sobriety which characterised all the proceedings, and the absence of

the physical excitement and sensationalism often so largely mixed up with any extensive revival. The co-operation of ministers of the Gospel and other experienced Christians was invited and welcomed by the evangelists, and the extent to which their help was accorded in the meetings, and especially in after dealing with those who had been awakened, no doubt tended largely to this result. Another distinguishing feature was the prominence then, for the first time in this country, given to the ministry of song. It surprised many, and shocked not a few, when it was publicly announced that, at the meetings to be held, Mr. Moody would preach, and Mr. Sankey would *sing, the Gospel*; but ere long the expression was understood and appreciated. The sweet voice of the singer compelled the attention of the most indifferent to the simple pointed words of the Gospel hymns he sang; and, the heart once touched, the door was open for the fuller instruction which could find no entrance before. And not the smallest result of Mr. Sankey's work among us, was the stirring up of many others who possessed similar gifts, to go and do likewise—to lay out this talent, too, in the service of the Lord.

As might be expected, Mr. Arnot was one of the first to throw himself, heart and soul, into the work. His assistance was given heartily and joyfully, up to, and often beyond, the measure of his strength. He found it all but impossible to refuse an invitation to help at one of these meetings, where God's hand was

so evidently and so mightily at work; and many a time when he went out in great bodily weariness, he would return full of joy and gratitude.

He also wrote occasional notices of the work both for the *Family Treasury*, and also for an American paper, the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, to which he was, from the time of his last visit to America, a frequent contributor. In a letter to Mr. Geo. H. Stuart of Philadelphia, he says:—

“The noon daily prayer meeting goes on all the same in the absence of Messrs. Moody and Sankey; the work spreads through the city and the country. I mentioned in the meeting to-day that I had a letter from you, that you are praying for us, and longing to get news of our work. An immense progress has been made, during these three months, in the process of binding all hearts here to our brother disciples in the States. The visit of the Alliance to you in the autumn, and the return visit of your evangelists to us in the winter, I think, have been arranged by the hand of our Father in heaven; so that by reciprocal intercourse in giving and receiving the word of life, we might at the same time be lifted up to our Head on high, and drawn closer to each other.”

TO REV. ROBERT ROBINSON.

“20th January 1874.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I don’t need to consider long. I

am at once ready to place myself at your disposal for 13th May; for in large measure, at New York last autumn, and in much larger measure in Edinburgh to-day, the Lord is showing us that He is ready to give a richer blessing to His disciples when they meet simply as His disciples, without any other distinctive mark. I presided to-day nearly two hours, beginning at noon, at an overflowing and high-toned meeting in my own church; the *overflowings* of the prayer-meeting (daily in our Assembly Hall next door). It was good to be there! My body is wearied; but my heart is full. The rending here is going deep, and reaching all, to the high places. Great pulses of this movement are reported in Glasgow and other cities.

“But it is my duty to add a codicil to this my will on the case. I might hope, the Lord helping me, to preach the Gospel with pleasure to myself, and even with some profit to those who hear; but I cannot get up an expectation of any tolerable audience. Observe, this is not a bit of modesty about myself; that sort of thing is not worth my while. It belongs to the fact that for long I have not preached in London, and am hardly known there. I know that the audience will be small. It is only on one side that I would count that worth mentioning, this, viz., it will fail to accomplish the important subsidiary objects which on that occasion it is your duty to have in view.

“I am willing, without reply, to hold myself engaged, D.V.”

JOURNAL.

“27th July 1874.—Another great change has taken place in the method of my preaching. The former change dates from 1855. Previous to that date I did not use any MS., except the briefest notes, jots of headings and chief points. By request of the elders of St. Peter’s I began to read my sermons; and adhered to that method mainly till August last year, exactly a year ago. Since that time I have never once read a sermon. It did not come in the form of a resolution. It was not a plan. I went to America in the autumn, to attend the conference of the Evangelical Alliance at New York. I enjoyed there many grand opportunities of preaching. I began to preach there without notes, liked it, and continued it. I experienced, as it were, an emancipation, and was not inclined to go back into bondage. I think, taking the people overhead, this method is at least as acceptable; and for the work either of conversion or edification, I am convinced it is more profitable. The preparation for ordinary home work is a shade easier. In kind the work is far sweeter; the Saturday is more like a Sabbath; a hearty study of the Scripture, in which I often take great delight, and not the mechanical work of composition. But, on the other hand, when I go from home or preach in my own church an old sermon,

the labour of preparation is much greater. Instead of taking my MS. in my pocket, I must have the whole subject written on my heart and mind. . . .

“I suppose the general awakening which has taken place, and is still subsisting, has also helped to keep me going in the way that I began in America. To speak instead of reading my discourses seems more accordant with the expectation of the listeners and with the air of the place. Instinct seems silently to determine that it is more congruous with the times and the circumstances.

“In connection with this, it occurs to me to record here an interesting discovery that I made about two months ago. It was made on this wise. I was taking a solitary walk to the west of my own house on a Saturday. Near Merchiston Castle, a band of boys were playing cricket in a field. A friend was standing on the street observing the play, and I stopped and conversed with him. Looking to the boys, I explained to him, that though I could see the colour of every cap, could see the faces of the boys, I yet could not distinguish features so as to know whether my own boy was among them. He took off his spectacles and requested me to try them. I tried, and lo! the boys’ faces and features came out in complete distinctness, and all the landscape burst into view. The bushes on the Braid Hills leapt into individual outline: it was a new world. I am short-sighted and did not know it. On Monday I bought a pair of

spectacles with convex glasses. On Tuesday I was engaged to address a great evangelistic meeting in the City Hall of Perth. I tried my glasses, and to my glad surprise, instead of speaking into vacancy, I could see every face in the assembly; could trace the shadow of my own thoughts flitting over the countenances of the more ardent listeners. This benefit still remains when I preach at home; but it is in some measure diminished by an incapacity to bear the look, the meeting of face to face.

“Principal Fairbairn died suddenly about ten days ago. I attended the funeral, which was in Edinburgh. He was a man greatly beloved. . . . Style not brilliant, but great good sense, that never failed him, and a sound knowledge over a very wide sphere of subjects. A substantial loss to the Free Church. Another perceptible blank that will not all at once be filled.”

The above is the closing entry in his “Journal of Miscellaneous Events.” In his more private diary, the last entry bears the same date, 27th July 1874, and is as follows:—

“Called to Blairgowrie a fortnight since for two days of evangelistic work. Fine meetings: many inquirers.

“Mr. White, from Innellan, now minister there, told me of this case. He was visiting a shepherd’s family far back in the hills behind Innellan. Found the shepherd’s wife a quiet, thoughtful, Christian

woman. She requested him to procure for her my volume on the Parables. She resided formerly near St. Mary's Loch. Heard me preach in a little chapel on the shore on the Parable of the Sower. This was the means of her conversion. That must have been fifteen years since. He entered into conversation with her on the subject, and found that she had an intelligent idea of the substance of my exposition of the parable."

"Bread cast on the waters, and found again after many days—found with rejoicing, and the finding recorded for the glory of God, and the encouragement of his servant."

Looking back to the previous page, we find—

"1st May 1874.—Within eleven days of a year since last entry! The shortest year that has ever rolled over my head. But I do not reproach myself for neglect of this book. I have other work in hand. The year has been busy and eventful. . .

"Great awakening in Edinburgh and Scotland during the winter. I have shared somewhat in the refreshing. . . ."

Then, after some notes of one and another of his children, the marriage of his two eldest daughters during the previous year, and the prospects of the boys, the entry closes thus:—

"The four eldest are now separated from this roof. The family consists of ourselves and the five younger children, the youngest now eight years and a-half."

Of the year that remains we have no record whatever from his own pen. It, too, was a busy one. He continued to take a large share in the evangelistic work which was still carried on with vigour in the city. He was privileged to see much fruit from this revival, both in his congregation and in his family. His heart was encouraged by this, and his hands strengthened, and as he tells us that his own soul shared too in the refreshing, we may well believe that he had at this time an unusual measure of "joy in the Lord."

In August he paid his last visit to Forgandenny. The following note was written a few days previously, to the lady whose guest he was to be:—

"TO MISS BRUCE, Kilgraston."

"13th August 1874.

"MY DEAR MISS BRUCE.—In the process of preparation for last Sabbath's work, I came upon the words 'He came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up,' etc., and a desire crept into my heart in connection with them, to preach the word in the very old parish church where I was brought up. I do not know if you have easy access to the minister of Forgandenny Parish; or whether there is enough of time now, even though the doors were open. Suffice it to let you know that I would very gladly give a word in the parish

church on Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday evening, next week, if arrangements could be made and intimated. If it do not come easy, let it be postponed till a better time.—Yours affectionately,

WILLIAM ARNOT."

In the autumn he once more spent a month in continental travel, accompanied by two of his daughters and another young lady. Though the route traversed—up the Rhine to Switzerland, and home by Paris and London—was for the most part well known to him, he seems to have felt as keen enjoyment in the varied scenes as his young companions, to whom it was all new. No doubt the witnessing of their pleasure contributed as much to his enjoyment as his ready happy sympathy did to theirs.

During the winter he lectured once more in Exeter Hall to the Young Men's Christian Association. His subject was "The Foe and the Fight; or, the Trinity of Evil,"—Belial (vice), Infidel (unbelief), Idols (superstition); (2 Cor. vii. 15 16.)

Throughout the winter his strength declined steadily, but so gradually, that it was only on looking back over a considerable period that the difference could be observed.

TO JAMES SMITHSON, ESQ.

"12th January 1875.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am much interested, almost

startled, by your communication. An engagement made now for November! It is a long line, as human things go. I am willing to accept it as the measure of the benefit which you derived from last conference, and expect from the next.

“I most cordially accept your invitation; only the usual D.V. must in this case be ‘writ large.’ ‘If the Lord will’ I shall be with you.—Yours,
WILLIAM ARNOT.”

It was not the Lord’s will that this engagement should be fulfilled. Many months before, He had called His faithful servant home.

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE, ESQ.

“20th March 1875.

“DEAR SIR,—I have just received your note, conveying a request that I should preach to the Conference on Reformatories in the end of May. Although it is Saturday night, I am inclined to answer immediately, and to answer Yes. This is perhaps the best time to decide; for by the preparation for tomorrow, which is now finished, a certain impulse is communicated—a run race which produces a momentum sufficient to enable me to leap a canal, at which I might halt and hesitate at a colder moment.

“I recognise myself to be one of few who stand on a narrow belt of time, who have had long, large experience, and are yet able-bodied, who ought to

be able to do that kind of work, and willing to do what they can—at least, we should readily yield ourselves ‘as instruments of righteousness unto God.’

“I think I comprehend the specific work that is required of me—to bring the Gospel to bear on reformatory work, for motive, direction, reproof, and encouragement to the workers.

“I commit myself now with the usual D.V., because I recognise it as my duty; although some fear and trembling may afterwards spring up.—Yours,

WILLIAM ARNOT.”

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE, ESQ.

“14th May 1875.

“DEAR SIR,—It was with a D.V. that I consented, on 20th March, to preach to the Conference. A barrier has intervened. My strength has leaked out this spring as never before. I am always ill after preaching, and can hardly struggle through ordinary duties.

“A rest of a week or ten days has become a necessity. The Assembly is the only time. I cannot leave town till Thursday, 20th. If I must bear this work on my back, and return on the 26th to town, I fear I shall lose the benefit.

“Besides, as I am not in a condition to attend the meetings, I might much miss the spirit of the Conference. It is not for me to say whether you should

quietly drop that item of the programme, or ask another—say Mr. Wells of Glasgow—to take it up.

“I anxiously assure you that I am not accustomed to resile from engagements. The weakness under which I suffer seems new in my experience.—Yours,
WILLIAM ARNOT.”

The above is the last letter copied into his book. The last which he wrote was from Pitlochrie to the Rev. James Candlish, regarding the application which was to come before the Assembly, in his name, for a colleague and successor.

CHAPTER XII.

THE expediency of getting a colleague to assist him in the ministry had been a frequent subject of conversation between him and some of his office-bearers ; and at a meeting in November 1874, the proposal was formally made and approved of.

It was neither on the ground of failing health, nor of relief from pulpit work, that he asked for this help, but for the good of the congregation, especially of the young people. It was in the pastoral oversight of the people that he most painfully felt his deficiencies. It was a grief to him to find that he was no longer capable of conducting such classes of young men and young women as used to be his most cherished and successful work.

In all the arrangements towards this end, he made it plain that he did not wish to burden either his own congregation or the church at large. When one of the elders reminded him that, according to the rules of the church, he must get a medical certi-

ificate before going to the Presbytery, he refused to apply for one, saying, with his usual openness and simplicity, "I do not profess to ask for a colleague on the score of health; therefore I do not see the need of going through a mere form, particularly as we are not asking any grant of money from the church."

At the monthly meeting of the Presbytery in January 1875, the application was made, and the necessary steps taken for bringing it before the General Assembly in May. Little did he then think that by the time it reached the highest Court of the Church, the need of such an application would be only too apparent. He lived only two days after it was sanctioned by the Assembly.

For two or three months before the end, his strength began to fail quite perceptibly. He felt great need of some rest, and made arrangements to take a fortnight's relaxation during the sittings of the Assembly, when his pulpit could be easily supplied. To friends outside, he let drop some touching and ominous hints that his life was probably drawing to a close. To one he said, "I do not know whether it is the *spring* season, or whether it is the *autumn* of my life; but I have never felt before as I do this spring." To another he wrote, "The strength has leaked out of me this spring more than ever heretofore."

But along with this increasing sense of feebleness, there was an earnest desire to fulfil all the engage-

ments he had made at a distance, which were many, and to press as much work as possible into the short period that might remain to him.

In replying to an invitation to preach at Liberton during April, which he could not undertake, he wrote, "I am standing on a narrow belt of time, on the '*head rigg*' at the farther end of the field. I should not decline to work while I am yet able."

In this spirit he worked on with a sweet humility and growing ripeness for heaven, manifest to all with whom he came in contact. His head began to droop on his breast like an ear of corn fully ripe, and his clothes began to hang loosely on his broad and hitherto sturdy frame; but though the outward man was perishing, the inward man was being renewed day by day.

We now look back with wonder to the amount of work he did that spring. He was twice in London, once in Liverpool, three different times in Glasgow, in Ireland, Aberdeen, Stirling, &c., each time preaching, lecturing, or addressing meetings—often many times in the same place. It was also a matter of surprise to us that, subsequent to the fortnight which he had set apart for rest, there was only one engagement entered in his book. It was to preach on the Fast-day in June at Forgardenny, the much-loved home of his youth. *This he offered to do*, and it was the only engagement he left unfulfilled. From the state of his private papers also, we can scarcely doubt that some inward monitor had said

to him, "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live."

On the 25th of April, he administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper for the last time to his beloved people. His text was, "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." He had not gone out of his way to seek it. It was the passage for the day in his regular course of expounding the Epistle to the Philippians. The whole service was most sweet and impressive. At the end he felt very much exhausted, and did not give a closing address, as usual, but said in his own frank way, "I do not know how it is with you, my friends, but I do not feel able for more to-day." He simply quoted one text. Several friends observed the pallor of his countenance when he sat down in the pulpit. He was not able to go back to the evening service. When asking his daughter to make an apology to the minister who was to preach, he added, "But tell him not to make the people anxious by praying for me as if I were ill; I am only wearied."

On the following Tuesday he went early to Stirling to attend a religious convention, where he spoke a little, according to promise. At twelve he left for Glasgow, to be present at the funeral of a near relative. He was unexpectedly called to preside, after hurriedly arriving from the train, when the company were all assembled. Many gentlemen spoke afterwards of that service. The burial was in the Old

High Church burying-ground, where the remains of his college friend, Halley, lay. He went and gazed upon the spot before leaving. He proceeded the length of Perth that night on his way to Aberdeen. Next forenoon the train for Aberdeen ran into a goods train at Guthrie Junction. While waiting till the debris was cleared away, he wrote on a post-card to his wife—"There is deep, sweet soothing that comes over your whole soul when you have felt the shock of a collision, and observed that the two or three throbs are past and all still, and you know that you are alive and unharmed; all increased when you look along the train and see the passengers pouring out at every door like doves from their windows, all frightened a bit, but none hurt. I was simply pitched into the gentleman opposite me. The sensation, after all we have read, is a solemn one." Then after describing the scene of the broken engine and trucks, he adds, "I experience only a slight, not unpleasant, feebleness in the limbs, such as supervenes on sudden emotion; but great tranquillity of mind. We often pass near a great danger and don't know that it was near, but when, as in this case, we graze it sensibly, and yet pass clear, there is great gladness, and I think I experience something of filial gratitude."

He spoke at an afternoon meeting immediately on arriving at Aberdeen. Afterwards, in the evening, to young men. Again next forenoon; and at four o'clock started on his return journey to Edinburgh, where

he arrived late at night. The following letter is to the friend with whom he lived while in Aberdeen:—

TO MRS. J. B. M'COMBIE.

“8 MERCHISTON AVENUE, 1st May 1875.

“DEAR MRS. M'COMBIE,—A fine journey on Thursday. Arrived at 10.25, not very much fatigued. I fear I was not a very good bairn. I am conscious that from my infancy upwards, when anything is the matter with me, my tendency is to make too much of it, and bother people sympathising with me. I shall trust, however, that you and your good husband don't grudge any occasion of giving out sympathy. I have only now the London engagement before me. We expect to travel on Monday night. After that, if I am brought through in life and safety, I have the delicious prospect of ten days' rest. All well at home here.—Yours,
W. ARNOT.”

On the following Sabbath he finished his course of lectures on the Epistle to the Philippians, a series which will be ever memorable to many who profited by them.

On Monday, 3d of May, he went to London as a deputy from the Free Church to the Synod of the English Presbyterian Church. He spent a week there. He wrote home that he had not felt able to do much. Nevertheless, he spoke twice at the

Synod, twice at Mr. Moody's meetings in the Opera House, and preached on Sunday in the forenoon at Hampstead, and in the evening at Regent Square. Those who heard him were not aware how much he was suffering from weariness.

He came home on the 10th, busied himself as well as he could, finishing up his work that he might go to the country on the 20th. On the 16th, the last Sabbath that he preached, his text in the forenoon was, "We all with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord." His family had tried to persuade him to preach only once, but he would not consent, as he had been absent from his own flock on the previous Sabbath in London, and had the prospect of being away for the two following ones. He spoke in the afternoon, shortly and simply, on the wise men from the east being guided by the star to Bethlehem. On Monday he finished the preparation of the June number of the *Family Treasury*.

On Tuesday he wrote a short article for an American publication, *The Illustrated Christian Weekly*, and attended the noon prayer meeting in the Assembly Hall, when he opened his mouth in public for the last time. Taking his text, as he so often did, from nature, he told how that morning, on going into his vinery, he observed a branch drooping. On examining it to discover the cause, he found that it was a tie which he had himself bound round it, sometime

before, to give it support. The branch had grown since then, and the tie was now so tight that it impeded the flow of the sap. He took out his knife and severed it at once. He then spoke of *ties* around our souls hindering us from full fruitfulness, and of the means by which the great Husbandman loosens them. "Sometimes He takes the knife and cuts them through; sometimes He sends such a rush of life through the soul that it bursts every bond." The friend who, after his death, reported the substance of what he said, added, "It seemed to me as if his own soul was being visited with such a blessed rush of life."

Next day he had agreed to preside at the meeting, but, shortly before the hour, he was seized with a shivering fit, and was obliged to go to bed. From that time his strength seemed to fail more rapidly. He was not able, as he intended, to leave town on the opening day of the Assembly; but was able, with his wife, to go as far as Dunkeld on the Friday. That evening and next forenoon he wandered among the beauties of that lovely spot with deep chastened enjoyment. The river—the beautiful Tay—for which he had a special affection; the majestic trees, "planted by the rivers of water;" everything around him seemed to afford intense pleasure; and, as was his wont when he was very happy, he let his thoughts flow out in extemporised rhyme. On Saturday he moved on to Pitlochrie, and got comfortably settled in lodgings. That evening he

found his way to the river side, and, sitting on a projecting rock, he watched the rapid flowing stream with delight. It was the last walk of any length that he was able for. It was soon evident that he was not gaining but losing strength day by day. He wished to go home, and it was only at the urgent entreaty of his wife that he remained for a few days, in order to give the change of air a fair trial. He had one drive through the Pass of Killiecrankie in a low phaeton. To the driver he said, "Do you know what has brought me here? I have come to seek for an *appetite*. We have plenty of good things in Edinburgh, but I have no relish for them." Then, in his own happy way, he applied the parable to our spiritual condition, "We have a full supply for every want in our precious Saviour; it is the spiritual hunger that we need."

On the afternoon of the fourth day, he made his wife telegraph to the family at home that he was coming that evening. He went home, we believe now, with the full conviction that death was near. He did not obtrude his own feelings on those nearest and dearest to him; and, happily, they did not foresee the great bereavement that was so rapidly approaching them. But many expressions which fell from him, and which they remembered and understood afterwards, showed them that he was steadily and calmly expecting his departure. This conviction did not cast any gloom over his intercourse with his family. He was a good deal in his

own room for the last week on account of weakness, but the glimpses which his children got of him were very pleasant. Sitting on his easy chair, which his girls had taken out to the green for him, he looked round his garden, his flowers and shrubs, all so familiar to him, and his children among them, and with a face of indescribable sweetness he would say, "I am looking at my beauties." Never had earth seemed so fair to him in the fresh green of early summer; and expressions of admiration often burst forth from his happy heart. The last day of his life he remained in bed most of the day, taking pains, however, to say that it was not because he felt worse, but because he felt so useless when he was up. In the evening he rose and went to another room on the same floor, where he sat for several hours. He was bright and cheerful, but he told one of his daughters, when no one else was in the room, that he had a strange sensation in his chest. He coughed frequently, and when his wife asked him if he felt any pain when he coughed, he said, "No; I feel nothing but weariness." On going to bed, he remarked to his wife that he felt his head clearer than he had done for a fortnight. Some letters arrived by the late post; they were read to him after he had lain down. One was from a daughter at school, and he laughed heartily at some girlish fun described in it. Another was from the Convener of the Continental Committee, asking him to go to Rome for the winter. His wife and daughters were delighted with this pro-

posal, knowing his long-cherished desire to visit Rome, and thinking that the rest and change would recruit his strength. When he was asked his opinion, he smiled, and said, "I feel like the laddie who was offered jelly when he was too sick to take it, and said, 'You never give me good things, but when I canna tak them.'" He never referred to the subject again.

He awoke about three in the morning in profuse perspiration. After he was changed, he said he thought it had done him good, he felt so comfortable; and noticing the warbling of the birds, he said, "These sweet birds, they are singing for me." A little afterwards his wife, hearing him speaking, and in the half unconsciousness of sleep, fearing that he had been asking for something that she had not heard, asked if he wished anything; he answered, "No, dear; I was not *speaking to you*."

In less than two hours she was awakened again by the sound of coughing, and noticing that he was stretching for a basin, she ran to his side. It was blood that was flowing from his mouth. She had only time to summon two dear girls from the next room. He recognised them by a slight inclination of his head, but was not able to speak. He sank back on his pillow, as if in a swoon, and without a sigh, without a quiver, the spirit escaped away from its tabernacle of clay.

So ended a lovely beneficent life; and even in their deepest grief his dearest ones could not but

acknowledge that it was a fitting and gracious manner of taking home a dear servant, whose tender sensitive nature shrank from the pains of dissolution.

He was called away precisely at the end of that fortnight to which he had been so fondly looking for repose and refreshment. The Lord granted him this little period of repose after a busy, active life; but He used it, *not* for refreshing the frail body for more work here below, but for refreshing and preparing the immortal spirit for entering the higher sphere of service and *everlasting rest*.

One of his favourite texts was, "Whoso is wise, and will *observe these things*, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord." The habit of "*observing these things*" sweetened his life on earth, and now he is praising his Heavenly Father above for *all the way* by which He led him through the wilderness, to the very *last step*.

A few days later his remains were laid in the Grange Cemetery, beside those of his eldest sister and his infant child. A large company of Christian friends accompanied them to their resting place, including many members of his congregation, who had assembled in Morningside Free Church. The spot where he lies is now marked by a monument, erected jointly by the two congregations among whom he lived and laboured for so many years. It bears the following inscription :—

WILLIAM ARNOT,
BORN AT SCONE, 6TH NOVEMBER 1808 ;
DIED AT EDINBURGH, 3D JUNE 1875.

“ He walked with God,
and he was not, for God took him.”

And on the pedestal:—

THIS STONE IS ERECTED
BY MEMBERS OF
FREE ST. PETER’S, Glasgow ; and of the FREE HIGH CHURCH,
Edinburgh.

In Affectionate Remembrance.

Funeral sermons were preached on the following Sabbath, in Edinburgh by the Rev. Principal Rainy, and Rev. Dr. Blaikie; and in St. Peter’s, Glasgow, by the Rev. Dr. Macmillan, now minister of the congregation, and the Rev. Mr. Main, of Free St. Mary’s, Edinburgh.

We cannot do better than close, as we began, with a passage from his own *Life of Hamilton*, which contains many things which might with equal truth be written of himself.

“All is not lost to the world when a good man dies: his character remains behind to enrich the community, as certainly as the rich man’s wealth remains behind to increase the estate of his heir. We watch with expectant interest the swelling of

a rosebud in spring; we luxuriate in the possession of the full blown flower while it lasts, and we sigh in sadness when its glory departs. But, moved by a prophetic instinct, we gravely gather the shed leaves from the ground, and deposit them in a place of safety; and soon we make the glad discovery that in these leaves, even when withered, we retain for enjoyment the fragrance of the rose in the dull winter days that follow, when we can no longer look upon the living flower, fresh and dewy on its living stem."

A P P E N D I X.

A P P E N D I X.

EXTRACTS FROM SERMONS *preached in the Free High Church, Edinburgh, on occasion of the Death of the Rev. WILLIAM ARNOT, Minister of the Congregation.*

I.—SERMON BY REV. PRINCIPAL RAINY, D.D.

“For all flesh *is* as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away : But the word of the Lord endureth for ever. And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you.”—1 PETER i. 24, 25.

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You can all imagine how your late pastor would have handled a theme like that on which we have been dwelling. He would have set the truth in the heart of a hundred suggestions of natural beauty. He would have made the text sparkle with fresh light on all its sides, and rendered it fragrant with a thousand graceful and touching associations. But we shall hear him so descant no more. He is himself become the illustration of that which he could so well illustrate. The flower has faded away. The grace of the fashion of it is perished. But the

Word of the Lord endures. It endures for us. It endures also, as our sure hope is in him who believed and loved it, and lived in the power of it, and preached it from a full heart. The perpetuity and victory of the Word of the Lord has place, we doubt not, in our departed friend. And though the darkness and disgrace of the grave has closed over his remains, according to the common case of men (in which Christ also shared), yet we rejoice to think that he is with Christ, and that he shall stand in his lot at the end of the days.

In thinking of his peculiar gifts and his special influence, one reverts, perhaps, first of all, to his love of nature, his interest in God's works, as such, whether men or things, and his delight in all their aspects. This he had in common with many; but he had more. He not only had the sense alive to the beauty of order and creation, but the poetic instinct to divide its pregnancy, as mirroring the truths and lessons that environ the highest relations of man; and he had the gift of uttering what he saw in apt and glowing words, that made his hearers partakers in his own vision. Which of you does not recall this in a thousand instances? The text itself reminds you how much he saw in plants—what lessons of life and death, of growth and decay, of nurture, of grafting, of fruitfulness. The eloquent stars spoke new lessons to you through his inter-

pretation. The sea suggested to you how the unseen celestial attractions persuade the tides to spread gladly over the unseemly places of the desert shore. The clouds taught you how that which lay once in the most sunken and polluted places, base and low, is raised by sunny influences into light and glory, and heaven. No quarter to which you turn but offers monitors and exemplars which were made vocal for you by him whose voice is now silenced. He brought this gift to almost wholly bear on the preaching of the Gospel, either from the pulpit or through the press. On that Gospel his own hopes were built, and to its ministry, in early life, at a time of great revival of religion in Scotland, he had dedicated himself. Shall it be held unnecessary to dwell here on the importance of the gain which accrues to preaching, when remarkable imaginative and illustrative powers are wisely applied in the service? To some it may be needless. But others look on this faculty as only adding a pleasant ornament of an external kind, fitted at best to attract those who are not yet susceptible of more spiritual attraction. If any think so, their mistake is of the greatest. There is no higher kind of ministry than that in which sound and wise thoughts, and living Scriptural experience, flow naturally in moulds supplied by an imagination that is both just and glowing. Truth surprises the hearer with fresh glimpses of its meaning

and new suggestions of its application—its sense is realised, and its grasp felt through avenues of the mind unassailed before; and you find the Gospel looking out on you from objects and from influences that had been before insignificant, if not secular and pagan, in their associations. All the more is this to be said, because one must freely confess the inefficiency of mere artificial adornments, and the objectionableness of them when the parade of eloquence or ingenuity becomes the chief object in view.

When I commemorate this power of his, I do not forget others, of themselves sufficient to have made him an eminent and influential man. As you might expect of one who was from the first a successful student, he brought to the service excellent acquirements of every kind; he brought also a vigorous understanding, and a most attractive character. With all, there was a certain indescribable originality, in virtue of which whatever he said and did was his own, and not another man's. But that to which he brought these gifts was the Gospel of Christ. He did not veil the plain realities of that Gospel in æsthetic or in philosophic vapour. His statements of it were ever clear, simple, and consistent, and his pleading for it direct and earnest. The ruin by the Fall, the redemption by the blood of Christ, the regeneration by the Holy Ghost, the simplicity of faith, and the instant bestowment of blessing on faith,

were prominent topics unreservedly expounded. And surely the realisation of our blessed Lord's Person as the fountain of blessing had a large place in his mind. The touch of the trembling sinner's faith at the hem of the garment here on earth, felt and responded to by the living Lord in heaven, was a thought of which he was never weary. If I should forget to say how aptly he brought out Christian duty and Christian privilege, his published works would bear witness in my room.

His was a cheerful religion, and his was hopeful preaching. He did not deny, he did not disguise, the terrors of the Lord. He did not shut his eyes to the depths of obstinacy and evil in human hearts; but he believed in glad tidings which are to all people. His mind was drawn especially to cheering and hopeful views, and what is encouraging in the Gospel was his especial theme. Perhaps it was from this, along with the imaginative power of his preaching, that he was so useful to young men, as from the beginning of his Glasgow ministry he unquestionably was. And his influence among them was reinforced by the manliness and healthfulness of his own character—genial and fearless, and, as commonly happens with truly original men, retaining to the last an unmistakable element of the childlike. This formed much of the strength of the position from which he worked. It constituted much of

the influence that was felt in connection with the very recollection of his face or name. If it be hard to say how much power accrued to his preaching from the peculiar genius which inspired it, it is hard to reckon how much was added to his influence by the perception diffused, wherever he came, of a manly and cheerful religious life. With this, too, I may connect the sense he had of God's goodness to him in providence, all along the course of his history. No one could hear him, or read his writings much, without perceiving it. There are some whom God prepares for usefulness by scathing trials and by great inward convulsions, that leave the spirit tremulous and quivering ever after. But there are some whom He prepares for use by what I may call much considerate indulgence. He teaches them, indeed, their sin and danger, awakes them to the true perception of human need, and of the pity that saves. He chastens them with faithful care, teaching them to sympathise with human sorrow, and to grieve for human sin. Yet, on the whole, He makes the course of their life remarkable for mercies granted and deliverances vouchsafed. It is not always thus that God makes sunny Christians; some of the brightest come out of strange afflictions. But some have their character and lot tempered in the way that I describe. And it is to the effect of sending through their lives the strain of a thanksgiving

psalm, making their existence, as they go to and fro, a testimony that the sun is shining. I suppose our departed friend had, in the measure he required, seasons of struggle, trial, pain. But I rather think he would have ranked himself, on the whole, among those whom goodness and mercy had followed in a notable degree. And where he came, men commonly felt that here was one who served the Lord with gladness and joyfulness of heart.

Genial as he was, he was a man of thoroughly independent character, resolute in his convictions, and outspoken in the utterance of them. What seemed to him wrong he was prompt to oppose; and of all wrongs, I rather think wrongs sanctioned by conventional notions, and which men therefore passed unnoticed, generally roused him most. He never was afraid to take up a side because it was unpopular, or because it had become involved in odium through bitter discussions. At the same time, in such a case, he brought into the discussion his own cordial and cheerful spirit, and did much to assuage bitterness, by showing none himself. But though never bitter, he could add great force to the clearing of truth by debate. Claptrap of all kinds was in danger from him. And when voluble and pretentious persons took very high ground, it was something to see how with equal ease and dexterity he could pierce the windbag, and exhibit the collapse that followed.

It has been a great privilege to enjoy such a ministry as his—public and private, reinforced as it has been all along by the clear sincerity and unaffected earnestness of the man. How distinctly the type of it stands out, to the mind's eye, as bearing a stamp all his own! The place we mourn to-day, as made vacant by his death, was his own place, which he had made for himself, and which no other will fill. How long and cordially will his work and he be remembered! How distinctly one foresees, long years after this, in one company and another, the loving relaxation of the features, and the kindly tones of the voice, when men recall the name and speak of the ministry of WILLIAM ARNOT! Well, it yields us the old lesson in a new and forcible instance. Unless his work was wrought in God, how vain it had all been. Unless his hope stood fast in Christ, how vain it had been to rehearse his qualities now. Be ye also ready. Remember those who have been over you, who have spoken to you the Word of the Lord, whose faith follow. Let the vessel of your life fill continually with that Word of the Lord,—believed, lived, done. Let that be the meaning of your life—that its explanation. For the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth; but the Word of the Lord endureth for ever.

II.—SERMON BY REV. PROFESSOR BLAIKIE, D.D.

“It doth not yet appear what we shall be.”—1 JOHN iii. 2.

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WHAT Christian heart does not know the blessedness of the consolation, when it can in this way follow the departed one to glory? If ever it seems a hard thing in God to bereave us of a loved one, is it not reassuring to think that He has given to *him* His highest gift, and that this, and not the loss to us, is what furnishes the true measure and picture of His heart? Is it not blessed to have a new link formed between us and heaven, drawing our hearts sweetly upward, and encouraging us to think of the time, not far off, when, by the grace of the Saviour, we too shall be there? Does not this give even to the most terrible bereavements a tender, sacred character, and enable the most attached friends to praise God ultimately for what seemed at the time an unsupportable agony? And does not God Himself often come nearer to the bereaved heart, and in a larger measure of His own grace and love, bring the only possible compensation for the loss? And are these not often times when His grace enters hearts that have hitherto refused it, and gives to them the peace that passeth all understanding, and the joy which is unspeakable and full of glory?

If this be the design of family bereavements, must it not also be the design of congregational bereavements, such as that under which you are met here this day? When an honoured and beloved pastor is suddenly removed, the first feeling is the feeling of anguish. But by-and-by there comes the thought that he has entered on his reward. You seem to hear the gracious voice saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant." You have the feeling—How well it was for him that he was guided to such a life—how blessed for him to have served his Master as he did! Have you not also the feeling—Would that when my time comes, I might leave behind me a life of similar service—unlike, it may be, in form, but like in the spirit by which it was animated! Not that his life, or your life, or any human life, can ever be worthy of heaven; never can we or our service be accepted save through the merit of our Saviour; it is in pure grace that He is pleased to reward the service which, by dwelling in us, He enables us to perform. What, my friends, is the impression on your hearts this day, when you look back on these twelve years of ministry in this place? Is it not that of faithful, noble work, well fitted to honour God and to benefit you, and fitted likewise to bring a reward to him? Do you not feel that the reward which he has now received, gives to his work among you a new character of worth and importance? And while

you desire more than ever to follow the course which he urged upon you, would you not fain, also, be helpers in the same work? Will you not now come forward to the same service? Do you not covet the same reward?

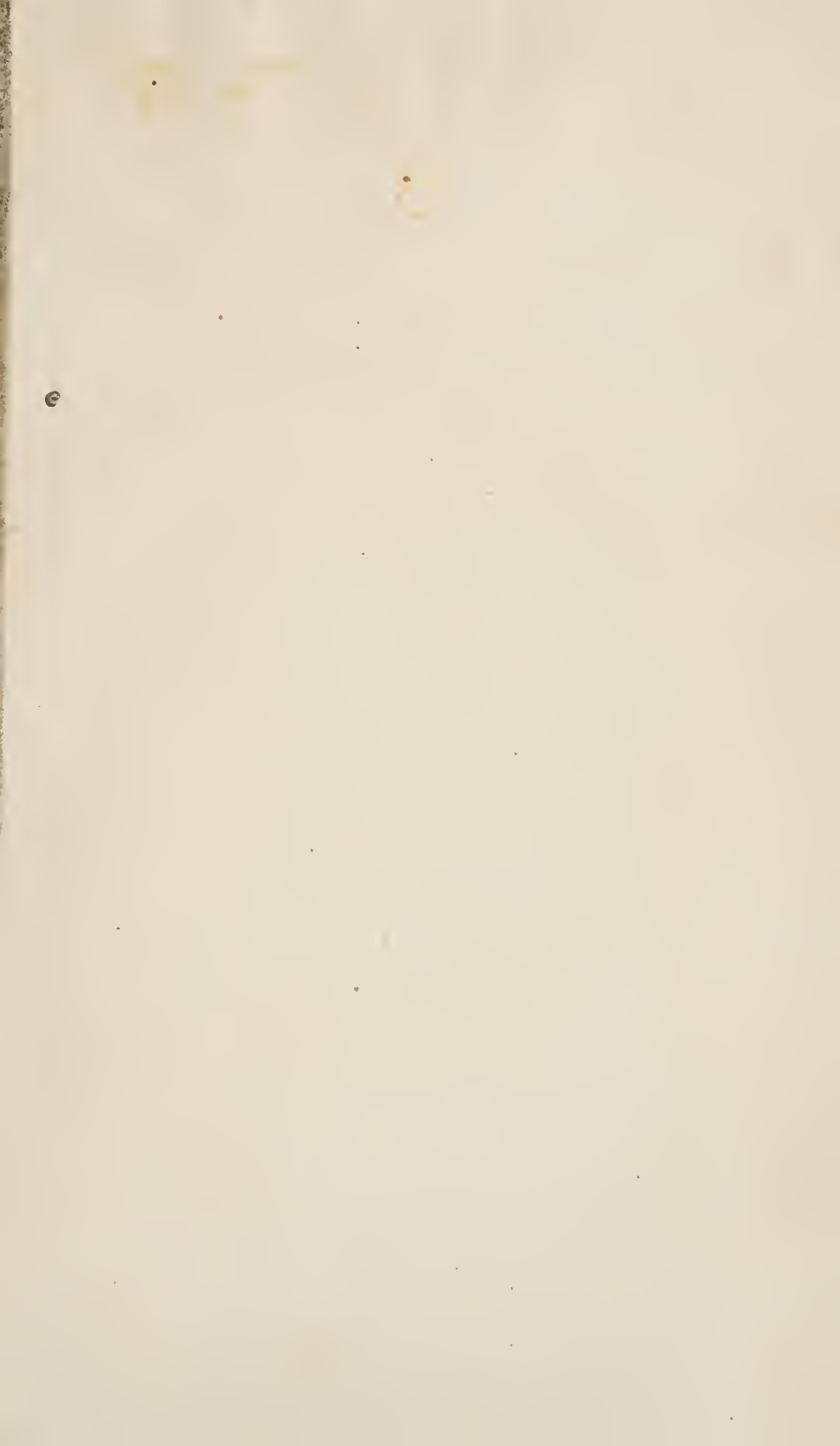
I do not wish to take up your time with drawing a portrait already engraved upon your hearts, or describing a ministry which none can know or appreciate so well as yourselves. For who can know so well as you the fulness of that large heart which beamed through the open and honest face, as if there were no limit to the tenderness which it would pour out upon you? Who can have witnessed so often, or with such profit as you, the flashings of that genius which found so many resemblances between things outwardly unlike yet really analogous? Who can have such store as you of the instructive analogies he was ever finding between the works and the Word of God—the fresh light which he was ever pouring on the Bible from the handiwork of Him who is Lord alike of nature and of grace? Who can know so well his pastoral interest in the welfare of his flock, his sympathy alike with the old who had run the race, and with the young who were beginning it? Or who can have had such constant proof of his love and admiration and adoration for the Saviour, whose grace was so precious to himself, and was so constantly presented by him to others?

On all this I need not further dwell. Nor is there much need of my making any addition to what has been said by others respecting his place in the Church, and the esteem in which he was everywhere held. It fell to my lot to accompany him on one of his tours to America, and there I had abundant opportunity to observe the remarkable impression which his words and his character made on all. I have heard him address many large assemblies, usually laying hold of them by his very first words, now bringing the smile to their faces by his kindly humour, now touching the springs of deep and tender feeling, now giving brightness to familiar truth by happy illustrations, and always keeping in sight of the great truths with which the ambassador of Christ is charged. One reminiscence of that journey I may be allowed to recall. On crossing the Atlantic on the outward voyage our ship one evening encountered a thunder-storm of more than ordinary intensity. Right ahead of us was the thunder-cloud, lurid and tempestuous, and darkening the whole heavens. We dashed right into it, and for half an hour were encompassed with wind and rain, thunder and lightning. When we emerged on the other side, the setting sun was shining in splendour; and as we looked back on the receding cloud, we saw it all bright and glorious, while in front of us the sun made a path of gold upon the waters, like a highway from earth to heaven. On the following Sunday, when land

was just coming in sight, and our voyage about to end, we had a simple service, and this incident became to our friend the text of some touching thoughts. There were present passengers from the saloon, emigrants from the steerage, and sailors of the crew. We had been living for twelve days as a family, he said, and now we were about to separate, never to meet again in this world. But if we were only in Christ, how different would life be to us, even with all its storms and sorrows! It might sometimes look dark and terrible, like that thunder-cloud through which we had lately passed, but when it lay behind us, we should see it bright with glory, while the same sun that brightened it made a golden way for us right to the door of our Father's house. The words were spoken tenderly, and even the brawny hand of the sailor was raised to brush away the tear.

And now, along the golden path, and through the golden gate, he himself has passed to his Father's house. And to you his death just deepens the lessons and exhortations of his life—"Choose the path to glory; see how it stretches from your very feet upward to the heavenly Jerusalem; let your citizenship be in heaven; and while you are on earth, walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called."

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